LORD OF THE MYSTERIES

by Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

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LORD OF THE MYSTERIES

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- BOOK 8 -

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[Atlas Studios (Webnovel)]

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CHAPTER 700
EXCELLENT TEAMWORK

King of the North Ulyssan's tragic cries rapidly turned into a roar. Following that, a snowstorm engulfed the area outside the cave, reducing the visibility to less than five meters.

Howling gales swept up dense "goose feathers" as they covered every inch of space. Meanwhile, an icy-blue halo rapidly extended outwards, clinging close to the ground. It left frozen ice everywhere in its wake as it passed.

Klein, who had his vision and hearing affected by the blizzard, instantly had the corresponding scene surface in his mind. He hurriedly bent his knees and kicked his heels, jumping high up, allowing the icy-blue halo to sweep underneath him.

As for Mobet Zoroast, who wasn't adept at combat, he was already too close to the icy-blue halo when he noticed it. He didn't have the time to jump up.

At that moment, he was hoisted up by his shoulders as the bottom of his feet had a tempestuous hurricane lift him up into the air. With this combination, he instantly flew up into the sky, avoiding the outcome of being frozen.

Mobet turned his head and, without surprise, saw the deadpan Siatas. This Elvish Songster could only muster up strong winds to glide forward due to the "law" forbidding flight.

Anderson, Edwina, Snowman, and Frunziar reacted accordingly, jumping in time and dodging the attack without succumbing to it. Only Groselle, who

had just pulled out his broadsword from the snow, was hit in the legs by the icy-blue halo, as he couldn't dodge in time.

Layers of ice instantly surged upwards as Groselle stood on the spot like a frozen corpse.

Whoosh!

The exaggerated blizzard obscured all the Beyonders' vision, making them lose their vision of the frost dragon. All they could do was passively defend against any attacks.

At that moment, Snowman, who hadn't dropped to the ground, spread out his arms once again and said solemnly in ancient Hermes, "God says it's ineffective!"

The violent blizzard suddenly calmed down significantly. Be it the tempestuous hurricanes or the dense snowflakes, they were weakened or had been cut in half.

Siatas vaguely made out a gigantic face with an ugly lizard-like face. The broken arrow was still embedded in its forehead.

Ulyssan had taken the opportunity to close the distance between them!

Siatas didn't panic. The strong winds suddenly changed directions, sending Mobet and her floating backward. Meanwhile, her chilled, pale lips opened as she sang in ancient and abstruse Elvish, "The rocks are destined to be shattered by the waves;

"The trees are destined to be struck down by the winds;

"The mountains are destined to crumble by the lightning…"

As every word in Elvish was rich and filled with meaning, the constructed sentences were extremely succinct. Therefore, the lyrics didn't waste too

much of Siatas's time. Furthermore, from the moment the first word was spoken and from the beginning of the beautiful and forceful rhythm, the winds in the blizzard began to experience changes!

The howling sounds of wind turned chaotic as it spread out in every direction. Ulyssan's massive figure once again appeared before Klein and company's eyes.

When Siatas sang the third phrase, Disciplinary Paladin Frunziar had already pushed out his right palm and profoundly said in ancient Hermes, "Imprison!"

Instantly, the frost dragon which was about to rush Siatas and Mobet had frozen on the spot. Surrounding it were layers of transparent walls.

And as Frunziar said that softly, Edwina, who had just found her footing, made her light-blue eyes turn black. Inside them flowed a sticky liquid that seemed to be the manifestation of all the evil in the depths of one's heart.

She gently clenched her right palm as Ulyssan stood up with a roar, instantly ripping apart the effects of Imprison.

The frost dragon's eerie-blue eyes were filled with blankness and pain. It seemed to be still immersed in the emotions of sudden madness and ruthlessness.

Even though this was a state it was always in, to have it fully triggered was uncomfortable.

Without a doubt, it was a dragon who found it difficult to control its emotions!

Seizing the opportunity of Ulyssan's brief pause, Anderson Hood condensed a burning-white spear in his hand. Then, he bent his back and threw it out.

Without waiting for the outcome, flames appeared under the Strongest Hunter's feet, turning the ice into liquid.

Sou!

The spear accurately struck the frost dragon's half-open mouth, quickly melting the thick armor plates of ice, with the excess force penetrating the upper part of its forehead.

Ulyssan let out another tragic cry as its hind legs stomped backward, sending its body lunging forward. It stayed close to the ground as it rushed towards Anderson with a terrifying speed.

The only thing in its eyes was this worm that had dealt significant amounts of damage to it!

Schwing!

The snow split apart as a deep and wide chasm opened up in the ground. It emanated all the way to where Anderson was as it continued extending.

Bang! With its terrifying inertia, the frost dragon slammed into a boulder covered in thick ice, shattering its outer shell and cracking its interior!

If Anderson had collided with it, the Strongest Hunter was bound to turn into meat paste. Even being brushed was likely to lead to his death.

However, in a particular spot in the chasm where Anderson was originally standing, there was a dark hole that led straight down. It was just enough for a person to burrow in.

Pa!

A hand held onto the hole's entrance. Through the exertion of force, the Strongest Hunter with disheveled hair jumped out.

After he threw the burning spear, he didn't dodge in panic. Instead, he directly used his Beyonder powers to melt the snow beneath his feet, and he burned the underlying soil. Silently, he created a hole that wasn't too deep. Following that, he sank himself into it by crouching, perfectly dodging the King of the North's charge.

At that moment, a pure beam of light descended and struck Groselle, quickly melting the ice encasing him.

Snowman had used an offensive blow to remove the restrictions placed on the Giant Guardian!

With the explosive light of dawn, Groselle raised his broadsword and charged to the frost dragon with wide strides before cleaving down wildly.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Groselle was only a meter shorter than Ulyssan's non-humanoid form. His strength was equally ridiculous. As he clashed repeatedly with Ulyssan's front claws, occasionally wavering and retreating at times, he quickly recovered by taking a step forward and engaged his opponent.

With the Giant Guardian occupying the frost dragon's attention, the others reacted accordingly with relative composure.

Snowman maintained his spread arms as a sun-like halo appeared around him. It quickly spread outwards, warming up all his companions and giving them immense courage. Furthermore, he carefully ensured that it avoided the King of the North.

Not far from him, Siatas's hair flared up as she drew her bowstring. She shot out arrows that appeared to be formed by wind blades or lightning. Due to the massive target, every single one of her arrows had hit her target. Furthermore, all of the arrows struck the same spot—the frost dragon's "shoulder."

Mobet Zoroast worked with Groselle, occasionally stealing the thoughts the King of the North had and was about to execute, making it pause briefly. At other times, he would attempt to steal its powers, but in the few times he did, he didn't have any success.

With the pitch-black sword, Anderson carefully circled to the frost dragon's flank and attempted to strike a particular spot. Disciplinary Paladin Frunziar brandished his iron-black sword, using Prohibition and Imprison to aid Groselle's brawl with the frost dragon. Without his restraints, even if the giant was a Guardian, he would have long been sent flying, suffering from a fatal stomp or the spewing of breath.

Klein looked at Edwina and raised his hand to point at himself.

"Invisibility!"

He didn't know if she had the ability to mimic this power. If it wasn't possible, he needed to consider using other methods.

Edwina didn't ask why as her light blue and limpid eyes immediately reflected Gehrman Sparrow's body which lost its color and turned transparent.

Following that, Klein's figure became faint and vanished.

After confirming his condition, Klein quickly ran towards the intense clash between the giant and the dragon. With a roll, he arrived by the King of the North's left foot.

Then, as he focused on dodging Ulyssan's feet while it did battle, he emanated his spirituality to control the illusory black threads with the Spirit Body Threads vision he had long activated.

Right on the heels of that, he would roll or leap around, in search of space beneath or around the frost dragon.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

Silver lightning arrows and pure azure wind blades landed in a small region, shattering the armor plates of ice, tearing apart the resilient skin. Soon, the frost dragon's right shoulder was a swath of light-blue. The corresponding claw's motions also appeared to slow down indiscernibly.

Disciplinary Paladin Frunziar acutely noticed this point. As he dodged the icy-blue breath, he pointed in that direction and declared in ancient Hermes, "Death!"

With a bursting sound, the blue blood flowing from Ulyssan's right shoulder instantly dried up, and the tear allowed its translucent bones to be seen.

At that moment, Edwina used a palm-sized brass mirror and reflected parts of Ulyssan's body in it.

She reached out her right hand and grabbed at the mirror's surface, pinching the reflection within. Then, she forcefully pulled outwards!

Ulyssan's wound instantly worsened. It kept spreading as though it was about to lose one of its front claws.

It let out a tragic cry as it suddenly raised its body, standing on its hind legs.

Light blue light that was almost white surged out of the dragon. In a hundred-meter range, the temperature plummeted, followed by a fearsome force.

Suddenly, all the Beyonders were sealed in ice. Their bodies became extremely cold as they turned very stiff. They couldn't help but tremble.

Siatas, Mobet, Edwina, Klein, Groselle, Anderson, and Frunziar all shared similar symptoms. The only one who barely maintained his mobility was the ascetic, Snowman, thanks to withstanding the training of being frozen countless times.

He maintained his spread arms, half-closed his eyes, and solemnly said, "God loves everyone!"

Sunlight tore through the wind and snow as the warmth began to melt the feeling of being frozen.

*Bang! *

Ulyssan sent Groselle flying with a claw, severely injuring the Giant Guardian by leaving a depression in his chest.

It temporarily ignored the rest as it targeted Snowman, blitz rushing him!

Snowman has no one protecting him… It's about to move beyond a five-meter radius… Klein watched this scene, feeling somewhat numb. He had the urge of running into the cave to pray to himself before using the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog to respond.

At that moment, a scarlet fireball appeared beside the ascetic before the frost dragon arrived. Then, it exploded without any reservations, sending him flying.

It was from the Strongest Hunter, Anderson.

At that moment, Edwina had produced a fireball in her hand and threw it at Ulyssan's back, but she failed to hit it.

She was creating a passageway for Klein to phase over with the fire!

She had learned from Danitz of this ability Gehrman Sparrow had!

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CHAPTER 701
GIANTS NEVER RETREAT

Ulyssan arrived at Snowman's location, but he failed to hit anything. It slid past, leaving behind a deep chasm.

Behind it, fireballs exploded afterward, producing bursts one after another. Klein's somewhat stiff figure flashed about thanks to the fire. The King of the North didn't manage to open up a gap from him as the five meters was maintained.

By the time Ulyssan came to a stop, Klein, who was still invisible, suddenly sensed something amiss. A corresponding scene appeared in his mind. He lunged forward as he clung close to the ground and appeared underneath the frost dragon.

Meanwhile, Ulyssan's thick and powerful tail had swung over, lashing it towards the nearby Siatas and Mobet.

Whoosh!

With a loud crack, Mobet was sent flying as he dodged the frost dragon's tail. As for Siatas, she failed to keep up. Although she had the aid of the gales to retreat and reduce the force, she had been struck in the side. The strike shattered the thick illusory scales that surfaced over her body while her ribs fractured. She was also thrown out, but thanks to the wind, she didn't fall too hard onto the snow.

If it were Mobet or Anderson, this strike would've instantly killed them. Thankfully, the Storm pathway had the corresponding illusory scales to protect her. Furthermore, every Sequence advancement brought about

corresponding improvements. Siatas was only heavily injured, but she didn't lose consciousness. She didn't even completely lose her mobility.

At that moment, Ulyssan's neck moved as it widened its mouth, spewing out a light blue beam of light.

The beam of light swept past Snowman, freezing him into an ice sculpture. Edwina, Frunziar, and Anderson were blocked by the huge dragon's body. They couldn't help him in time with the use of their other Beyonder powers because of the distance.

*Bang! *

The frost dragon leaped up a little and turned around. When it hit the ground again, it left a slight tremor.

At that moment in time, it was clearly in a terrible state. The crack on its right shoulder was abnormally nasty. Although the frozen light blue liquid barely stopped the wound from worsening, its corresponding claw was nearly maimed and could hardly be used.

Many of the illusory scales on its body had shattered and abnormally dimmed; it was as though they had lost large amounts of vitality.

Regardless, it had severely injured and restrained three of its opponents. The situation was much better than before, especially with Groselle being seriously injured. It was no longer caught up in battle and could now attack as it wished.

Upon seeing this scene, Edwina's light blue eyes turned black again. Sticky vile thoughts slowly flowed.

She suddenly clenched her right palm, causing Ulyssan to raise its head in a roar. It was in excruciating pain as light blue liquid flowed from the corner of its eyes and mouth.

At that moment, the only thought on the frost dragon's mind was to purge the emotional disturbance from its Spirit Body.

Taking the opportunity, Edwina's eyes lit up and turned extremely pure. The light of dawn around her had quickly materialized into a sword.

She wanted to play the role of a Guardian to fend off the King of the North!

She believed that Gehrman Sparrow definitely had his reasons for staying by Ulyssan's side while being invisible. All he needed was time!

At that moment, a figure enveloped in the original light of dawn had charged at the frost dragon.

It was none other than the giant, Groselle!

His chest had sunk in. His grayish-blue skin was pale, and the broadsword in his hand had web-like cracks. However, he still bravely faced his enemy.

Groselle cleaved at his target like he was burning up his life, emitting light and warmth.

"Giants never retreat!"

Amidst his roar, Groselle parried the frost dragon's repeated blows, and he managed to dodge the ice-blue breath in time due to its maimed front claw.

"Imprison!" Frunziar ran over and began to restrict the King of the North's actions. Edwina also worked in tandem with him. Once Ulyssan's rage allowed it to escape the restraints, she triggered its emotions again, allowing the restriction to continue and prevent the charge from happening again. At this moment, Anderson switched between throwing burning-white spears and fireballs. Again and again, he dealt severe damage to the frost dragon. After Mobet managed to catch his breath, he continued stealing its thoughts or powers, stopping the frost dragon's attacks.

Ulyssan attempted to spread its wings a second time. It flew into the air a second time, sending snow flying, but with Frunziar adding another flight restriction, it could only give up when it sensed the difficulty in doing so.

Klein, who kept switching positions by its feet, gained a deeper control of its Spirit Body Threads. It had long reached the twenty-second threshold, but he failed to achieve success. This was because the King of the North's spirituality was extremely potent!

After a while, there was a clang. Groselle's broadsword was tainted by the frost dragon's breath as he was struck by its claw. The former shattered completely, turning into countless fragments as they flew everywhere.

With sputtering sounds, the invisible walls in front of Groselle reached their limit as they let through several fragments that impaled his head and chest.

Frunziar, who was similarly nearby, failed to dodge in time. The side of his armor collided with the fragments as his side was mangled.

"Giants never retreat!"

Groselle roared loudly once again. The light of dawn radiated from him once again as a sword made of pure light appeared in his palm.

As the dark red blood on his face flowed, he parried the frost dragon's strike.

At that moment, Klein was flicking the Spirit Body Threads before he finally saw the opportunity to achieve initial control.

Three seconds! Two seconds! One second!

Ulyssan's actions instantly froze as all its joints seemed to grow rust.

The frost dragon immediately became alert and sensed that the source of the danger came from beneath it. Seizing the moment before its thoughts came

to a complete halt, it instantly made the decision to sit down.

It wanted to quash the despicable fella!

Suddenly, its mind went adrift, having forgotten what it wanted to do. And about twenty meters away, Mobet Zoroast's knees buckled as he sat strangely on the snow.

Klein took the opportunity to move his feet, walking to the side of the frost dragon's hind legs at a decent speed.

His invisibility was beginning to wear off. After all, the mimicked ability definitely couldn't compare with the original. He extended his hands halfway as his spirituality jumped, his actions akin to controlling a huge puppet.

*Bang! *

Ulyssan, whose thoughts were already slowing down, finally recalled what it wanted to do. Its hind legs slowly bent as its hefty figure smashed downwards, but all it did was send snow and dust flying.

No… No good… Have to… do that… Thoughts flashed through its mind sporadically as its heart suddenly contracted, condensing a terrifying light blue halo.

This was the Beyonder power stemming from its life. It could create a cold hell. With this, Klein and company would completely freeze. If not for Snowman's experience and powers being capable of restraining that state, more than one or two Beyonders would've died.

However, with it under Klein's control, everything Ulyssan tried to do was clearly impeded. Edwina acutely noticed the source of danger which she previously had no idea about. Immediately, she clenched her right fist, detonating the frost dragon's strong emotions.

The King of the North's figure trembled in slow motion as the light blue halo that it had just converged scattered out of control. It failed to interfere with its environment.

“…Ah…”

The frost dragon's mouth slowly opened as it let out a stuttering cry.

Siatas stood up with great difficulty the moment she recovered a little. Upon seeing the situation, she immediately held back her pain and drew her bow.

Her hair flared up again as heavy dark clouds appeared in midair once again. Two different silver bolts of lightning added radiance to each other as they surged onto the bow, forming a terrifying arrow that swirled with a bolt of lightning.

Siatas's face twisted as she released the arrow.

The silver bolt of lightning instantly penetrated Ulyssan's chest with a whoosh, tearing open a ghastly wound. Flames spewed and lightning bolts sparked inside its wound, causing greater damage.

At that moment, Anderson's eyes lit up. A blazing white flame enveloped his body as he transformed into a stream of light, accurately shooting straight for the wound.

Pitch-black marks rapidly surfaced on the frost dragon's abdomen as though someone was scribbling over it. Ulyssan's thoughts weren't as slow due to the intense stimulation. As it struggled to flap its wings, it soared up into the sky.

"Flying is prohibited here!" Frunziar added more restrictions in a timely manner.

*Bang! *

King of the North fell to the ground again as its pitch-black marks on its abdomen tore open. Light blue blood and damaged organs spewed out like a waterfall.

Anderson took the opportunity to jump away from the dragon's body. The flames over his body had extinguished as a transparent layer of ice covered him.

"Cold… It's really cold." He held Death Brachydont as he stiffly jumped away. His body was constantly trembling.

Klein, who had nearly allowed the frost dragon to escape his binding, achieved initial control again. He made Ulyssan's thoughts of making everyone present die with it slow down as it suffered from theft and explosions.

Its long neck slowly looked up as it let out a slow whimper as its body collapsed bit by bit.

During this process, Klein didn't attempt to stop Siatas and company's continued attacks. He knew very well that to turn the frost dragon into a marionette needed far more than five minutes. There were too many accidents that could happen in that span of time.

Frunziar stood straight while panting. With the side of his body mangled, he pushed forward his swordless palm and declared in ancient Hermes, "Death!"

Ulyssan's body trembled as it collapsed to the ground like a small mountain made of ice.

Light-blue light that was nearly white was released from its body as its flesh and body quickly disintegrated. Soon, the gigantic dragon corpse turned into a snow-laden heavy door that swung outwards.

Without anyone mentioning it, all the Beyonders present knew that it was a door leading to the outside world.

"Finally… Finally… Success…” Groselle laughed out loud as his voice grew softer.

Thud!

His nearly four-meter-tall figure fell forward as he held himself up with a knee. Following that, the light of dawn around him scattered as his aura was almost immediately gone.

"Groselle!" Siatas and company went over with great difficulty or great speed.

Groselle looked around him slowly, clenching his fist as he gave a good-natured laugh.

"We succeeded!

"Giants never retreat…”

His head with the single vertical eye drooped down when his voice came to a halt.

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CHAPTER 702
EPILOGUE

"Groselle!"

Frunziar, who was closest to the giant, rushed to Groselle and caught him. Then, he slowly released his grip and stood up, as though he had just experienced a confusing dream.

Siatas tore out of Mobet's arms, and ignoring the pain all over her body, she ran to Groselle's side with the aid of the wind.

She bent down and carefully observed for a moment. Then, she nudged the giant and hysterically shouted, "Wake up! Wake up!

"It's time for us to leave!"

Her voice softened into silence.

Mobet stood by the side, seeing the giant unable to maintain his body as it wavered. Finally, it fell to the ground with a thud.

He fell silent for a few seconds before exhaling.

At that moment, Anderson and Edwina had already run to Snowman. One used a flame, while the other mimicked holy light to quickly defrost him. As Klein was nearby, he directly arrived by Groselle's side.

His Spirit Body Threads vision told him that the giant was dead. Only his spirit lingered, but it was beginning to scatter. This made his Damage Transfer powers completely useless.

From the moment Groselle ignited the light of dawn and engaged the frost dragon in a second battle, he must have prepared himself for death… Klein fell silent.

Mobet glanced at him and said with a rueful smile, "To be frank, I've not seen many giants. Most of my impression of them had come from books, teachers, and parents. I always thought that this race was cruel and violent, unintelligent creatures who were closer to monsters. However, Groselle wasn't like that. He was frank, honest, and optimistic. Although he might appear rather silly, he knew better than anyone what was right and wrong.

"He told me that this was because he wasn't one of those ancient giants. He wasn't even a second or third generation giant… The cruel and violent giants similarly had the ability to reproduce and give birth. As for their descendants, there would be more rational ones appearing from time to time. These descendants would reproduce and have more descendants, allowing the entire giant race to escape from the confines of being monsters.

"Hehe, I don't know if I should believe him, but his existence has proven the possibility…”

As Mobet said that, he suddenly paused as though immersed in his memories.

At that moment, Edwina and Anderson helped Snowman, whose body was still a little stiff, walk over. The ascetic struggled as he walked to Groselle's side.

Looking at the tightly closed single eye, Snowman gestured the sign of the cross on his chest. He half-closed his eyes as he whispered a prayer:

"Father of all things, the great source of everything, here lies an honest and pure soul… May he enter 'Your' kingdom and receive eternal redemption…”

Siatas opened her mouth as though she wanted to say that Groselle's faith was in Giant King Aurmir, but she ultimately chose to keep silent. She watched in silence as Snowman completed the prayer.

"We have to leave as quickly as possible. No one knows how long this door will remain open!" the Elvish Songster said as she surveyed the surroundings. Her sorrow and pain left her rather quick-tempered.

She looked down at the giant and added in a heavy voice, "We can't let Groselle's soul dissipate in this illusory world. We have to bring him back to reality!"

"Alright," Mobet immediately agreed. Klein and company didn't object either.

Edwina turned her head and shouted at the mountain cave of ice and snow.

"Danitz, you can come out now."

At that moment, Siatas's eyes darted around as though she had recalled something. She turned her head and said to Klein, "Do you have a pen and paper?"

"Yes." Klein took out the fountain pen and notes he brought around with him. This was a professional trait of being a Seer.

Siatas received it and began scribbling on it. She didn't stop, even when Danitz ran out of the cave.

Danitz kept silent. He was also in low spirits as well, lacking the joy and excitement he should have with the pending departure from this book world.

Finally, Siatas stopped writing and handed the paper and pen to Klein.

"The formula you wanted."

Aren't we completing the trade only after leaving? Klein mumbled silently in puzzlement. He received the pen and the Ocean Songster potion formula.

As though sensing his puzzlement, Siatas turned her head and looked at Groselle. She said with a heavy voice, "We are now companions."

So you can give me the potion formula directly? Klein put the items away and nodded indiscernibly.

"I'll give you the wine cup after we leave."

Siatas didn't respond. Instead, she nudged Mobet.

"Bring Groselle along."

Mobet looked down at his body which wasn't too muscular and his sharp, curvy leather boots. He gave a bitter smile of helplessness and walked to Groselle's thigh.

Frunziar silently followed as he bent down to embrace the giant's left shoulder.

Anderson looked around and tsked.

"All of you are injured or weak. Let me do it."

He then lifted up Groselle's other shoulder.

Klein was just about to help with the other thigh when Danitz rushed over to take the spot.

Upon seeing this, he stopped in his tracks. He then watched Anderson and company lift Groselle as they walked towards the illusory snow-laden door.

Klein; Edwina; Siatas, who stumbled as she walked; and Snowman silently followed beside them before they arrived at the exit formed from Ulyssan's

corpse.

At that moment, Klein surveyed the area and discovered that the light blue blood that flowed out from the King of the North had vanished. It was as though it had never existed.

Indeed, it's a conjured monster that's almost real… Klein walked behind as he watched Edwina take a few steps forward as she bent her back, placing her palms on the door.

Then, Vice Admiral Iceberg exerted her strength and pushed open the snow-laden door.

Silently, everyone saw everything disappear after turning illusory then transparent.

Rows of brownish-yellow bookshelves quickly appeared before their eyes, along with the orange-yellow sun which had just set below the horizon and a desk with a fountain pen, ink bottle, and paper.

This was Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina's cabin!

Klein quickly placed the middle of the table in his sights. Sitting on it was a book filled with yellowish-brown goatskin.

The book flipped to the end as a result of a formless wind. Klein and company then saw the epilogue.

"With the help of the crazy adventurer and the strongest adventurer, Groselle fulfilled his promise. He led his teammates and slayed the King of the North, but he also ended up sleeping forever in the Nation of Frost."

"It didn't even give our ending… Siatas, where do you plan on heading to next?" Mobet released Groselle's thigh as he turned his head to ask the Elvish Songster.

Siatas's eyes seemed to glaze over for a few seconds before she firmly said, "Seek out my race…”

Just as she said that, she suddenly saw Mobet's flaxen-colored hair rapidly turn white. His originally smooth face had obvious wrinkles.

In just a second, Mobet was dying of old age.

Siatas's heart tightened. Just as she was about to lunge forward, she was surprised to realize that she had lost the strength in her legs at some point in time.

With a thud, she fell to the ground and realized that the back of her hands were covered in the aged spots of an elder.

She instantly understood what was happening as tears immediately flowed down her face. She struggled as she attempted to crawl towards Mobet.

Mobet had similarly slumped to the ground as he crawled towards her while extending his right palm.

Siatas reached out her right palm and grabbed the wrinkled and thin hand.

They raised their heads with great difficulty as their pupils reflected one another.

The corners of their mouths curled up simultaneously before loosening weakly. Their eyelids drooped down and blocked out the light.

Klein, Edwina, Anderson, and Danitz failed to react in time to such changes. They had no idea what they could do as they helplessly watched Groselle's corpse rapidly rot as his flesh and blood evaporated, leaving his skeleton and Beyonder characteristic. As for Mobet, Siatas, Snowman, and Frunziar, they aged in seconds before breathing their last breath and repeating whatever had happened to Groselle's corpse.

Their clothes had either disappeared or turned to dust. Their souls dispersed at extraordinary speeds before they were gone.

"Even the one who lived inside the book for the shortest time had been there for 165 years…" Edwina muttered softly as she turned her head to look at that bones which faced the sea and sun.

It was none other than Disciplinary Paladin Frunziar. He was sitting on a chair looking west—where Backlund was.

Snowman was seated cross-legged to the side. His corpse maintained the posture of praying.

That's right. They've lived in the book world for centuries or millennia. With the rules of the outside world, as non-demigods, they should've died long ago… I should've realized this… Why wasn't I wary of this point at all? Could it be… Klein suddenly recalled the psychological influence on Mobet, Groselle, and company as he began having an idea.

He once again looked down at the book bound by goatskin. He believed that it had many, many more secrets.

"This fellow is rather interesting. He died just like that…" Anderson looked at Mobet's corpse as he smirked.

At that moment, all the Beyonder characteristics had slowly condensed. However, Frunziar didn't produce anything similar to that. Edwina observed for a moment before softly saying, "The potion he consumed was illusory, likewise for the strength he obtained. It's just like that frost dragon."

It was likely conjured in the book world. It was almost real… Klein sighed silently. He was momentarily at a loss for words, so all he could do was maintain Gehrman Sparrow's silence.

In the next ten minutes, no one spoke in the captain's cabin of the Golden Dream until the four Beyonder characteristics took form.

One of them was the size of a fist resembling a heart; it was covered with holes as it shimmered with the light of dawn. Another resembled a jellyfish; its translucent exterior seemed to contain azure-blue seawater, and inside it were vortices that were occasionally stirred by hurricanes or flashing silver lightning while emitting a faint, ethereal song. Another was a pure, bright crystal that exuded holiness. The last was a baby's palm with five thin stretched-out fingers as it kept changing colors due to the environment.

"Sigh, we can't just keep watching like this." Finally, Anderson broke the silence. "Let's split the Beyonder characteristics."

Just as Edwina's light-blue eyes were dyed with pangs of fire, the hunter shrugged and said with a wry smile, "I believe that they'll have wishes such as this, as we were companions who fought together."

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CHAPTER 703
THANK-YOU PRESENT

Seeing Edwina's gaze warm up, Anderson curled the sides of his mouth and shook his head with a sigh.

"You're always so inflexible. That's why you aren't able to become an artist your entire life."

After sighing again, he looked at the corpse on the chair.

"We can't keep watching. We have to do something. Doesn't Siatas wish to find her race? Let's bury her near an elvish ruin in Sonia Island. Mobet looks like he wants to be with Siatas. We should bury them in the same tomb.

"Doesn't Frunziar want to return to Backlund? Burn his remains to ashes, store the ashes in a box, and bring it to the city when possible. If time permits it, then someone can look for his descendants. As for Snowman, it's not known if he believes in the ancient sun god or the original Creator. Who knows if the two are the same. Heh, to us, it's the same. There's definitely no way to find the corresponding cathedrals or altars. Therefore, the only thing we can do is bury him beside Groselle.

"Groselle… He wishes to return to the Giant King's Court, but that's a city in myths and legends. There's no way to find it in the real world. However, there are Giant ruins in the Northern and Southern Continent. We can bury him there and allow him to have a proper burial."

Giant King's Court… Backlund… Klein listened in silence as he deliberated for a few seconds.

"Leave the ashes of Groselle, Snowman, and Frunziar with me."

He believed that in the time to come, the City of Silver would manage to reach the Giant King's Court. When that happened, he could hand Groselle's and Snowman's ashes to Little Sun and allow him to bury the two ancient figures. As for Backlund, Klein needed to return to it, as it was the final destination of his travels. He could then bring back Frunziar, who had left his hometown for more than 165 years.

Edwina added, "The Golden Dream often goes to Sonia Island. I'll handle Sonia Island's and Mobet's remains."

"Alright. You'll be in charge of the cremation later." Anderson turned to look at Danitz as he chuckled and sighed. "Look, everyone plays a part in this. There's no need to feel inferior."

He originally imagined that Danitz wouldn't understand his consoling and would glare at him angrily. To his surprise, this well-known pirate's expression turned heavy as he nodded in silence.

"Ahem. As companions who faced the King of the North together, let's each choose one. Treat it as though we're inheriting their legacy." Anderson gestured at the shimmering items on the floor. "Heh heh, these Beyonder characteristics definitely have remnants of their psyche. I wonder what kind of influence they will bring. Be it concocting it into a potion for consumption or getting an Artisan to craft it into an item, there should be something special about them. The former can be digested with the acting method, but nothing can be done about the latter. Ah, from the looks of it, you don't know the acting method. Treat it as though I didn't say a thing."

The last two lines were said to Danitz.

Klein didn't have the mood to lampoon Anderson. He looked at the four Beyonder characteristics and said, "Give Siatas's to me."

This was the main ingredient of an Ocean Songster!

Edwina thought for a moment before saying, "I'll take Snowman's."

It corresponded to the Priest of Light which Klein already had one of. Hence, he didn't choose it.

Anderson glanced at the remaining two Beyonder characteristics as his gaze paused at the strange item that resembled a baby's palm.

"I have to say that this guy is very interesting. Perhaps it can be made into a mystical item that can talk to me. That way, everyone wouldn't be too lonely."

At that moment, the "giant's heart" didn't have an owner. Klein glanced at Danitz and indifferently said, "It's yours."

"Mine? I didn't do anything. I didn't participate in the battle…" Danitz was extremely surprised.

Klein said simply, "You scouted and took on a risk."

To Klein, this was a form of compensation. This was because Danitz had chanted The Fool's honorific name and knew Gehrman Sparrow's secret. Therefore, he had to force the faith of The Fool on him; otherwise, it would only leave latent risks.

Although this was a risk which Danitz was willing to take, Klein still wished to compensate him. Of course, he hoped that Danitz would view it as a bestowment from The Fool.

And regardless of exchanging Groselle's Beyonder characteristic for money, using it to purchase the corresponding formula and ingredients, or making it into a defensive mystical item, all of them would be very useful for Danitz.

"Take it," Edwina said as she looked at Danitz.

"…Alright." Danitz nodded after a few seconds of silence.

After distributing them, Klein took a few steps forward and bent his back to pick up Siatas's Beyonder characteristic. Looking at the azure-blue seawater sloshing inside the translucent membrane, he could vaguely hear the elf's beautiful singing.

Just as he stood up, he saw Danitz nodding as though he was responding to a question. However, no one had spoken!

Klein's gaze swept past Edwina's expressionless face and suspected if this Mysticism Magister was communicating with Danitz in a way others couldn't hear.

Seeing Danitz give an affirmative answer, Edwina reached out to pick up Groselle's Travels from the desk and closed it. She then handed it to Klein.

"This is a token of my gratitude."

"Without me, all of you would've defeated the frost dragon." Klein didn't reach out his hand as he looked at the book comprised of yellowish-brown goatskin.

"No, we definitely would've died. We had no way to defend against the King of the North's final frenzy. Besides, you were taking a huge risk entering the book." Edwina was like a teacher, explaining to him the reasons in a serious manner. "My only request is that you will tell me the answers if you figure out its origins and principles."

Klein was very curious about the secrets hidden in Groselle's Travels. He couldn't reject the offer as he reached out to take the magical book.

"Okay."

At this moment, the importance of the Giant King's Court became more obvious. He even thought of buying the black iron key belonging to the giants and was worth 5,000 pounds while he was at it. However, he didn't

immediately make the request, to prevent Edwina from thinking that he was trying to fleece her.

He prepared to wait a few more hours, or perhaps tomorrow, before borrowing the key from Vice Admiral Iceberg. He would head above the gray fog to divine its worth before offering to purchase it.

Seeing Anderson and Danitz pick up their Beyonder characteristics, Edwina glanced at the darkening sky and said to Klein, "Where are you heading to next?"

"Bayam," Klein replied frankly.

Edwina nodded.

"You can head there on the Golden Dream. We have plenty of rooms."

Klein nodded indiscernibly as he agreed.

Who wouldn't want a free ride?

After dealing with the remains and cleaning up the captain's cabin, Edwina walked to the door and opened it.

There were gasps of pleasant surprise as the mood in the corridor turned jubilant.

"Alright, it's fine now." Edwina looked around as a smile formed from her cold expression.

The crew cheered loudly, making Anderson stroke his chin and frown.

"It's more exaggerated than I imagined…” Without a doubt, his words were drowned by the ebullient cheers.

After everything came to an end, Klein and Anderson left the captain's cabin under Danitzs lead and headed for other rooms on the same level.

Half-turning his body to look where they were, Anderson suddenly sighed.

"Is that it?

"Although we didn't get to know each other for more than half an hour, people who fought alongside you often leave a deep impression. But to think they suddenly died in a baffling manner. All of them…”

Klein was silent for two seconds before saying, "This world is filled with baffling deaths to begin with."

“…That's right." Anderson immediately smiled. "That's why optimism is needed to enjoy life. If I were to face death one day, I'll definitely be composed and cool, not losing my elegance at all. I would face it in the most handsome manner possible."

Don't raise flags for yourself… Klein didn't say a word as he entered the room Danitz opened for him. Anderson took the room beside him.

In the room, Klein stood at the window as he silently watched the darkening sea for nearly ten minutes. Then, he entered the bathroom, took four steps counterclockwise, recited the incantation, and went above the gray fog.

Sitting at the high-back chair of The Fool, he conjured The World's figure and made him make a praying pose.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, please inform The Sun that I've obtained the Sequence 6 Notary potion formula he wants. I also have clues to the Priest of Light formula and main ingredients. He can delay payment by putting it on credit and pay for it in the future."

Klein was doing this to prepare for his advancement to Sequence 4. The City of Silver had rich resources, so it was possible that particular main

ingredients or difficult supplementary ingredients that were hard to come across would exist over there. Therefore, with him in no rush to get anything, he planned on letting Little Sun owe him.

The reason why he didn't say that he had obtained the main ingredients and potion formula for Priest of Light, was because he felt that it was too exaggerated. He planned on telling him once Little Sun was more or less done digesting the potion.

After checking the conjured scene twice, he transmitted it into the crimson star representing The Sun as a stream of light.

…

Afternoon Town.

Having just finished patrolling the periphery of the newly established camp, Derrick's vision suddenly blurred, and he saw an endless gray fog and an indistinct figure praying inside a dark red glow.

Immediately following that, he heard The World's voice and learned that his Notary potion formula had been acquired.

Mr. World's efficiency is really high. It's the exact number of days that he promised. Furthermore, he even got clues to the Priest of Light potion formula and main ingredients! Derrick felt joy after a moment of alarm.

He couldn't help but admire The World, wishing that he would possess similar strength and styles in the future.

Above the gray fog, the busy The World made another prayer after Mr. Fool confirmed that there weren't any problems with the Ocean Songster potion formula.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, please inform Mr. Hanged Man that I've already obtained the Ocean Songster's potion formula and the corresponding main

ingredient. I'll give it to him during the next Tarot Gathering. Please get him to consider what he would like to provide in exchange."

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CHAPTER 704
ORIGINS

On the undulating sea, inside an ancient and dark sailboat.

Alger Wilson stood in front of a window, considering the report he had to produce when he arrived at Pasu Island. It was at that moment when the endless gray fog and a figure lording over him appeared.

He then saw a dark red glow and saw a blurry figure resembling The World. He then heard the figure's calm words.

After hearing it, Alger's eyes widened. He found it difficult to suppress his joy as a strong sense of bewilderment and shock emerged within his heart.

He remembered very clearly that The World had only promised The Sun to obtain the Notary potion formula within three days at the last Tarot Club gathering. He hadn't mentioned anything related to the Ocean Songster potion formula, but in just days, this gentleman had obtained the rare Sequence 5 formula and even its main ingredient!

What did he do exactly? Alger muttered silently to himself as he couldn't help but recall Gehrman Sparrow's cold and formidable appearance. He found the man more and more unfathomable.

Is this the advantage of being a Blessed? Yes, I just received the news yesterday that Gehrman Sparrow boarded the Future last week in Nas. On the one hand, it proves that Admiral of Stars is indeed The Hermit, and on the other hand, it means that what The World did last week was extremely important. For example, entering those dangerous waters in the eastern front to obtain something. Therefore, he had no choice but to seek The

Hermit's help? As such, he advanced and became a Sequence 5 powerhouse?

This can explain how he obtained the Ocean Songster potion formula and its main ingredient in the span of a few days… But what did he do exactly? Don't tell me that he killed someone from the middle-upper echelons of the Church? Alger couldn't help but frown.

He quickly calmed his heart as he focused on another matter.

Although instantly obtaining the formula and main ingredient delighted and excited him, making him feel that becoming a Tarot Club member was a turning point in his life, he still needed to pay for it!

*What can I give The World… *Alger fell into deep thought, depressed to realize that he didn't have any items or money of equal value.

He subconsciously paced about his window.

…

Above the gray fog, the busy World vanished as Klein cast his eyes on Groselle's Travels which he had brought above the gray fog.

This book comprised of yellowish-brown goatskin was silently placed on the long bronze table. It didn't appear special in any way, appearing so ordinary that only history fans would notice it.

Klein conjured a pen and paper as he cautiously wrote the first divination statement: "This is the Spectator pathway's Uniqueness."

He was most worried about this point, as it meant that he couldn't seal the book above the gray fog. It might bring about unexpected accidents, but carrying it with him made it possible for him to be sucked into the book at any time. That would be very problematic.

He undid the spirit pendulum on his left wrist, composed himself, and attempted a divination.

When he opened his eyes, the topaz pendant was spinning counterclockwise.

It meant a negative result.

From the looks of it, this strange book isn't the Spectator pathway's Uniqueness. Then, there's no need to be too afraid… Klein thought for a few seconds before divining if Groselle's Travels was the corresponding item of the Spectator pathway's Sequence 1 or 2. To his surprise, the divination ended in a failure.

Hmm… he thought for a long while before penning a new divination statement: "Its origins."

The reason why Klein dared to do such a divination was because he knew very well that the Spectator pathway's Sequence 0 had long perished. There was a high chance that the Uniqueness was in the hands of the Twilight Hermit Order. Therefore, the chances of him having to face a real god was negligible.

Putting down the pen and holding the paper and book, Klein leaned back into the chair and recited the divination statement as he entered a dream with Cogitation.

The gray, hazy world cracked open as the sky turned extremely dark. It was as though strong winds were stirring the dark clouds.

In this dark environment, a sliver of light appeared first along the horizon as it grew bigger and clearer.

It was a floating continent!

It was a huge continent that could hold several cities!

The continent's periphery was grayish-white in color. Huge boulders revealed their outlines, and above them, there were dozens of erect hundred-meter-tall stone columns. They either stood independently or propped up magnificent ancient palaces.

Dragons of different colors—grayish-white, scarlet-red, yellowish-bronze—as well as some made of ice, were flying over the continent and the one-of-a-kind city. At times, they would land on a stone column to rest as they overlooked the land. At other times, they would enter the opulent palace and vanish from Klein's sight.

Among them, the smallest one was about the size of King of the North Ulyssan. The biggest spanned a hundred meters.

The scene quickly zoomed in as a palace with a height of over two hundred meters occupied Klein's vision.

Its interior had stone columns erected, propping up a dome. The space was so large that it allowed any dragon to move freely within.

The "camera" kept moving inward, and soon, Klein saw a book made of yellowish-brown goatskin. Its cover was blank as it floated in midair. Compared to its surroundings, it was amazingly small.

Right behind the book, a large shadow appeared.

Just as the shadow's silhouette was outlined, Klein felt his thoughts instantly explode!

His eyes spewed out with blood as his ears were left with two black holes. His mouth and nostrils had white matter stained with blood spew out from them.

The mysterious space above the gray fog gently trembled as it pacified everything. Klein quickly recovered as he gritted his teeth and rubbed his head.

It hurts! It freaking hurts!

It's in no way inferior to the Eternal Blazing Sun. I didn't even discern 'His' looks or gain any knowledge…

Was "He" Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt? According to Little Sun's information, "He" had perished at the end of the Second Epoch. After so many epochs, spanning two to three millennia, just prying into the mystery was enough to put me in such a sorry state. If not for the gray fog's screening and assistance, I would've died immediately… This mark is way too powerful, isn't it?

There's no way of comparing them. Its damage is inferior to the previous encounter with the Eternal Blazing Sun, but one had died long ago, while the other is still alive. It just begs the question if the ancient gods are stronger than the real gods of the present day…

Using nearly a minute to recover from the pain, Klein recast his gaze on Groselle's Travels. He tapped the mottled table's edge and muttered silently,*This book's "author" is Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt?*

A book written by an ancient god, a storybook that can automatically deduce the ending?

What is "His" goal? When this book was formed, the Dragon of Imagination likely hadn't encountered the ancient sun god and was fine. After all, it would take some time to go from the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, to the Giant King's Court. And before Groselle was swallowed by the book, the Giant King's Court was clearly still in existence.

Just a prank? A toy used to kill "His" boredom? Or could it be that the Dragon of Imagination had foreseen some of the future. "He" specially created this book to leave behind a chance for "Himself" or the dragons to resurrect. However, he underestimated the ancient sun god's might, and he completely perished. It made the book unusable for millennia, so all it could do was naturally absorb characters into it to play out a story?

Klein made some guesses, but he wasn't able to verify them. After some consideration, he thought of finding a chance to enter the book in search for clues.

In the future, I can enter as a Spirit Body above the gray fog. Once I encounter any trouble, I'll immediately return… Yes, I'll make the attempt after I'm no longer with Edwina and Anderson. I have to be careful and cautious… Klein nodded as he divined if leaving Groselle's Travels above the gray fog would bring undesirable changes to the mysterious space, but he was met with failure again.

As for the reason, he actually knew why. This was a place that transcended the spirit world. Divining about matters involving this area naturally failed if attempts were made to obtain revelations from the spirit world.

After deciding to frequently come above the gray fog to take a look so as to prevent any accidents, Klein threw Groselle's Travels into the junk pile. He then waved his hand, summoning a golden wine cup that had been partially flattened.

The cup had complicated patterns engraved on it, with the Elvish phrases "Calamity" and "Cohinem." Apart from that, there wasn't anything special.

With it in hand, Klein silently rubbed it for a few seconds.

…

Knock, knock, knock!

Klein politely knocked on the door to the captain's cabin.

"Is there something?" Edwina, who had let down her hair, looked at Gehrman Sparrow and asked.

Klein handed over the elf queen's golden wine cup.

"Put this in Siatas's tomb."

“…Alright." Edwina fell silent for two seconds before nodding and receiving it.

She habitually studied the engravings and symbols on the cup before withdrawing her gaze in embarrassment. She then looked out the window and said, "They'll be organizing a bonfire party. Will you be participating?"

"No." Klein shook his head.

"I understand. I don't plan on participating either. Not everyone is like Anderson, who can quickly raise his spirits," Edwina said with pursed lips.

Actually, it's not necessarily a bad thing… Klein was momentarily at a loss for a response. And apart from "giving lessons," Edwina wasn't good at socializing. Immediately, the two of them fell silent.

About ten seconds later, Klein silently inhaled and broke the silence.

"Are you selling that key that originates from the giants?"

"Yes." Edwina thought about it before glancing at her collector's room. She added, "I can lend it to you for studying. You can decide whether to buy it before leaving the ship."

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CHAPTER 705
MYTHICAL CREATURE

*… You didn't even need me to mention it… I was still a little embarrassed to raise the subject… *Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief. After considering Gehrman Sparrow's persona, he calmly said, "I do not take advantage of others."

Just as he said that, he felt a little regretful. He was afraid that Vice Admiral Iceberg would really change her mind.

Edwina's light-blue eyes moved slightly as she said, "The only condition is that you have to tell me the answer to anything you figure out."

Phew… Klein didn't harp on the issue as he nodded.

"Okay."

About a minute later, he carried an iron black key the size of a heptachord.

And at that moment, there was a series of fervent singing from the deck.

"Your eyes are so mesmerizing that it feels like the light from dawn;

"When night comes and the sun has gone down, I almost start feeling melancholy; fervently awaiting your light;

"Oh, your eyes are so mesmerizing that it feels like the light from dawn 1…”

Klein subconsciously went to the window and looked out. He saw that the bonfire had already been lit, and the Golden Dream's crew, that had nothing to do on their hands, were gathered around it. They were either roasting meat or fish as they guzzled beer. Otherwise, they would be dancing a rather random but lively dance alongside Singer Orpheus's singing. It was a very merry atmosphere.

The oily roasting exuded a tantalizing aroma that wafted upwards. Klein saw that Anderson Hood was also among the pirates, drinking in high spirits and eating happily. From time to time, he would shout a few words and say a joke, as though he was already a member of the Golden Dream. He was no longer ostracized like before. Instead, Danitz didn't appear among them. At the very least, Klein didn't see him near Iron Skin or Barrel.

As long as he doesn't provoke others, Anderson is rather good at socializing… This might be the intelligence gathering powers of a Conspirer? Yes, he might've transferred the hatred onto me…

I wonder if Danitz will work hard after what happened. If he can improve himself and acquire greater strength, then as The Fool, I wouldn't only have myself as a subordinate. I don't have to always appear as a trinity. Heh heh, this secret existence of mine finally has a real believer, someone I can directly order to do things, even though it's only limited to Danitz… I have to say, it's still quite pathetic…

As Klein reflected over the matter, he prepared a ritual to sacrifice the giants' key above the gray fog.

At that moment, his spiritual perception was triggered as he instinctively activated his Spirit Vision and looked to the side.

White bones were thrown up as they materialized into the messenger with black flames in its eye sockets.

Half of the messenger's body was in the lower deck, so it was nearly level with Gehrman Sparrow without tearing through the ceiling. However, the

palm holding the letter remained huge, as though it could easily wrap it around Klein's head.

Mr. Azik was quite quick to reply this time… As Klein politely nodded, he received the letter and unfolded it.

Just as he was about to read its contents, he suddenly realized that the skeleton messenger remained standing there. It didn't vanish once it delivered the letter.

"Is there something?" Klein asked in surprise.

Just as he said that, an idea flashed through his mind as he quickly added, "If there's a need to reply, then I will summon you again."

The skeleton messenger's huge head nodded as its body collapsed like a waterfall before returning to the Underworld.

Ma'am Reinette Tinekerr previously waited for me to give a reply, same for the skeleton messenger this time… Is this some new regulation the messenger world has enacted? Pui! There's no such thing as a messenger world. They're all individually summoned, and most messengers are just doing it part-time… Yes, the skeleton messenger gave me an aggrieved feeling… Klein shook his head without much thought before focusing his attention on Mr. Azik's letter.

“…To put it simply, attaining godhood begins from the moment one advances to Sequence 4. It's a slow process of evolution towards a mythical creature. This process comes to an end at Sequence 2. Therefore, there is a qualitative difference between an angel and a saint. In ancient times, the former are even called subsidiary gods.

"Every demigod, including saints and angels, have their own mythical state. This is a nonhuman form which is a potpourri of complex knowledge, godhood characteristics, and secret symbols. Ordinary people will suffer tremendous damage from a simply glance, to the point of losing their

minds. And as the demigod grows in strength, the damage only grows more potent and irresistible. Therefore, creatures at this level have to constantly control themselves to not expose this form, or just from their very existence alone, it can bring about a catastrophe to their surroundings.

"To demigods, one of the main traits of losing control is losing reason. When that happens, they will no longer be able to restrain their mythical creature form.

"However, a saint's mythical form isn't complete. There are clear characteristics of their original race. Strictly speaking, one is a true mythical creature only after they reach Sequence 2…"

I wonder if the blood that Ma'am Hermit wants is the blood of a mythical creature in the true sense of the phrase, or if the criteria can be relaxed… Heh, I wonder if the placenta blood from Will Auceptin's birth counts. "He" is a Sequence 1 Snake of Fate, an absolute mythical creature, just not in the correct form… I'll accumulate more matters before writing on the paper crane to ask him. Yes, there are only two more times, so I need to do it for serious matters. However, I'll be returning to Backlund soon… With this in mind, Klein silently calculated when Will Auceptin would be born.

He didn't make an accurate recollection, but based on his impressions, Will Auceptin had been conceived last November, and it was currently only the middle of April.

Therefore, "He" will be born in July? Perhaps earlier… Klein thought without great certainty. After all, he didn't have a girlfriend or wife in his previous life, much less having a child.

He quickly threw those thoughts to the back of his mind and began setting up the ritual. He sacrificed the giants' key to himself. The reason why he didn't use his Spirit Body to carry it, it was simply because it was too heavy.

Soon, he arrived above the gray fog. He made the iron black key fly onto the surface of the bronze table as he seriously inspected it a few times.

After confirming that there wasn't anything abnormal about it, he conjured a pen and paper and wrote the divination statement: "The place this key corresponds to."

With the paper in hand and his arm around the key, Klein leaned back into his chair and fell asleep while chanting.

This time, the gray, hazy world first presented a distorted translucent screen. As the scene zoomed in, he immediately appeared before a ten-meter-tall door.

The door was mainly blue in color and on its sides were various engraved symbols, labels, and patterns. They were stately and mysterious.

The light of dusk shone over faintly, dyeing the door with a clear sense of decline. It was like the daylight was gone for the world, with only eternal darkness replacing it.

Right on the heels of that, Klein noticed that the opening in the door's left side, at a height of three to four meters, there was a pitch-black socket which was equivalent to an adult's fist.

The scene quickly shattered as Klein opened his eyes.

A door similar to the black cloister's but of a different color… The light of dusk… My interpretation is that it represents a particular door of the Giant King's Court… Yes, the first distorted translucent screen should be the barrier between the Forsaken Land of the Gods and the outside world. Therefore, without the gray mist eliminating interference, there's no way to see the scene via divination… Klein tapped on the edge of the mottled table as he made judgment.

He had already decided to buy the giants' key!

After going through the hassle of bringing 5,000 pounds in cash back to the real world, Klein tidied the items on the table and held a thick stack of cash.

He left his room once again and walked to the captain's cabin.

Heh, As a Desire Apostle, Kircheis's bounty is equivalent to a key and 1,000 pounds… Klein glanced at the cash in his hand as he knocked on Vice Admiral Iceberg's door again.

With a creak, Edwina appeared by the door. When she saw him holding the cash, her brows twitched as she widened her eyes. She said with a brightened expression, "You have results?"

Klein tersely acknowledged.

"I already obtained results that it's likely related to the Giant King's Court."

"The Giant King's Court as spoken in myths?" Edwina's eyes lit up as she asked.

Klein gently nodded in affirmation.

Edwina's lips quivered as though she wished to inquire further, but ultimately, she didn't say a word. She took the 5,000 pounds in cash.

She turned back to look at the rows of bookshelves in the captain's cabin and fell silent. She finally said to Klein seconds later, "If you're interested in these books, you can borrow them anytime in the day."

My only request is… Klein secretly predicted what Vice Admiral Iceberg was about to say.

"My only request is that you can talk to me about history whenever you're free," Edwina paused before she added with her eyes appearing bright.

Klein chuckled inwardly and said after some thought, "Alright, but I will not answer every question."

Meanwhile, he silently prayed inwardly, *Let's hope Vice Admiral Iceberg's collection has methods to create higher-level charms…*

"No problem." The corner of Edwina's mouth twitched as her expression became livelier.

"See you tomorrow." Klein took off his hat and pressed it to his chest as he bowed to bid farewell.

Edwina also seriously returned the pleasantries.

"See you tomorrow."

…

Backlund. Iron Gate Street, outside Bravehearts Bar.

Emlyn White got off a carriage, pushed open a wooden door, and walked in.

He was then triggered by the mixture of smells inside as he pinched his nose in contempt.

He hadn't had much progress in the competition to hunt for the Primordial Moon believers; therefore, he planned on heading to the Bravehearts Bar which Sherlock Moriarty often mentioned. He was there to find the rather informed black-market arms dealer, Ian. The latter's name was acquired by Emlyn through other means.

Footnotes:

Ch 705 Footnote 1

Adapted from 'O sole mio.

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CHAPTER 706
THAT MAN

Turning his body to the side, Emlyn avoided a bulldozing drunkard. While swatting his clothes with a frown, he continued jostling towards the bar counter.

During this process, he didn't seem to be doing anything, but the surrounding customers would always fail to touch him. Be it in terms of speed, agility, or his balance and coordination, he had reached a rather terrifying level.

Finally, Emlyn arrived at the bar counter as he rapped the wooden counter.

"Where's Ian?"

The bartender glanced at him. Without a word, he kept his head low and wiped his glass cups.

"…” Emlyn stood there in surprise, wondering if he had done something wrong that earned him nothing. This angered him a little as he wished to reach out and yank the bartender out.

However, he believed that such acts were lacking as a gentleman. He forcefully held down his emotions and looked around and discovered that everyone was drinking.

With a thought, Emlyn experimented by saying, "A cup of Aurmir red wine."

The bartender's actions paused as he looked up and gave the handsome, black-haired, red-eyed man an odd look.

"We don't have that available."

This was the finest red wine in the world. The price was staggering!

Emlyn wasn't dumb, and he could tell from the bartender's eyes that he had ordered something he shouldn't have. On careful thought, he said, "One glass of Southville beer."

"5 pence." The bartender finally lowered the cup and cloth.

Emlyn took out a 1-soli note and said, "Keep the change."

"Thank you." The bartender pointed left and said, "Ian is in Card Room 1."

Emlyn immediately smiled, feeling happy and proud that he had resolved an actual problem. He didn't take the cup of Southville beer and, instead, turned around and walked straight to Card Room 1.

*Knock! Knock! Knock! *He politely knocked on the door.

"Please come on in." A rather adolescent voice sounded.

Emlyn adjusted his collar and pushed open the door, only to realize that the scene inside was unlike what he had expected.

He believed that since it was a card room, there would be a bunch of people surrounding a long table, playing games like Texas, but to his surprise, there were indeed about eight people, but there weren't any poker cards. A piece of paper was placed in front of every participant as they seemed to be recording something. Apart from that, there were only fountain pens and multi-faced dice on the table.

Emlyn instinctively cast his gaze on the youngest person inside. It was similarly a handsome boy with red eyes. He looked about sixteen.

"Ian?" Emlyn asked.

Ian nodded with a smile.

"That's me. Sir, is there something I can help you with? Or do you wish to join our game?"

"Game?" Emlyn returned with a question.

Ian chuckled.

"Yes, game. I don't enjoy playing cards or billiards, but something needs to be done when spending the whole day here. I gained some inspiration from Emperor Roselle's biography. It's to organize a few people to sit down and attempt a tabletop adventure.

"In this game, as long as you abide by the rules, you can be anyone—a doctor, an adventurer who loves eating vegetables, a private detective who always carries a wrench and pipe, or an adventurer who enjoys radical ideas. Together, they can head to some ancient castle and seek out the history hidden within, battling all kinds of monsters along the way.

"Sounds a little interesting." Emlyn had a feeling that this game suited him well.

"Haha, do you want to join? We're currently embroiled in a ploy and are facing a powerful ancient vampire. He appears to have a handsome face, but beneath his skin are boils formed from his boiling blood," Ian warmly invited him.

Sanguine, thank you very much! Emlyn's expression twitched indiscernibly as he directly said, "I have a mission for you."

"Alright… Let's go to the room next door." Ian took his round hat and old satchel and stood up.

The billiard room next door had no one in it. The boy closed the door with great familiarity as he surveyed the area before looking at Emlyn.

"Sir, I do not know you. Might I know who introduced you?"

Emlyn lifted his chin and smiled.

"Sherlock Moriarty"

Just as he said that, he suddenly looked left and right as he raised his hand to pinch his nose.

"So it's Detective Moriarty." Ian heaved a sigh of relief without hiding it. "I'm assured then. By the way, didn't he go on vacation to Desi Bay? When will he be back?"

Emlyn lowered his right hand as he said without a change in expression, "He isn't back yet. I've been to his rented apartment.

"To be frank, a normal vacation should've ended by the end of January. It's already April."

"Could it be that something happened to him?" Ian asked worriedly.

Emlyn recalled the powers and mysteriousness which Sherlock Moriarty presented as he shook his head.

"Perhaps he's caught up in a complicated case."

Ian didn't speak further as he asked, "How may I address you? What mission do you have?"

"You can call me Mr. White." Emlyn took out a piece of paper that resembled a bounty notice. "Help me find these five people."

Ian received it and carefully flipped through it for a while.

"20 pounds for an effective clue; 150 pounds for an exact location. Is that acceptable?"

"No problem." Emlyn felt that the price was just too cheap.

Compared to this, the prices seen at the Tarot Club were way more exaggerated.

Ian folded the piece of paper and said, "Mr. White, how do I contact you if I have any clues?"

"South of the Bridge, Harvest Church." Emlyn had already thought of the answer.

Upon hearing that, Ian gave him an odd look.

"You're a believer of Mother Earth? That's rare in Backlund."

"I'm not!" Emlyn firmly shook his head. "I'm only doing volunteer work over there."

Without waiting for Ian to speak, he asked, "How did you inherit those red eyes?"

This was something he had wished to ask when he first saw Ian. This was because red eyes were a trademark characteristic of Sanguine in ancient times. However, there was a long period of time when humans and Sanguine copulated in the Fourth Epoch. They were all residents of an Empire; hence, with the widespread fellowship, many descendants were produced. There was an increasing number of red-eyed mixed-bloods as

they passed down their genes, becoming an uncommon eye color for humans.

To put it simply, every red-eyed human had a Sanguine ancestor.

Ian replied in surprise, "My father… I've no idea how much further up the family tree, as I was a vagabond."

From the looks of it, he isn't connected to the Sanguine… Emlyn handed over a twenty-pound deposit, feeling somewhat disappointed before turning to leave the billiard room.

After he left, Ian didn't immediately return to the card room. Instead, he closed the door and said into the air, "Detective Moriarty hasn't returned to Backlund. I'm a little worried about him."

A figure suddenly appeared in the billiard room. She had a pale face with exquisite features while wearing a black bonnet. Dressed in a black Gothic regal dress, she was none other than Wraith Sharron.

"He's doing fine," Sharron replied without any perturbation in her tone. Her figure dematerialized before vanishing.

"You always says the same thing. Don't tell me that you've always been in contact with Detective Moriarty…" Ian mumbled softly as he picked up a newspaper in the corner of the billiard room.

Placed on it was the Tussock Times, and beneath it was News at Sea. The latter was mainly used to report the situations of the different colonies of the Loen Kingdom and matters at sea, but due to technological restrictions, the News at Sea that reached Backlund was severely outdated. It wasn't of much use to people who needed it, so subscription numbers were low, and the business was floundering.

Later, with a suggestion from a new chief editor, the newspaper's style changed. It had more rumors out at sea, as well as all sorts of strange

matters revolving pirates and adventurers. It appeared more like stories rather than actual news reports.

To people's surprise, this change in style was welcomed. As it involved ghosts, specters, sea monsters, and treasures; it became the semi-literate people's prime choice to flaunt their knowledge to the illiterate at the various bars. After all, although the stories seemed fake, they were sufficiently interesting.

Ian casually flipped through the newspapers without finding any content of interest. He only had a deep impression on one of the reports in News at Sea.

"According to our correspondent, on the night of the 25th March, the King of Immortality fleet attacked a ship heading from East Balam to Feysac and plundered all its goods and money. And living up to his title, Slaughterer Kircheis finished a bloody massacre…"

*These pirates are really preposterous… *Ian shook his head and lowered the newspapers. He returned to the card room and continued his game.

Outside the bar, Emlyn boarded a carriage and leaned onto the carriage wall as he watched the street lamps move past him.

He pinched his nose again and silently muttered, *A Wraith?*

This arms dealer sure is resourceful… Not bad!

Emlyn closed his eyes as he felt more hopeful about his entrusted mission.

…

The sunlight shone in from outside, dyeing the captain's cabin golden.

Edwina sat on a chair with a book in hand as she looked opposite her.

"So, you also believe that the Solomon, Trunsoest, and Tudor Empires all coexisted?"

"This is a necessary condition for the War of the Four Emperors," Klein simply replied.

He held a book titled "Book of the Three Worlds." It originated from a Life School of Thought member before it landed in Vice Admiral Iceberg's hands. It described the material world, the spirit world, and the world beyond rationality. It included some information on charms, with rather profound parts. Klein was seriously reading information on this in a bid to better use the Sea God Scepter and the Worm of Time.

Klein had actually discovered that the books collected by Vice Admiral Iceberg were various ancient texts that were rather unsystematic. This was quite different from the characteristics of the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom which backed her. Therefore, he guessed that the internal, orthodox, systematic mysticism knowledge of the Church was not public.

Edwina was just about to ask again when she suddenly realized the Golden Dream's cruising speed gradually drop. She looked out the window and after a few looks, said crisply, "We've arrived in Bayam."

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CHAPTER 707
DANITZ'S REQUEST

We've reached Bayam? Klein stood up upon hearing that and looked out. He saw the familiar Resistance's private harbor.

He didn't show his surprise as he commented calmly, "Faster than I expected."

It was three hours faster than he had expected!

"It's faster than I expected as well." Edwina looked away and agreed with Gehrman Sparrow.

However, these are all unimportant details… Klein lowered his head, pretending as though he was browsing through the rest of the Book of the Three Worlds. He then handed it to Vice Admiral Iceberg.

"That marks the end of this discussion."

Edwina looked at the book in silence. She opened her mouth, but no words came out.

She reached for the Book of the Three Worlds and placed it on the table in passing. Following that, she got up and bowed.

"I look forward to future discussions with you. Your expertise in ancient history is admirable."

If Klein had been acting as himself, he would've said a few words of humility while praising Vice Admiral Iceberg for her breadth of knowledge;

unfortunately, he was the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow. All he did was nod and say, "We are collaborators."

It meant that there would be opportunities in the future.

He didn't speak further as he left the captain's cabin and returned to his room. He packed his suitcase with a relaxed mind, waited for the Golden Dream to dock, and then headed straight for the deck.

At that moment, there were many crew members gathered on the deck. It included Gourmet Bru Walls, Singer Orpheus, and Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson, most of the crew who were upper echelon members of the pirate crew with their heads worth a handsome bounty.

They gave sincere smiles as they happily kept waving at Klein. Among them, Barrel and Iron Skin were filled with excitement as they belted out a song for their departing guest.

*When did I have such a good relationship with them? *Klein lampooned as he walked past the pirates until he arrived at the gangway.

Anderson Hood was there with his hair combed, his clothes neat and tidy. He said with a laugh, "They probably mean to say goodbye, or should I say —let's hope we don't meet again.

"Gehrman, do you know how dangerous a situation you were in? You nearly became the public enemy of every crew member. They were so eager to steer the Golden Dream to Bayam in five minutes."

Klein was just about to answer when he saw Danitz jog over with a black cloak draped over him.

This fellow has really resolved himself to do better, and he plans to leave the Golden Dream to go at it alone? This is a little incompatible with my plans. Only by being around Vice Admiral Iceberg and the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom would his value as a believer of The Fool

be accentuated… However, it doesn't matter. If Danitz can grow stronger, it will be even more meaningful… Klein habitually measured the pros and cons before ignoring his other thoughts. He looked at Danitz in silence and waited for him to speak.

Danitz opened his mouth with a serious expression, but nothing came out of it. All he did was give a hollow chuckle and say to Anderson, "Do you have the potion formula for Conspirer?"

"Yes," Anderson said with a chuckle. "But I have no plans on selling it to you."

Danitz's expression darkened as Anderson continued, unfazed, "What's the point of obtaining the Conspirer potion formula now? Any attempts to advance now will only result in failure!

"Pal, it's best you redo your acting as a Hunter, followed by a Provoker, and then a Pyromaniac. Heh, it's best that you get an Artisan to make that giant's heart into a defensive mystical item. Otherwise, I'm afraid you would be killed by others when the time comes.

"After you're sure about your chances, get the Conspirer potion formula from your captain. She has it.

"However, I believe that will be the end for you. Heh, Conspirer has very high requirements."

Danitz's face twitched as he was being mocked, but he remembered every word Anderson told him. This was because the man before him had the title of "Strongest Hunter," who had rich experience on this pathway. Furthermore, he had a vague idea that the key was "acting." He suspected that the captain's guidance from before was directed at this, just that it was rather vague.

"There will come a day when I'll let you know what a true Conspirer is!" Danitz stubbornly retorted before looking at Gehrman Sparrow.

He cleared his throat as he said without daring to look into his eyes, "I've already made the request with Captain. In the future, I'll be in contact with the Resistance, and I'll often be in Bayam."

It means you don't wish to leave the Golden Dream, but you will find opportunities to hone yourself? Heh, why does it feel like you're reporting to your boss? Klein chuckled inwardly as he gave a terse answer.

Danitz was instantly relieved as he felt a lot better. If it wasn't because his companions were watching behind him, he would've diligently helped Gehrman Sparrow carry his suitcase and send him all the way to the dock.

After watching Gehrman and Anderson leave, he cautiously decided to pray to The Fool every day starting tonight. He wanted to show his devotion to prevent any accidents from happening to him.

Inside the Resistance's private harbor, Anderson watched as Gehrman Sparrow circled into another newly built road before walking out of the woods via the shortest distance.

"You seem familiar with this place? This road wasn't here the last time I was here," Anderson said, partially bored and poignant.

Of course, there are so many people praying to me every day telling me what they've done, and I occasionally give them a response, such as directing them to mend this road… Klein thought smugly but replied with a stoic expression, "Where does your friend stay?"

"In a manor in the Bayam City outskirts." Anderson sped up his pace as he led the way.

An hour later, he brought Klein to a manor. There was an eclectic smell from various spices, mixed with an indescribable ersatz exoticism.

After informing the gatekeeper of their intentions, the two didn't wait long before they saw a man of medium-sized build of less than 1.75 meters walk

over. By his side were his butler and valet.

The man's skin was somewhat sallow, with quite a tan. His contours were gentle, but his eye sockets were much more recessed than most Loenese.

To Klein, he could basically determine the man's background. He was a highlander from the Feynapotter Kingdom.

The man was already a little plump, with a rotund, amiable face. He immediately laughed when he saw the Strongest Hunter.

"Anderson, you aren't dead yet?"

"I'm waiting to attend your funeral," Anderson replied without standing on ceremony. He then turned sideways to Klein. "Ukfa Connerchris, the doctor of my former team."

He didn't introduce Gehrman Sparrow to Ukfa and said with a grin, "I've brought you business."

Ukfa instantly understood Anderson and didn't ask in front of his butler and valet. He led the duo towards the main building in the manor.

Along the way, Klein saw buildings like windmills, bakery, brewery, and militia training grounds. The entire manor appeared like a miniaturized kingdom. Apart from the lack of a blacksmith, it was completely self-sufficient. Most iron products were cheaper buying them from the city than personally making them.

This is the pastoral lifestyle… Klein sighed silently as he followed Ukfa into the house and to his study.

Ukfa didn't call the mistress of the house over, nor did he carry his child to meet Anderson and Klein. Clearly, he didn't wish for them to have any contact with the mysterious world. Hence, after he closed the door, he went straight to the point.

"What's the business?"

"Didn't you wish to sell that revolver? He has intentions on buying it." Anderson pointed at Klein. "Gehrman Sparrow."

"Gehrman Sparrow? The powerful adventurer who easily hunted Wormtongue Mithor?" Ukfa said in surprise, but he didn't show any fear.

Although he had distanced himself from the adventuring lifestyle, he knew that he couldn't be careless. Therefore, while in Bayam, he would proactively keep himself informed to prevent trouble from happening.

Anderson scoffed when he heard that.

"That's old news!

"This gentleman's achievements include successfully hunting Slaughterer Kircheis while living to this day."

"Kircheis? The second mate of the King of Immortality?" Ukfa's expression changed. He couldn't hide his horror as he secretly turned wary.

"That's right!" Anderson said with a self-deprecating smile. "In the pirates' playground, he's the one who's recognized as the Strongest Hunter."

Ukfa gulped as he looked at Klein. He couldn't help but smile and say, "I believe you have the ability to buy Death Knell."

"Death Knell?" Klein asked with piqued interest, but he didn't show it.

"That's the name of the revolver. It has accompanied me for a decade. Sigh, if it's not because it overlaps in functionality with one of my other mystical items, and isn't of much use for me at present, I wouldn't be willing to sell it," Ukfa replied with a sigh.

At that moment, Anderson tsked with laughter.

"That wasn't what you said before. You said you preferred farming tools."

A Planter… Klein made the corresponding judgment based on Anderson's words and Ukfa's expression.

Meanwhile, the corresponding potion names flashed through his mind: Sequence 9 Planter, Sequence 8 Doctor with the ancient name Healing Pastor, and Sequence 7 Harvest Priest.

It's no wonder Anderson introduced him as his former team's doctor… Klein thought for a moment and said, "Do you know Frank Lee?"

"Haha, no. Although I'm from Feynapotter, my formula and ingredients were obtained by myself, one at a time. I had nothing to do with the Church of Mother Earth. Therefore, I wouldn't dare to return to Feynapotter. However, I've heard of Frank Lee. He's someone who gives the Church quite a headache," Ukfa replied frankly. "He's only a Sequence 6 Biologist, but he's given such importance by the Church. I really do wish to meet him if there's a chance."

No you won't, you will regret having that thought… Klein could tell from Ukfa's answer that he believed in Mother Earth and was likely a powerful Sequence 5 Beyonder.

By his side, Anderson's face twitched when he heard Ukfa. He said with lingering fear, "That guy does give one a headache. In a certain sense, you can call him a devil. His powers and thoughts have exceeded the level of a Sequence 6… Alright, let's not talk about him. Whenever his name pops up, I still remember the milk that was jettisoned."

Ukfa looked at the duo in puzzlement as he restrained his looks of curiosity. He walked to the table side, opened a drawer, and pulled out an iron black revolver that looked a little longer than an ordinary revolver.

"This is Death Knell," Ukfa introduced it solemnly.

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CHAPTER 708
REVOLVER WORTH 9,000 POUNDS

Death Knell? Striking the enemy's death knell with every shot? I like this name… Klein controlled his facial expressions as he went forward without any anticipation or excitement on his face. He reached out to receive the iron black revolver with a slightly long barrel.

He was originally very worried that Ukfa would raise the price if he showed any strong desires for it. This was common in any transaction, but on second thought, with Gehrman Sparrow's reputation, and with Anderson, the Strongest Hunter of the Fog Sea, as a witness, it was unlikely that Ukfa Connerchris would offend him despite possibly being a Sequence 5 Beyonder. After all, he had quite the adventuring circles and had hoped to lead a quiet and settled life. He definitely had reservations that the crazy adventurer might sneak into the manor in the middle of the night despite not flaring up in front of him.

Therefore, his attempts to maintain his calm and composed attitude became one of simply maintaining his persona.

Realizing that Gehrman Sparrow was seriously inspecting and studying Death Knell, Ukfa gave a detailed introduction.

"Its powers are rather uniform: to reap the lives of others. There are three methods:

"First is Weakness attack. There's no need to meet any conditions. Just directly inject your spirituality and pull the trigger. It will allow you to

discover the target's weaknesses from a mysticism angle. In other words, it would be the aspects where defenses are weaker, and it will provide you with the corresponding accuracy; thus, resulting in extraordinarily terrifying damage.

"The second is Lethal attack. You have to cock the hammer before shooting. Its distinguishing feature is that wherever you hit the target, it will be equivalent to an attack on their weak spot. And if you really do strike the true weak spot, it will be capable of dealing a lethal blow to an enemy without overly strong defenses. To targets who are good at defending, three shots would be able to resolve the matter. This includes Guardian. Of course, that is under the premise that the three lethal blows aren't spread too far apart. It's best not to exceed five seconds.

"The third is Slaughtering. On the foundation of a Weakness attack, providing more than twice the spirituality on top of that will imbue ordinary bullets with grapeshot effects. Simultaneously, when aimed at a group of enemies, it will result in area-of-effect damage. To increase the damage, it will need to meet the conditions for Lethal attack, as well as provide more than thrice the spirituality. This drain will be quite a burden on the user.

"It can also be combined with bullets with different characteristics, allowing you to target different kinds of enemies."

This sounds like it corresponds to a Sequence 5 Reaper of the Hunter pathway… Klein glanced at Anderson and asked, seemingly in thought, "If the target's physical condition reaches that of a Sequence 4 dragon, how many strikes of Lethal attack will kill it?"

Ukfa was taken aback as he shook his head in a daze.

"I've never met a dragon before."

Much less a dragon whose physical condition has reached that of a demigod!

Does Gehrman Sparrow plan on using this gun to slay dragons? And a demigod dragon at that? Isn't that way too crazy? Ukfa suddenly felt that the adventurers these days were completely different from the ones he met back when he was active. He didn't even consider the possibility of death.

Anderson coughed before clearing his throat.

"That will depend on your luck. For real, trust me, luck is extremely important!

"If you encounter a dragon that has been beaten to a state close to death, then one shot would be sufficient. Otherwise, I suggest you to run. Yes, it's more important to stay alive.

"Of course, if the demigod dragon doesn't defend and stays there for you hit it, five shots of Lethal attacks should be enough to kill it."

Ukfa looked at Anderson before looking at Gehrman Sparrow. He decided not to pursue the topic as he changed topics.

"Anderson has told you about the negative effects of Death Knell, right? You will receive a weakness that originally didn't exist, or it will enhance an already existing weakness, making it become more extreme. This effect will be maintained for six hours. There was once a time when I became extremely afraid of cats. There was one when I had just hunted a famous pirate, but I ended up going limp in the legs in front of a newborn kitten. I knelt before it, wailing and crying for it to spare me.

"If you carry it around, the problems aren't great. It will only make you easily thirsty. Just drinking more water and heading to the washroom more often would solve the problem."

Why does it feel like the negative effects of an additional weakness will bring me more trouble… However, it is something acceptable… Klein deliberated and said, "Name your price."

"9,000 pounds. Anderson should've mentioned it. That's my bottom line." Ukfa looked at Death Knell in Gehrman Sparrow's hands and said, "This is already cheap enough. If it wasn't because I was worried that getting to know more Beyonders would affect my present life, I would've actively promoted it. I'm sure I can sell it for 12,000 pounds."

Indeed, a mystical item at this level can be sold for sky-high prices if the negative effects aren't too serious when meeting a suitable buyer… Normally speaking, 10,000 to 12,000 pounds is a reasonable price… Although Klein had the intention of bargaining, the price was already low enough that he felt embarrassed to try and take advantage of him. With a terse acknowledgment, he said, "I'll give it a run. I'll complete the deal if there aren't any problems."

Of course, he didn't really try the gun, as it would give him a weakness for nothing. His method for inspection was to use his spirituality to probe the gun, along with testing for the credibility of Ukfa's words via divination. He did it rather openly, without minding Ukfa's and Anderson's gazes.

I'll make confirmation later above the gray fog… However, Ukfa likely doesn't dare to lie to me. He's definitely afraid of a crazy adventurer seeking revenge on him. After all, he has already obtained a settled and quiet life. He has a wife and children… Klein placed Death Knell on the table, lifted his suitcase, and took out 9,000 pounds from it. The money had been removed from above the gray fog to "air" it ahead of time.

After Ukfa received the money, he did a quick count and confirmed the authenticity of the money.

"As expected of a recently famous adventurer. Few people can produce 9,000 pounds in cash at once. Even a tycoon doesn't have that much liquidity," he said poignantly as he put away the stacks of cash.

I even spent 5,000 pounds to buy a key not long ago… Klein felt his heart suddenly turn empty as he saw the 9,000 pounds enter Ukfa's drawer.

I've been out at sea for so long, saving up so much money, but in just moments, it's all gone… Now, I'm left with 2,683 pounds and 6 gold coins. I can't even afford a relatively decent manor… Klein sighed as he took out the ordinary revolver from his underarm holster, removed the bullets inside, and stuffed them into Death Knell.

After Anderson watched the entire transaction, he said with a tsk, "Ukfa, you've changed. In the past, you would've checked the authenticity of each note. If you find it troublesome, I can help you!"

"It's totally fine, but I'm worried that Gehrman will shoot you." Ukfa clearly knew the Strongest Hunter's talent at provocation.

He could imagine the scene of Anderson posing in a way that was begging to be beaten—counting each and every note while verifying them against the light in slow motion.

Well said! Klein silently praised him. He then stuffed the iron black, long-barreled revolver into his underarm holster.

The original revolver was thrown inside the suitcase.

"Thanks to you, I no longer have to fret over this matter," Ukfa said with a smile as he pointed at the door. "I'll get my valet to send you out."

Anderson opened his mouth as he chuckled.

"Ukfa, aren't you going to keep us here for dinner?"

"When you're married with kids, I'll treat you to the best food at the best restaurant," Ukfa said with a smile, completely unfazed by his accusation.

Out of the manor, Anderson looked up with squinted eyes. At the sight of the setting sun, he chuckled.

"Back when I knew Ukfa, he was a doctor who was good at planting all kinds of strange plants on the ship to improve everyone's lives. I thought he would die early on during our adventures, but to my surprise, he was always lucky. He even became a Druid later."

Why are your poignant words also so deserving of a beating… Klein deliberately said, "He does have good luck.

"As your companion, luck is needed to survive."

Anderson turned his head in surprise as he scrutinized Gehrman Sparrow.

"You know how to mock others? Or have you been infected by me?"

He wasn't too affected by it as he straightened his clothes, took off his hat, and said with a smile, "Alright, you've gotten the mystical item you need. If there's nothing else, it's time I embark on my own journey."

"Don't forget that demigod's mission." Klein succeeded in using a single sentence to crumple Anderson's expression.

"I already have an urge that compels me to finish that matter as soon as possible. Alright, there's no need for goodbyes. Perhaps we might really meet again one day." Anderson gave a self-deprecating laugh, waved the hat in his hand, and turned to head towards another path that left to Bayam.

As he watched the Strongest Hunter depart, Klein slowly heaved a sigh. Holding his suitcase, he followed the path he took to get here and headed for Bayam under the red evening sky and the shelter of unique palm trees.

…

Inside Bayam City.

After finding an ordinary inn to stay in, Klein began considering his subsequent plans.

I'm finally free. I can attempt to act as a Marionettist. I have to figure out the corresponding principles. That's the most pressing issue for now.

Yes, Marionettist. The focus should be on the marionette. I haven't actually created a marionette and controlled it in battle. I should start from there.

This matter can be completed before returning to Backlund. Not only do Beyonders have to stay hidden there, making it difficult to encounter one, but no matter what one does, it's easy to get on the bad side of the Church or some important figure. I need to be careful. It's not a good place to select and create marionettes. The sea is better. I'll go make my rounds at the bar later. I'll find a pirate who deserves death to give it a try.

With this in mind, Klein immediately got up and left his room. As though he was bringing his certificate of deposit to a bank to withdraw the money, he headed for the nearby Seaweed Bar. Famous pirates often showed up there.

Soon, he arrived at the bar's entrance. After straightening his clothes, he pushed open the heavy wooden door.

Gazes subconsciously swept past his face before they moved away as though it wasn't anything extraordinary. Following that, someone shouted with a suppressed voice, "Gehrman Sparrow!"

In a blink of an eye, several figures in the bar ran for the back door. Before Klein could figure out what was happening, the bar was left relatively desolate and empty.

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CHAPTER 709
ELLAND'S WARNING

As Klein looked at the bar which was so silent that he could hear breathing, he was taken aback. Only then did he step in and walk straight to the bar counter as though nothing had happened.

I should change my appearance the next time I come… he thought in frustration, just short of facepalming.

Ukfa's lack of awareness that Gehrman Sparrow had successfully hunted Slaughterer Kircheis had made Klein believe that the latest news hadn't reached the City of Generosity, and he boldly came to the Seaweed Bar. To his surprise, the problem lay in Ukfa who had kept a distance from the adventurer circles. He was a little behind on the news, and the crazy adventurer's infamy had already spread amongst the pirates around the Rorsted Archipelago.

Sighing silently, Klein sat in front of the bar counter and rapped the wooden counter.

"One glass of Southville beer."

“…Six pence." The bartender gulped his saliva with great difficulty.

Klein took out a few copper pence and placed it in front of him. Without a change in expression, he asked, "Any developments recently?"

The bartender took the money and carefully delivered the beer to Gehrman Sparrow. Then, he forced a smile and said, "Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt has been transferred back to Backlund. Admiral Robert Davis has replaced him,

becoming the highest-ranking naval commander of the surrounding waters for the kingdom. The archipelago's situation is a little tense, and many pirate crews have sent people to gather intelligence."

Admiral Amyrius was ultimately implicated by his brother and lost his post… However, as long as he wasn't directly involved, it can't get worse for him when considering his status as a demigod. At the very least, he can maintain the treatment he receives as an admiral. Nothing will happen to his family either. Once the matter blows over, he might still have a chance of being a high-ranking member of the navy… Klein gulped down the beer and asked in passing, "Which family is Robert Davis from?"

"No, he's not a noble. He's one of the rare officers who slowly rose up the ranks to admiral. In the Berserk Sea, Sonia Island, and East Balam, he has rendered plenty of meritorious services." The bartender recalled the commendations the papers recently had for Admiral Robert Davis. After a pause, he said, "However, I heard that he has received the sponsorship of many nobles."

Yes, with the Imperial Navy, admirals who are from the royal family or aristocrats, or have close ties with them take up at least 80%. The remaining 20% are mainly rear admirals and vice admirals… Klein had long learned of the situation from the documents he received from Amyrius Rieveldt.

Compared to this, the army was a lot better.

Gehrman Sparrow didn't continue asking as he seemed to focus on his drinking. The bartender then added, "In the past two to three months, the Resistance has been very active. They've been constantly attempting to destroy railways or set up blockades on public roads. They've given the governor-general's office quite a headache, forcing it to dispatch large numbers of soldiers to maintain a smooth flow of traffic. However, the Resistance army seldom clashes with them head-on.

I'm aware of that. It's all going according to my plans… In a place where the natives and mixed-bloods take up 80%, it's not difficult for the Resistance to gather accurate intelligence. Coupled with external sponsors, it wouldn't be hard for them to live on for short periods of time. The reason why they were in a dire situation in the past was all because Kalvetua was an irrational sea serpent. It often got them to attack key nodes in a city, fighting head-on with the Loen Kingdom's navy and army… Klein mumbled to himself in delight as he drank another mouthful of beer.

He had also warned the Resistance to not be overly active. If they forced the governor-general's office into a corner, the Loen Kingdom might send Sequence 5 Beyonders or even demigods who were good at pursuit and tracking. With the Resistance's strength, there was no way they could put up a fight. In the name of Sea God, Klein's instructions were to maintain while slightly improving their present situation and await for the global situation to change.

This wasn't too far off. According to the various matters Miss Justice had feedback on, and with The Hanged Man giving insight that affirmed this, it was certain that once the Loen Kingdom was done with its internal reforms and making the original and newly added ironclad warship become its main force in combat, a war against the Southern Continent's colonies was inevitable.

He silently drank his beer until the bartender was done. He then wore his hat, got up, and left the bar, heading straight for his inn.

Along the way, he saw bronze-skinned children with curly hair and natives with brown jackets and pantaloons. These people either made way in horror without even looking up, or they were hunched in a corner, looking at Klein with a complicated look in their eyes.

Klein helplessly curved the ends of his lips as he silently returned to his room.

He didn't immediately change his appearance and head to the various bars to seek out pirates. This was because he was certain that they would hide the entire night and not appear again.

Just as Klein was planning to enter Groselle's Travels to explore it, there was a knock on his door.

Without needing to ask, all he did was grip the knob when the visitor's appearance naturally surfaced in his mind.

It was a middle-aged man dressed in a dark red coat and white slacks. He wore a ship-shaped hat. The corners of his eyes and mouth, as well as his forehead, had clear wrinkles. He was none other than the captain of the White Agate, military personnel, Just Elland.

Impressive. News of me appearing in Bayam just spread, and he managed to find where I'm staying… Of course, it's because I didn't attempt to hide myself. I directly used my identification documents to check-in… Klein turned the knob and pulled open the door. He politely greeted him, "Good evening."

"Good evening. I'm very glad to see you back in Bayam." Elland took off his hat and entered the room without any reservations.

"Is there something?" Klein pulled a chair over and sat down.

Elland sat opposite him and chuckled.

"Isn't visiting a friend the most important matter?"

You're such a smooth talker. Too bad Anderson is gone, or he can learn from you! Klein felt triggered for some reason.

He maintained his usual state and looked into Elland's eyes.

"Alright, you've made your visit."

Elland seemed to have expected such a response. He smiled and said, "Do you still remember Donna?"

Of course, she and her brother are adorable. I wonder if they've recovered from the fright I gave them the last time and have given up any curiosity towards the mysterious world… Klein calmly replied, "I don't have amnesia."

"Forgetting unimportant matters aids our mental health. Heh heh, this isn't said by Emperor Roselle." Elland simply explained, "Didn't you tell Donna's father that he should post an advertisement in the Sonia Morning Post for three days in a row, asking to buy Damir's special cured meat if he needs your help? He did so recently, but unfortunately, you weren't in Bayam or the nearby seas."

"What happened after that?" Klein's instincts told him that Donna and her family weren't in serious trouble based on Elland's relaxed attitude.

Elland chuckled and said, "I heard your conversation back then, and after discovering the advertisement, I visited them using the address. As you know, Donna is a lovely lady. She reminds me of my daughter.

"The matter isn't too complicated. Urdi, who's Donna's father, had a bunch of valuable goods plundered by the Crazy Captain. This plunged him into a terrible economic situation. Although it isn't as bad as going bankrupt, life for him has definitely turned for the worse. That's why he wishes to commission you to get the goods back.

"I knew you weren't in Bayam back then, so I had to go through my own channels to help Urdi recoup the goods at a reasonable price."

"Crazy Captain?" Klein first found the title familiar before recalling where he had heard it before.

According to red-haired Helene, Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's delivery of slaves for the Demoness Sect was passed off to Crazy Captain Connors

Viktor. The latter appeared to have close connections with many of the slave dealers and merchants in the Loen Kingdom.

And this was tied to the truth behind the human disappearances in the colonies, as well as the underlying reason of the Great Smog of Backlund!

I've always been trying to investigate this matter. Back when I attacked Tracy, that was half the reason, but unfortunately, I didn't succeed. Later, I was busy acting for the digesting of the potion and my search for mermaids, so I temporarily abandoned my investigations… Klein's thoughts raced as he asked without a perturbed look, "Where's Crazy Captain now?"

"Urdi has already gotten back his goods," Elland hissed, emphasizing that the matter had been settled.

Klein looked at him and repeated, "Where's Connors Viktor now?"

Elland shook his head in exasperation.

"I've no idea, but his subordinates are still in Bayam trying to gather intelligence. As you know, Admiral Amyrius has returned to Backlund, and he's been replaced by Admiral Davis. Many changes are in place, so the pirates need to have a new handle of the latest situation.

"Therefore, I guess that Connors's ship is docked in the shadows of one of the nearby islands, but that's a guess with no way to confirm."

After listening in silence with his hands clasped, Klein said, "Thank you."

Elland exhaled and looked out the window as his expression rapidly turned solemn.

"I came here today to tell you that you're too eye-catching. The higher-ups are beginning to pay attention to you. A powerhouse that can easily kill Kircheis wouldn't be ignored!

"It's best you stop using this identity for checking in; otherwise, you might face some difficult problems."

Klein nodded seriously and said, "Alright."

He was very grateful for Captain Elland's warning, but he didn't show it on his face.

After Elland left, Klein immediately changed his appearance, switched inns, and confirmed that he wasn't tracked by the military.

After doing all of that, he began considering the search for Crazy Captain Connors Viktor.

To others, this was an extremely difficult task, but Klein had a trick up his sleeve.

It was to use the Sea God Scepter and communicate with nearby sea creatures!

As long as Connors Viktor was in the Rorsted Archipelago's waters, there was no way he could hide from Klein!

Of course, it was necessary that he had enough time to perform the search.

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CHAPTER 710
PLAN

Above the gray fog, Klein extended his hand and summoned the Sea God Scepter from the junk pile. He began browsing through the countless points of light swirling about the Sealed Artifact.

Every point of light corresponded to a believer's prayer. The glows swirled with ethereal holiness!

Soon, Klein did a preliminary screening as he focused on the waters instead of the archipelago. After he had isolated the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog, he was unable to directly use the "divine artifact" to sense the surrounding waters and do anything effective. He had to rely on the scenes of his believers' prayers as a foundation before reaching out five nautical miles to influence the corresponding undersea creatures.

Klein emanated his spirituality and touched one of the specks of light. He saw a native performing his daily prayers in the evening on a fishing boat before docking.

As Klein's thoughts changed, the angle of the scene quickly drew higher as more dark clouds and undulating waves appeared in the scene.

There are signs of a storm brewing hours ahead? That's right. I did find the atmosphere repressing when I was out… That's why Elland said that Crazy Captain Connors's ship is likely to be hiding in the shadows of some island. It was to avoid the storm… Klein tapped the edge of the mottled table as he muttered silently.

Having deduced this, it made his "search" much easier. This was because he didn't need to search the extensive waters; all he needed to do was focus on the different islands around those waters.

With a change in thought, a blue gem at the tip of the Sea God Scepter in Klein's hand lit up.

On the waters which no longer had the fishing boat, the crimson moonlight shone down on the deep blue waves that were slowly rising. Suddenly, splashes silently surged upwards as an exaggerated eye looking up into the sky surfaced. Beneath the eye was a massive silhouette.

At the same time, all kinds of fish began surfacing nearby.

They took in the indistinct halo that came scattering down, and they circled around before swimming down and headed in different directions.

Ten seconds later, the waters in a five-nautical-mile radius returned to its previous state. The deep blue waves rose up to a high height again, awaiting the final eruption.

Phew… This is a little draining… Klein raised his left hand to rub his temple.

He wasn't only simply commandeering the sea creatures, he had also bestowed them with remnant Beyonder spirituality to a certain degree. It allowed them to transmit the scenes they saw by praying after they discovered any docked ships around the island.

This wasn't too difficult or complicated for the Sea God Scepter, but it was burdensome and draining for the controller, Klein.

Then, Klein selected a few praying believers situated on different islands around the archipelago. He then used the same method to command the sea creatures of the region.

After doing all of this, he didn't bother throwing the Sea God Scepter into the junk pile before returning to the real world. He took off his coat and collapsed into bed.

Having expended his spirituality to the limit, he believed that he would fall asleep immediately. Yet, his head began aching, preventing him from opening his eyes or falling asleep.

Klein could clearly feel that his skin seemed overly sensitive. Lumps grew over his skin, and hidden beneath them were countless meat tendrils.

Indeed, as Mr. Hanged Man said, if you drain your spirituality to zero for two consecutive days, you'll definitely start hearing things and show signs of losing control. My body became a little abnormal just from reaching my limits once despite not even maintaining it for too long. Of course, it's because I've only recently advanced, and I haven't digested much. Furthermore, there's the excess from the potions from the prior Sequences… Klein regained his train of thought as he attempted to Cogitate the stacked spherical lights so as to calm the fatigue of his body and mind.

Having gradually recovered, he finally fell asleep. By the time he woke up, it was in the middle of the night.

At that moment, the winds were howling outside. The rain was pouring as the storm had finally unleashed its might after a prolonged period of brewing.

And this wasn't a rare situation in Bayam. Apart from that, the night was relatively serene.

Klein went to the washroom to clear his bowels. Washing his hands and taking four steps counterclockwise, he once again appeared above the gray fog.

He picked up the Sea God Scepter on the end of the long bronze table and began browsing through the "scenes" from the sea creatures.

The scenes were that of ships, all located at different ports, harbors, or the shadows of different islands.

Although Klein hadn't seen Crazy Captain Connors Viktor, he had previously learned of his traits and the various emblems of his pirate crew. Therefore, he wasn't afraid of failing to identify him.

Scenes flashed past as he patiently scrutinized the details of the ships.

About ten minutes later, a look of unconcealed joy appeared in his eyes. He zoomed in on a scene as he pulled the orientation of the scene closer.

He had found the suspected ship!

The ship was docked at the back of Symeem Island, an island furthest from the Rorsted Archipelago. Behind it was a towering cliff with churning waves below it.

Its sails and flag had been reefed up, but there was a white skull emblem with an eye-patch on the two sides of the ship.

This was none other than the emblem of the Crazy Captain's pirate crew!

Klein removed the spirit pendulum from his left wrist and made a confirmation with divination.

The answer made him rejoice, as it was indeed Connors Viktor's ship!

And Crazy Captain only had one ship!

*It's no wonder that despite most adventurers at sea knowing that Crazy Captain is in contact with the kingdom's human traffickers and slave merchants, the Church of Storms's investigations of the colony disappearances didn't point to him. He only has a bounty of 3,300 pounds. The pirate crew only has one ship, so it just looks like it's a small business. It's impossible for him to do large-scale human trafficking… What should I

do next? *Klein first sighed silently before considering his angle of investigation.

His first reaction was to summon a massive undersea creature, hitch a ride on something akin to a whale, and head straight for Symeem Island while the storm continued. Then, he could infiltrate and use his powers as a Marionettist to control Crazy Captain Connors Viktor without causing too much of a stir. But on careful thought, he felt that it was a rash decision.

It wasn't a problem dealing with other pirates who weren't at the pirate admiral level, but since Crazy Captain Connors Viktor was involved with a terrifying matter like the Great Smog of Backlund, he had to consider that Connors's normal actions were just a disguise. In consideration of how he might have another identity, with the ship concealing some secrets, there was a high chance that there was a trap that could deal with pirate admirals. Klein might not walk out alive despite being armed to the teeth if he made such a rash infiltration attempt.

Should I summon myself and head over with the Sea God Scepter as a Spirit Body? This can avoid some accidents, as I can immediately end the summoning if anything goes wrong. However, the Sea God Scepter is essentially the Beyonder characteristic of a High-Sequence Beyonder from the Storm pathway. As long as it appears in the real world, it might attract Sea King Jahn Kottman… This will prevent the situation from developing as I expect it to… Klein looked at the storm in the scene as he came up with a preliminary plan.

Before that, he conjured a pen and paper and wrote the divination statement: "Dealing with Connors Viktor is very dangerous."

Picking up the silver chain of the spirit pendulum, Klein reined in his thoughts and focused on the divination.

Soon, he opened his eyes to see the topaz pendant turning clockwise at a high frequency and large amplitudes.

This meant that dealing with Connors Viktor was very dangerous!

It's as I expected. Thankfully, I didn't rashly rush over… Klein picked up the Sea God Scepter and decided on executing the plan he had just thought of.

It was to use the prayer scene and strike Connors Viktor's ship with the Sea God Scepter from afar by using the cover of the storm. He would rouse the nest and force out its secret!

After grasping the relevant situation, he would end the attacks before Sea King Jahn Kottman sensed the abnormality or arrived at the scene.

Klein wouldn't feel disappointed if Connors Viktor unfortunately landed in the hands of the Sea King. This was because he would have to think of the means to pass the information to the three Churches after he figured out the truth of the Great Smog of Backlund.

If Crazy Captain successfully escaped, Klein would've pried into his secrets by rousing the nest. He could then subsequently formulate a plan of attack!

Phew… Klein slowly exhaled as he watched the ship bob about with the dark crashing waves before raising the Sea God Scepter high in the air.

At the tip of the scepter, the blue gems that circled around it had begun to emit a bright light.

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CHAPTER 711
THE STORM ATTACKS

Symeem Island. Under the towering cliff, dark sea waters were being roused by the surrounding waves as they churned about considerably.

On Crazy Captain Connors Viktor's ship named the Single-eyed Skull, a few pirates donned cloaks as they pulled up their hats. The rain pattered down heavily on them as they fought against winds that could lift a child, in order to walk out the cabin and inspect the ship to prevent any accidents from happening.

Their cloaks were made of linen, but their surfaces were smeared with an already hardened sticky liquid. The raindrops were unable to permeate through that layer and could only flow down onto the deck.

The liquid was Donningsman tree sap, produced from the Southern Continent's rainforest. It was naturally water-resistant and was quite commonly seen. It was originally rather cheap, but after a research team last year suspected that it had beneficial effects on hair growth, its price skyrocketed.

"In such weather it's suitable to be inside the Red Theater, drinking liquor, smoking weed, and having women in your arms!" A pirate looked out of the shipboard and grumbled.

His companion echoed him as he pulled at his cloak's hood, "I heard there's a bunch of new arrivals at the Red Theater. I really want to give them a try."

"How did you learn of that?" another pirate asked in passing.

He was met with a chuckle.

"I heard it from the boss. It's not like you have no idea what Captain's 'business' is? That's why the boss knows plenty of human traffickers. Ha! They prefer to be called 'slave merchants.'"

"Speaking of which, I recall what happened that time." The pirate who spoke at the beginning wore a reminiscent look. "Among the 'goods' sent over, there was a young noble lady who had fled from her home. Her skin, figure, looks, tsk—were… were… I have no idea how to describe it. I still remember her to this day. What a pity that she committed suicide!"

As they spoke, they suddenly felt their vision brighten as they subconsciously looked up into the sky. Apart from the pattering rain, there was an abnormal silver bolt of lightning that was snaking its way through the dark clouds that hid the crimson moon and stars.

Suddenly, a gigantic bolt of lightning that illuminated the surrounding waters smote down, heading straight for the Single-eyed Skull!

Boom!

The bolts began to spread out randomly as the wooden ship burst into flames. Deafening thunder echoed in the pirates' ears.

Right on the heels of that, silver bolts of lightning struck down like they were brandishing their claws. The tiny sailboat was instantly plunged into a lightning forest.

At that moment, the thick lightning bolts that were about to interweave together had suddenly separated. They split apart in violation of the natural laws, and they failed to hit the Single-eyed Skull. They hung close to the ship's surroundings before striking the pitch-black water, lighting up the surrounding sea as sizzling lightning bolts snaked out in a spectacle.

The pirates on the deck suffered from the strike. One of them had been charred black like an overburnt piece of wood. Two collapsed as their bodies convulsed.

There really is a problem!

Above the gray fog, Klein couldn't help but sigh when he saw the scene of his Lightning Storm being dispelled.

He was certain that this was a power at the level of a demigod!

If he had rashly infiltrated the Single-eyed Skull, even with Creeping Hunger, Death Knell, and Groselle's Travels, there was no way he could put up an effective resistance against such strange powers. And by then, he wouldn't have the time to pray to himself and respond using the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog!

Taking a deep breath, Klein made all the blue gems on the tip of the white-boned scepter light up.

Around the Single-eyed Skull, there were two kinds of sounds in the storm. One was piercingly sharp, as though it could prick through one's eardrums and penetrate one's brain. The other was deep, sounding like a beating heart as it struck on one's Spirit Body.

This gave the pirates an extremely uncomfortable experience, with many having the urge to vomit blood. However, this was only the beginning. The sound of splashing water intensified as a dark wave surged up to a height of nearly ten meters, running opposite the island's cliffside!

The wave was like a wall created by a deity as "He" pushed it toward the Single-eyed Skull with an invisible hand.

This was a tsunami that Klein created!

It could already be considered a calamity!

The whooshing sound of the wave sounded like explosions as the pirates on board looked at the dark sky outside, the churning clouds, and the massive tsunami. It felt like the apocalypse mentioned in mythical legends had arrived. They lost all will to save themselves.

But as they were waiting in despair for the final judgment, a disturbance that didn't abide by logic or scientific laws appeared in the middle of the waves created by the tsunami. An indescribable vortex rapidly took form as it tore through the entire wave, causing the terrifying waves to rapidly collapse as a result!

Amidst a rapturous rumble, a secondary wave threw the Single-eyed Skull up high into the air as the gigantic wave from before dispersed, spraying a portion of its load onto the ship. One of the masts broke, and the ship was in shambles. Even the deck was completely flooded.

Whoosh!

A strong wind suddenly stirred and swept up the pirates, turning into a hurricane that exceeded its own limits, pushing the airborne Single-eyed Skull further towards the sea.

The ship began to ride the squall as it flew across the sky, covering a distance of several nautical miles without landing in the undulating waters. It was as though it was an airship that continued stably proceeding forward.

Klein was amazed at the demigod or Sealed Artifact of the corresponding level inside the Single-eyed Skull for nullifying the tsunami. He sighed at his lacking Sequence, as he couldn't create the destructive tsunami that Kalvetua had previously created, despite stirring the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. In the meantime, he controlled the hurricane and ensured that the Single-eyed Skull didn't lose its support and plummet, afraid that it would leave his five-nautical-mile range of influence.

At that moment, his goal wasn't to destroy the Single-eyed Skull, nor was it to capture Crazy Captain Connors Viktor, but to force out the demigod or Sealed Artifact hidden inside the ship.

A powerhouse or item at this level was scarce in the world. By seeing their appearance, he would know who they were sooner or later, as well as which organization they belonged to!

And this provided the subsequent direction for the investigation regarding the Great Smog of Backlund!

I hope it's not from the Seer pathway; otherwise, who knows if it's his true face or not… However, this is also a good thing. Since I'm investigating the truth of the Great Smog, I'll figure out what Ince Zangwill is doing, and I'll make preparations for my subsequent revenge. I'll also be able to successfully find the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula and main ingredients… As Klein silently sighed, he made the gem on the tip of the Sea God Scepter emit a pure azure light.

With a hum, the Single-eyed Skull's flight experienced a change. It plummeted like a roar and didn't even manage to glide!

Suddenly, it turned very, very light, landing on the sea's surface like a feather caressing a human's face.

At that moment, Klein, who had exhausted plenty of spirituality, was just about to muster his remaining strength to create another tsunami when he heard an explosive boom from the scene.

It was a terrifying sonic boom!

Furthermore, it was different from normal sonic booms, as though it was mixed with the howling sounds of the wind.

It was from Sea King Jahn Kottman! Although he was still a distance away, he wielded mastery of these waters, so he could exert his influence across

space while he rushed over!

This was a Sequence 3 Saint who was close to that of an angel!

The terrifying sonic boom sent the Single-eyed Skull flying out. There was no hesitation on whether it would harm anyone; after all, there was nothing wrong with striking down on pirates!

Meanwhile, Klein felt a psyche that was so potent that it was terrifying as it swept across the area in search of any spots that appeared abnormal. It caused the scene before his eyes to be affected as everything turned indistinct.

After resisting another blast, Klein calmly and rationally ended the response. He shut down the corresponding prayer scene before throwing the Sea God Scepter into the junk pile.

The gap isn't anything trivial. If Sea King didn't appear, I wouldn't have the confidence in forcing out that demigod. My Sequence is still too low, giving me troubles when using the scepter, as it's overly burdensome… However, at sea, the Storm pathway is really powerful. They're practically mobile calamities.

The powers displayed by that demigod had the key elements of distortion, confusion, loaning, and violation of normality. It appears to be the Black Emperor paths of the divine. Others might not realize it, but I have the corresponding Card of Blasphemy! It definitely isn't only a Sequence 5 Mentor of Confusion… A Count of The Fallen? Hmm, the military has a portion of the potion formula for the Black Emperor pathway, but it seems to be limited to the first five Sequences. They lack Sequences 4 and above…

Although Klein failed to force the demigod or corresponding Sealed Artifact out, he had gained a certain number of clues from their reaction. He suspected that a particular faction in the royal family wasn't only cooperating with the Demoness Sect and Ince Zangwill, but it was also

secretly in cahoots with a faction that wielded most of the Sequences of the Black Emperor pathway.

*The descendants of Solomon or Trunsoest? Is King of the Five Seas Nast involved in this? *Klein was in serious thought when he heard overlapping prayers in his ear.

It broke his train of thought as he instinctively emanated his spirituality and touched the rippling light beside his chair.

Then, he saw Danitz.

This well-known pirate had his eyes closed as he piously prayed to The Fool.

"…”

Klein took out his pocket watch in a daze and took a few looks at the time to confirm that it was almost three in the morning.

Is he nuts? Why is he praying in the middle of the night? Does he not want me to sleep? Klein watched carefully in exasperated amusement and discovered that Danitz looked tipsy. There was even faint singing echoing outside.

The crew members of the Golden Dream are having another bonfire party? Are they celebrating the departure of Gehrman Sparrow? To think they celebrated all the way into the middle of the night! Klein instantly understood why Danitz was praying at that moment.

He took a deep breath as he emanated his will into the halo, saying in a deep voice, "Those who say my name are on my mind."

…

Sea King Jahn Kottman arrived at Symeem Island as he began searching for the abnormal tsunami that had happened here, as well as the ship that belonged to an unknown pirate crew.

He was certain that there was a demigod on board that ship!

This tall and brawny Cardinal of the Church of Storms with thick, dark-blue hair, a high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punisher, clenched his fists as the dark clouds in the sky cracked open, sending crimson sunlight scattering across the sea.

After identifying the positions of the stars, Jahn Kottman flew in a particular direction.

Suddenly, his speed slowed down because he saw a pirate's ship with a flag fluttering with the Single-eyed Skull emblem.

The ship wasn't manned by anyone as it drifted in the wind. Scarlet flames were everywhere on it, along with charred corpses.

In the middle of one of the masts, a middle-aged man was tied to it. He wore a triangular hat and a black eye-patch. His exposed eye was widened and filled with horror. A wooden pole had impaled him in his chest as blood dyed everything.

His life and Spirit Body had completely dissipated.

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CHAPTER 712
THE LOYAL ALGER

Situated beyond the storm, the Golden Dream had crimson red moonlight shine through the thin clouds and onto one of its rooms which was dark and unlit.

Danitz was standing beside his bed, motionless. It was as though he had encountered the Beyonder powers resembling Medusa's petrifying gaze.

He couldn't help but grind his teeth loudly as his feet indiscernibly trembled. An endless grayish-white fog and an indistinct figure that stood high above everything, saying the awe-inspiring words "those who say my name are on my mind" filled his mind.

Th-there really was a response… There really was a response! Danitz's lips quivered as he muttered silently to himself. He felt that his calves had gone soft.

This was the first time he was receiving a response from a prayer!

He was frightened out of his wits!

He long knew that The Fool was an unknown existence, the figure whom the secret organization backing Gehrman Sparrow believed in, and that he had already made a connection due to chanting his honorific name. If he had any actions of disloyalty or betrayal, he would immediately die a baffling death, but this knowledge stemmed from the knowledge Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina had taught him. He had never encountered similar situations before, and he had never imagined that an unknown existence would respond to him.

When the fog, figure, and voice suddenly appeared before his eyes and ears, he learned for the first time that mighty existences would directly respond to their believers!

Yes, deep down, Danitz had unknowingly changed the unknown existence into a mighty existence.

Just as he recovered from his shock, he hurriedly took a few deep breaths as he attempted to pace about to relieve the remnant horrors in his heart. However, just as he took a stride with his right foot, he discovered that his legs had gone limp. All he could do was collapse onto his bed before barely managing to turn around to sit up.

"It really is a magnificent existence. It's real…" Danitz muttered softly as he came to a clear realization that he had involved himself in something serious.

Back in the book world, as he had only chanted the honorific name without discovering any abnormalities, all he felt was fear having known of the possible outcomes. Now, he was facing a hidden danger that finally outlined itself, as well a future he couldn't see clearly. How could he not plunge into an inescapable pit of extreme fear?

After an unknown period of time, Danitz exhaled as he consoled himself.

It might not be a bad thing. At the very least, Gehrman Sparrow is still living, and he's leading quite a good life!

Upon having this thought, he forced a smile.

I'm a member of a secret organization, and in the future, a person blessed by a magnificent existence…

As his thoughts raced, Danitz decided to pray every morning when he woke up. He believed that no existence would dislike a pious believer.

Of course, he would keep in mind the revelation and often pray inwardly.

…

The next morning, Klein woke up normally, having exhausted himself the previous night.

He slowly got out of bed and saw that the skies were blue and the ground outside was wet. The entire world seemed to be cleansed by water, making it abnormally fresh. However, the disorderly leaves, broken branches, and all sorts of trash were an indication that it wasn't a peaceful night.

After washing up, Klein wore an ordinary Loenese face, ordered a cup of Gurney Sap, something that originated from Symeem Island, and a rather heavy choice for breakfast—Teativa—to make up for his previous night's expenditure.

As he drank the beverage that resembled lemonade with sugar and milk, he ate the fresh, fragrant meal that mixed mutton and fish together, along with the sweet and slightly sour flavor of the fruit. Klein held up the newspapers provided by the inn with great pleasure as he read through the papers starting with the Sonia Morning Post and News Report.

At the end of breakfast, he flipped open Strange Cases, a paper that was rather popular among adventurers, and he saw a striking article headline:

"Bloody infighting amidst storm:

"According to sources, there was intense infighting on Crazy Captain Connors Viktor's Single-eyed Skull. The pirates executed Crazy Captain and killed each other, and reports say that no one survived.

"All of this evil was concealed by the terrifying storm last night. No one was aware of the conflict until the Single-eyed Skull was found drifting around Symeem harbor."

The article attached an unclear photo, seemingly captured from the harbor in secret.

The photo's Single-eyed Skull's characteristics stood out at once. It was heavily damaged and many spots were charred black. Only a single mast remained intact, while the middle mast had a figure with a triangular hat pinned to it.

It's Connors Viktor… He died just like that? Klein's pupils constricted as he seriously contemplated. *It can almost be confirmed that there was a demigod on the ship last night… When he saw that Crazy Captain was targeted, or with Sea King in pursuit, he could only care for himself. Unable to bring Connors with him, he decisively silenced him and destroyed all evidence?*

Klein, who had plans on continuing his pursuits of Crazy Captain, felt dejected. He realized that although the trail of clues hadn't been completely cut off, there was little of it left.

The only matter he was aware of at that moment was that the demigod likely belonged to the Black Emperor pathway!

From the intensity of the storm last night, the Single-eyed Skull was likely sent to the harbor by Sea King Jahn Kottman so as to do any follow-up investigations. I wonder if they will have any additional findings… Yes, I can get Mr. Hanged Man to keep an eye out for it in the Church of Storms… There's no need to inform him since the Tarot Gathering will be this afternoon. The World can directly commission him to do so… Klein quickly made up his mind before downing the rest of the Gurney Sap.

Then, he returned to his room and planned to retrieve the radio transceiver which he had placed above the gray fog for an extended period of time to contact Arrodes. He wanted to see if it had any other clues regarding the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula.

Having left Oravi's East Sea, which was also where the Aurora Order's demigod had previously targeted him, Klein now dared to use items with the gray fog's aura. However, he knew very well that he couldn't do it frequently, and each use couldn't be for too long; otherwise, there was the possibility of the True Creator detecting it.

Due to this reason and his wariness against Arrodes, he planned on doing whatever he could do himself, and he would seek advice from others if possible. He only planned on playing the question-and-answer game if he was out of options.

…

In the Blue Avenger which was docked at the Resistance's private harbor.

Alger planned on getting one last resupply before his return to Pasu Island.

After instructing his crew which items to purchase, he changed into local clothing, and he went straight for Bayam. After circling a few times, he came to the Cathedral of Waves, planning on reporting to diocese bishop, Chogo, about recent developments.

Although he was returning to Pasu Island and reporting his work to the upper echelons of the Church, he knew very well who his immediate superior was. He knew that he needed to act appropriately and not make his superior believe that he was skipping the chain of command by directly establishing relations with the upper echelons.

Chogo remained hale and hearty as he was very pleased with Alger's proactive reporting. After he heard that, he said with a brisk tone, "There's no need to worry about it. It's just routine reporting. I've already informed His Eminence Kottman that you're devoted to the Lord and are loyal to the Church. You're one of the most trusted captains, and His Eminence Kottman will inform the Council of Cardinals of this."

He paused, but without giving Alger any time to speak, he continued, "In addition, there's another mission. Investigate people who are intimately tied to Crazy Captain Connors Viktor.

"This is a mission directly issued by His Eminence Kottman. You have to take it seriously."

Investigate people related to Crazy Captain? Alger was puzzled, but he didn't question it. Instead, he struck his right fist on his left breast and said, "Yes, Your Excellency."

The grizzled Chogo nodded and thought for two seconds before asking, "Do you know Gehrman Sparrow?"

This question sounded like a bolt out of the blue. It left Alger's pupils constricting as he nearly lost control on the spot. Thankfully, he was mentally strong, allowing him to barely maintain his normal state.

"I've heard of him. He's been very famous recently. Not only has he hunted Wormtongue Mithor and seriously injured Tracy, but he has also boarded Cattleya's Future." Alger droned on to hide the stirrings in his heart.

Chogo made a terse acknowledgment.

"You were at sea, so you're a little behind on the news.

"Gehrman Sparrow killed Kircheis at Toscarter last week and obtained his bounty. Hehe, that pirate was indeed a Devil, a Sequence 5 Devil."

"Kircheis? Agalito's second mate?" Alger asked with very honest emotions.

He knew that Kircheis was suspected to be a Sequence 5, but he didn't know that he was of the Devil pathway. And the fact he was both a Sequence 5 and a Devil meant plenty of things. It meant that he was difficult to kill, which meant that Gehrman Sparrow had very likely killed Kircheis during a sudden encounter!

This meant that Gehrman Sparrow was already at the pinnacle of Sequence 5s!

If it wasn't because he was seeking to purchase the Sequence 4 potion formula, I might even suspect that he had become a demigod… Alger thought, feeling perturbed.

He was alarmed to realize that in a week, The World had obtained the Sequence 5 Ocean Songster potion formula and main ingredient, killed a Sequence 5 Devil, and might very possibly have a Sequence 6 Notary potion formula in hand as well!

How did he do it? Alger realized that he was feeling a little frightened of The World.

Of course, it wasn't something unacceptable for him. This was because he knew that The World was Mr. Fool's Blessed representative. And Mr. Fool's Blessed clearly wasn't a single person. If one was responsible for the Notary potion formula, while another was responsible for the Ocean Songster, then it was possible that Gehrman Sparrow had only killed Kircheis.

Although this similarly left one apprehensive, it didn't seem like a fabricated story.

Chogo nodded solemnly.

"Yes, Agalito's lack of reaction implies something.

"Focus on gathering information about Gehrman Sparrow."

"Alright, Your Excellency." Alger bowed reverently, having already decided to be perfunctory with the mission as much as he could.

…

Inside the inn, Klein placed the radio transceiver on the table.

Before long, rushed clacking sounds were heard.

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CHAPTER 713
THREE QUESTIONS

Amidst the clacking sounds, the radio transceiver spewed out new illusory paper. On the paper were words composed of Loenese: "Great Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, has finally caught up to you!"

…There's no need to be so excited… Oh, the way Arrodes speaks is as professional as always. He didn't express his bitterness about not being able to contact me for prolonged periods of time, nor did he question me about why I haven't been looking for it. It directly blamed itself by claiming that it hadn't caught up to me… It makes me feel a little guilty. But, I still need to be wary… Klein was momentarily at a loss for an answer.

Arrodes didn't wait as it used the radio transceiver to produce an emoticon of carefully peeking out on the illusory paper.

"Great Master, the ruler above the spirit world, your servant has sensed that you are one step closer to returning to your holy throne, am I right?"

This fellow has evolved really quickly. He's already using colored text to form a nascent form of emoticons… From Arrodes's point of view, I'm a true god taking steps to find myself? That's why, although it can clearly sense that I'm only a Sequence 5, it still treats me with respect and is even more humble? Klein understood that the mirror was deliberately asking a question, so he nodded in a frank manner.

"Yes."

"You have already answered my question. As an exchange and a rule that I need to overlook, you can raise a question to me." Arrodes "typed" quickly

in response before adding a "smiley face."

Klein didn't hesitate and asked directly, "Where can the potion formula for Bizarro Sorcerer be found?"

The illusory paper spat out a long paragraph of complicated symbols before turning into a mirror as it represented a realistic scene.

It was a dark cathedral without any natural light source. Inside it was a bunch of squirming things that were all so blurry. It looked as though it was a pencil drawing that had been wiped by an eraser, preventing any exact details to be seen.

However, Arrodes added a bunch of text at the bottom of the scene.

"This is Zaratul. In 'His' advancement to Sequence 1, Attendant of Mysteries, 'He' lost control and became a monster. However, Great Master, you have to be careful. 'He' is a very crafty person. Perhaps everything about 'Him' is just an act with a purpose.

"I'm unable to look at 'Him' directly, as it will bring me harm. Aside from 'Him,' you will be unable to obtain the potion formula from any demigod from the Secret Order. This is because back then Zaratul would directly provide the High-Sequence potion to them. And there's almost no way to use any Beyonder methods to reverse-divine it."

What a detailed answer, and it even gave me the additional knowledge that the Sequence 1 corresponding to the Seer pathway is Attendant of Mysteries… Does it mean being an angel that serves upon Mystery? From the looks of it, the Secret Order approach can only work by directly facing Zaratul to obtain the potion formula. And I'm not even capable of viewing "Him" directly… It's no wonder the Snake of Fate Will Auceptin told me to find the crazy Zaratul without mentioning the Secret Order… Klein was moved by Arrodes's attitude. If he didn't feel that he lacked the level and strength to commandeer this Sealed Artifact, he even planned on truly treating it as his servant.

Amidst the clear clicking sounds, another segment of the illusory piece of paper appeared, presenting another scene.

It was a towering mountain peak. On it was a swath of dilapidated palaces. Inside it was a gigantic stone chair.

Klein was very familiar with this scene. Without Arrodes's footnote, he knew what it represented.

The Antigonus family's treasure hidden at the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range!

White paper continued being spat out as a new scene was presented. Just like a movie, it had changes in the camera angle.

The first scene that appeared in Klein's eyes was a lofty gothic-style bell tower and beautiful palaces around it.

The former represented the Bell of Order, and the latter represented the Sodela Palace. They were landmark buildings in Backlund.

The scene changed, and soon, there was a new building on the paper. It was a pure black cathedral with two symmetrical bell towers.

The scene of the cathedral's interior grew larger, and soon, it presented the entirety of the interior. It was then fixed at a pair of iron black doors that swung open.

The door was abnormally heavy, and on it were seven Dark Sacred Emblems, as though they were guards of the Tenebrous Heaven.

Chanis Gate… Saint Samuel Cathedral… Klein recognized the familiarly styled door. Based on the architectural style, he confirmed that the cathedral was the Church of the Evernight Goddess's headquarters of the Backlund diocese—Saint Samuel Cathedral!

White paper was spat out and the scene changed as it plunged deep into the darkness. On an empty bookshelf built from bones, there sat an ancient notebook. It was a black hard-covered book.

Klein recognized the notebook at once.

It was the Antigonus family's notebook which had caused the death of the original Klein!

After going round and round, everything came back full circle!

Klein silently observed it for a moment, and after the scenes disappeared did he regain control of his thought processes.

Yes, back then, the members of the Aurora Order were able to see the Clown potion formula from the notebook. Having been acknowledged by it, the content presented to me will definitely be completely different from before when I flipped through it. It should have the Arcane Sorceror potion formula. It just lacks the ingredients or characteristics.

So this notebook has been sealed behind Saint Samuel Cathedral's Chanis Gate all this time. To get it from there, the difficulty in doing so wouldn't be lower than finding Zaratul and facing "Him" directly… Back then, there were High-Sequence Beyonders involved in the Great Smog of Backlund. After I reported the matter to the Backlund diocese's Church through Miss Justice, the matter was quickly quelled. This is sufficient enough to prove that the Backlund diocese has plenty of power. They have no lack of demigods or Sealed Artifacts… Yes, regardless, I'll need to return to Backlund first and see if there are any opportunities. In contrast, I'd prefer not to head to the Hornacis mountain range…

Reining in his thoughts, Klein looked at the radio transceiver which had turned dark and solemn.

"Last night, who was the demigod on Crazy Captain Connors Viktor's ship?"

Clacking sounds quickly sounded as the illusory paper from before vanished as new ones were spat out.

The content on the piece of paper was likewise a realistic scene.

On an exquisite brass chandelier, five candles of different heights spread their warmth and light. A middle-aged man wearing a triangular hat and black eye-patch stood before a cabinet that stored grape wine, champagne, and tequila. He was humbly looking opposite him.

Opposite him was a tall figure in a black cloak. Its face was completely hidden beneath the hood.

The figure didn't seem to have a real head, only a blob of heavily distorted darkness that was embedded above the neck.

Thanks to the portraits from bounty notices, Klein recognized the one-eyed man to be Crazy Captain Connors—his disheveled and oily hair cascaded down and happened to cover his neck.

Opposite him is likely that demigod. But he deliberately disguised himself and did the corresponding anti-divination preparations. For Arrodes to be able to produce a scene of this level is already impressive enough… Klein wasn't too disappointed. Instead, he carefully memorized the figure's build.

More than 1.85 meters tall, but less than 1.9 meters… Rather long arms, and when hanging his hands down, it almost reaches the knees… The broad shoulders prop up the cloak… The feet are faced outwards to a certain degree…

As an expert in disguises, Klein believed that when a person disguised himself and prepared a certain level of anti-divination measures, there was a high chance that he wouldn't take note of disguising his build, especially when one's body didn't have any particular traits.

Therefore, this can provide a certain amount of clues. This allows Klein to find the person familiar when he sees the target!

"Very good. It's your turn to ask." After keeping that in mind, Klein stopped scrutinizing the figure as he waited for Arrodes's question with piqued interest.

He was curious as to how Arrodes would continue breaking through his image of him.

The typing sounds slowed down as it seemed to appear hesitant. Bit by bit, the illusory white paper was spat out.

"Great Master, c-can I say something to you?"

"Yes," Klein answered the question, puzzled. He began to look forward to what Arrodes had to say.

The sound of typing hastened as it exuded an obvious sense of warmth.

On the illusory paper, a single line appeared: "Great Master, happy birthday!

"This is belated. Your current body was born on 4th March 1327. I originally wanted to wish you a happy birthday at midnight of that day, but I failed to keep up with you."

…It's a topic that really exceeded my expectations… I even forgot about my own birthday… The corners of Klein's lips twitched as he was at a loss for words.

He had received the original Klein's memory fragments and received parts of his emotions. He knew the birthday, but for a person who led a solitary life, why would he remember such things?

This fellow is actually the first person to wish me a happy birthday… Benson and Melissa must be feeling more upset today… The interview should've ended in February. I wonder if Benson succeeded in becoming a civil servant… Klein felt poignant as the way he looked at the radio transceiver warmed up.

He thought for a moment as he calmly asked, "Third question: Your origins."

The typing sounds paused for two seconds before sounding out again.

A white piece of paper was spat out as a new scene surfaced.

Large amounts of black sticky liquid spewed out from the ground as they spread outwards in a distorted manner. They grew different numbers of arms and legs before becoming strange monsters that charged ahead.

During this process, a speck of light was shot out along with the black liquid before landing on a rock, to which it rapidly fused together, turning into a mirror with ancient patterns and black gems adorning its two sides.

What kind of strange scene is this… This was how Arrodes was born? What was that speck of light? Where did it originate from? It does seem like a Beyonder characteristic… Klein came up with a preliminary interpretation of the scene.

The typing sounds didn't stop as another line appeared: "Great Master, do you have any other questions?"

Taking note of the time, Klein shook his head.

"No."

"You have finished answering the questions, and it's time for me to leave. Great Master, the ruler above the spirit world, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, looks forward to serving you again and hopes to be able to

continue following in your footsteps. Bye~" At the end of the illusory piece of paper, a hand-waving emoticon was presented.

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CHAPTER 714
NEW DIARY PAGES

Inside the quiet room in the inn, the dark and silent radio transceiver instantly returned back to normal as its surroundings stopped being eerie.

Klein busily set up the ritual and sacrificed it above the gray fog before having the time to consider the answers he had received.

According to the clues provided by Arrodes, and combining the answers from Mr. Azik and Will Auceptin, Klein had a basic idea on how he should proceed.

It wasn't just because he wished to return to Backlund for some rest and reorganization, but because he viewed the large city as a main locale that he would spend a long period of time being active in. He wanted to see if he could steal the Antigonus family's notebook from the Church of the Evernight Goddess's Saint Samuel Cathedral.

If he confirmed that there weren't any solutions, he would attempt to switch to neighboring Beyonder pathways, but if that was impossible, he had no choice but to take the final route—head to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range.

Hmm… I definitely can't use my identity as Sherlock Moriarty when I'm back in Backlund unless I wish to dig out Ince Zangwill or the royal family faction that's hiding in the darkness. However, when contacting people I'm familiar with or using the resources of the Church of Steam, I can transform back into Sherlock Moriarty.

In short, I have to create a new identity. Furthermore, it has to be completely separate from Gehrman Sparrow. Hmm, I won't directly return to Pritz Harbor this time. I'll make a detour to Desi Bay and make sure that no one can figure out my background. Klein's thoughts raced and he soon came up with a clear train of thought.

After determining the next steps of action to take, he planned on drawing some blood and heading above the gray fog to explore Groselle's Travels using his Spirit Body, but in consideration that there was a Tarot Gathering in the afternoon, he lay back in bed and took the time to rest and relax.

…

The Future smoothly cruised through the undulating waves as Admiral of Stars Cattleya stood by the window, watching the scenery that seemed to go on without end. And by the deck, there were Nina's exasperated shouts from time to time. She would be angrily scolding Frank Lee for producing a bunch of fast-growing, beef-flavored mushrooms that enjoyed eating fish.

Cattleya sighed silently as she nudged the heavy glasses on her nose bridge.

At that moment, her spiritual perception was suddenly triggered as she looked down at her study desk. At some point in time, a few pieces of yellowed paper had appeared there.

*The emperor's diary entries… She finally sent a messenger over… *Cattleya turned around in delight and picked up the few pieces of paper that were akin to a preliminary probe.

By three in the afternoon, having memorized the symbols, Cattleya saw the illusory crimson light surge at her like a tide, drowning her within.

Under a high dome propped up by stone columns, Cattleya saw similar red beams soar up, transforming into indistinct figures.

She didn't look carefully, as she realized that a pair of familiar glasses had naturally appeared over her nose bridge. It was almost a perfect replica of the one from the outside world.

Then, she caught Miss Justice elegantly stand up from the corner of her eye. Miss Justice briskly greeted the figure at the seat of honor, "Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Audrey was in a good mood recently. After she returned to her family's castle, as an obedient daughter, she helped her mother, Lady Caitlyn, resolve some psychological problems that stemmed from her age and physical condition. She received extremely good feedback, allowing her to conclude more of the acting principles for Psychiatrist.

Amongst them, the most important principle was to help others resolve psychological issues. She suspected that this was the reason why the potion's name was Psychiatrist and not Psychologist.

Miss Justice is very happy… Klein appeared infected as he nodded with a smile as a response.

During this process, he noticed that Mr. Hanged Man appeared to be preoccupied with concerns. He looked like he was hesitating and struggling, having not made up his mind.

Eh, this means that Mr. Hanged Man is able to buy the Ocean Songster's potion formula and main ingredient, but he will have to pay a huge price. I thought he would request to pay for it in installments… The Fool Klein reined in his gaze without any signs of unrest as he surveyed the area.

After Miss Justice was done with her greeting, Cattleya looked towards the end of the long bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, I found three pages of Roselle's diary."

Here it comes… I wonder if the three diary pages specially selected by Queen Mystic will be valuable. For instance, providing clues to the Card of Blasphemy for the Seer pathway. This will be able to provide me with another alternative… Klein was filled with anticipation as he calmly and naturally said, "Very good. You can think of a request."

"Yes, Mr. Fool." Cattleya replied in an impeccable manner before requesting to conjure the contents of the diary pages.

Upon seeing her behavior and thinking about how she acted in the dream, Klein was rather gratified. He felt like a teacher having successfully reformed a student.

This is the first time Ma'am Hermit is providing Emperor Roselle's diary entries. With the standards and ability she has showcased, it's impossible for her to have failed to find it in the past… Yes, in the past, she was more of an observer. After being punished by Mr. Fool, she has truly integrated into our Tarot Club? Together with how Cattleya had performed last week, Audrey made a judgment.

Meanwhile, she sensed that Mr. Hanged Man didn't seem normal. He looked like he was anticipating something but was also unable to bring himself to part with something. She was rather intrigued.

Klein didn't wait too long before the three diary pages were conjured and came into his hands.

Derrick and the other members instinctively fell silent, so as to not disturb Mr. Fool's reading.

"9th February. Today is Bornova's birthday. He's already a healthy, strong, honest, and kind young man. His piousness has won the Church's favor.

"Everyone is congratulating me, saying that Bornova will definitely become a Blessed, a saint. They praise him for how pure and flawless his faith is.

"I should be very happy, but I can't hide my dismay. I wish that my children can be more human, to have more emotions. I hope that they can be themselves, and not just a believer of a deity.

"However, almost everyone believes from the bottom of their hearts that Bornova's present state is excellent. Matilda is the same. Likewise for Ciel. Most of my noble officials share the same feelings. Only Bernadette shares my point of view. She has told me in private that she believes a person should be more self-centered, as long as they don't harm others.

"Recalling the words Zaratul had said during Bornova's birth, as well as the premonition I've had after becoming a demigod, my heart is turning heavier. Adorable angel, heh heh, what an adorable angel.

"Is this you being wary of me?

"Is this how you are attempting to control me?

"No, you can probably never understand the pride inside me. To me, so what if you're a deity? I can replace you!"

"11th February, contact with Zaratul was fruitless again.

"Ever since he obtained that Antigonus notebook, the number of times this Secret Order leader appears has been decreasing. I've no idea what secret he's scheming. Anyway, 'He' will definitely not tell me.

"12th February. I made a mystical item very suitable for Bernadette.

"This can allow her to effective avoid the Hidden Sage's nagging, as long as she doesn't proactively pray and seek a response. Yes, this item seems to be able to help saints enter the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea where the battlefield of the gods is. It prevents one from being influenced by the True Creator's ravings, and that place likely hides the secret to the Forsaken Land of God.

"Ha, I was only making a present for my daughter out of fun. To think that it has such powerful effects. Bernadette, your dad is really the best Artisan in the world!"

Best Artisan? Does this mean that the emperor had already reached Sequence 2 of the Savant pathway when he wrote this diary entry, that he had become an angel? With the God of Steam and Machinery present, this is the peak an Artisan can attain… It's no wonder that Queen Mystic can freely enter and exit the battlefield of the gods. So it's because of a gift from the emperor. Indeed, a child with parents is like a treasure… Klein felt wistful.

In addition, he could sense Emperor Roselle's repressed and angry feelings from the diary entry. He used his comprehension skills that were honed from his previous life to figure out what was written in between the lines.

After he became an angel, the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery obstructed him and suppressed him. The God of Steam and Machinery had exerted some influence on his youngest son, Bornova, making him become the most devout believer and appointing him as someone who could become an angel and enter the Land of Perfection.

And this not only made Emperor Roselle submit to the suppression while having misgivings, but this had also stirred thoughts of rebellion in him.

The Emperor later became a public enemy of the world because of this rebellion? Klein nodded inwardly.

Meanwhile, he noticed a matter regarding Zaratul. He suspected that the Miracle Invoker only began aiming for Sequence 1 after he obtained the Antigonus family's notebook. For this, he planned many things, but something happened during his advancement, turning him into a monster. Of course, just as Arrodes said, Zaratul might not have lost control. He could be hiding something or plotting something.

After quickly scanning through it, Klein flipped the page and looked back. It wasn't continuous, and it was brand new content.

"5th October. A few Primordial Moon believers were caught by the Black Suits organization I established. They failed to complete the corresponding sacrificial ritual.

"Their behavior has intrigued me, as their strength seems to come directly from the crimson moon.

"Unfortunately, large amounts of data have confirmed that the crimson moon is really a satellite that's revolving around our planet. Then, how is it fusing physics and mystery together?

"With my present strength, it's not impossible to head for the crimson moon. At most, it will be troublesome and a little difficult, but it doesn't seem to be necessary."

"17th October, I've finally made up my mind.

"I will attempt to switch to the neighboring Mystery Pryer pathway. Only by doing so can I become a Sequence 1.

"I've always suspected that the Hidden Sage is only a conceptualized Uniqueness. Due to some sort of accident, it became sentient and awakened. Therefore, this pathway's Sequence 1 position is likely still empty!"

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CHAPTER 715
MADNESS IN HIS LATER YEARS

"I've long obtained the potion formula of Knowledge Emperor from that most ancient organization. Now, it's time to seek the corresponding ingredients. It might already belong to a particular angel, and it might've fused with an object around it, turning into a warped and evil monster, or a chaotic and terrifying Sealed Artifact. In short, I have to be careful. It's best that I find a suitable helper.

"Knowledge Emperor. This Sequence 1 potion name is rather interesting. If I hadn't directly seen the Blasphemy Slate, I would've imagined that it belonged to the Reader pathway, making it belong to the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Even stranger, these two pathways aren't switchable.

"I once discussed this matter with that mysterious leader and Old Mister Hermes. We basically came to a consensus and believe that the Reader pathway represents the 'omniscient' part of 'omnipotent and omniscient.' And the Mystery Pryer's Savant corresponds to knowledge itself which is categorized into two aspects; one is more about mystery, while the other is more about reality.

"Heh, when I become a Knowledge Emperor, Bernadette can stop worrying about the Hidden Sage's infusion of knowledge. She can also stop being afraid of pursuing knowledge."

The emperor eventually switched to the Mystery Pryer pathway? I wonder if he successfully became a Knowledge Emperor… Perhaps it's because of

this that his ties with the Church of Steam completely fractured, making him the public enemy with no one to help him. All he could do was place his hopes on the Twilight Hermit Order… Klein thought poignantly as he came up with possible conjectures.

Apart from that, he was rather interested in the emperor's explanation of how the Reader pathway wasn't interchangeable with the Mystery Pryer and Savant pathway. He believed that by deepening his understanding of it, he might be able to figure out the rules and rationale behind the interchangeability of Beyonder pathways.

To the typical Beyonder, the Reader, Mystery Pryer, and Savant pathway belong to the "knowledge" domain. There should be a very strong connection between them, yet the former is different…

Reader belongs to the "omniscient" part of the phrase "omnipotent and omniscient." Then, the Secrets Suppliant, which is the Shepherd pathway is the "omnipotent" part? Then, there must be a certain intersection between the two. For example, being potent as a result of being erudite, and being erudite as a result of being potent. Therefore, they can be interchanged…

Starting off from this angle, the Storm pathway can be understood as omnipotence in the sea, land, and air domain. The Spectator corresponds to the psyche, making it a powerful supplement for Storm. Then, why can the Sun pathway be interchanged with them? Considering how there was an ancient sun god who was deemed to be "omnipotent and omniscient," does this mean that the Sun pathway is the foundation that accommodates "omnipotent and omniscient?"

Yes… according to such a thought process, Mystery Pryer and Savant are different aspects of "knowledge" itself. That's why they can be interchanged. Then, how is Assassin and Hunter differentiated? What about the Evernight, Death, and God of Combat pathways? In moments, Klein thought of many things, but he didn't have the time or sufficient knowledge to delve deeper into his analysis. All he could do was temporarily throw the corresponding

questions to the back of his mind and will the third diary page to the top of the stack.

At a cursory glance, Klein suddenly became focused. This was because the diary page was very different from the past ones.

It didn't have a date, and the words were spaced apart. Because it was the original copy, the weight placed on the page when the words were penned was obviously out of the ordinary!

Klein swept through the page as the contents were reflected in his mind.

"No! Impossible!

"How can that happen!?

"If my predictions aren't wrong, I'm not the only one who met with that encounter!

"No. No! How can that happen!?

"The thing that I saw tells me that everything will be destroyed. Likewise for everything I've created! No! I can't accept such an ending!

"I have to work hard to save myself. I can't rely on the seven deities!

"As long as I ascend to the throne of Sequence 0, only then will I and the things I value be preserved!

"Should I attempt to pull Mr. Door back into the real world? No! Although 'He' claims to be only a Sequence 1, I believe that 'He' isn't just an ordinary Sequence 1! It's very likely that 'He' will bring unexpected catastrophe upon me!"

The Chinese words which were much larger than those on the first two pages had occupied the yellowed piece of paper in a haphazard manner.

There wasn't much content, but it left Klein's head throbbing painfully.

Back when he was writing this diary entry, Emperor Roselle was very likely a Sequence 1 Knowledge Emperor. The content he wrote was infused with a potent sense of mystery and was colored with his emotions. This also meant that if Klein had read the contents in the real world, he might very well turn mentally unstable or go mad and lose control on the spot!

Thankfully, Ma'am Hermit doesn't know Chinese; otherwise, she would've mutated when she was memorizing the contents… Even if she doesn't understand Chinese, she must've found it especially tiring and draining… If one is exposed to it for extended periods of time, visual and auditory hallucinations can't be avoided. Furthermore, there's a high chance that early signs of losing control will appear… Klein thought, congratulating himself for his good luck.

His focus quickly turned back onto the diary entry as a sense of puzzlement surfaced.

What did the emperor see that made him so emotional? His mood was also rather extreme.

No, the agitation and rashness, as seen in the words, are a little abnormal. It doesn't match the image of someone who has occupied a high position for extended periods of time. It doesn't match the level of an angel. Even in his final days, he said that after he dies, he didn't care if floods deluge the heavens. He didn't lose his composure or appear that agitated back then.

Who influenced him? Or did something corrupt and pollute his thoughts?

Also, he mentioned that he's not the only one who met with that encounter. What is he referring to? Transmigration? It's true that he isn't the only one who transmigrated for no baffling reason. There's also me… or even more?

As thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein didn't waste any time. He made the three diary pages vanish as he smiled at Cattleya.

"Have you thought of the request?"

Cattleya bowed in preparation as she said, "I wish to know why Emperor Roselle went mad in his later years."

Audrey, who was in the same row as her, blinked. She believed that she had heard wrongly, as she didn't expect Ma'am Hermit to immediately ask such a heavy question.

Furthermore, how does she know that Emperor Roselle went mad in his later years? Also— Also, she only handed three pages, so how can she ask a question of this magnitude. It doesn't abide by the principle of equivalent exchange! Audrey had many thoughts arise in her mind, but she didn't stop Ma'am Hermit's question. Instead, she waited for Mr. Fool's response with piqued interest and inexplicable excitement.

Alger, Emlyn, and Fors similarly held their breaths. They cast their gaze at the end of the bronze table. Only Derrick and The World seemed oblivious.

Klein thought and chuckled.

"First, we need to accept reality.

"I'm not omniscient, nor am I omnipotent."

He had said those words in a relaxed, self-deprecating manner, but The Hermit and company didn't show any signs of unrest. Instead, they appeared even more reverent.

To them, it was obvious that Mr. Fool wasn't omnipotent and omniscient. Ignoring their guesses regarding Mr. Fool's state, this hidden existence's honorific name didn't have any related descriptions that explained the problem.

Furthermore, none of the present true gods and evil gods had honorific names that involved omnipotence and omniscience!

After setting their expectations, Klein began to answer The Hermit's question.

"I also wish to know what Roselle encountered in his later years.

"At present, it can be confirmed that due to an unknown cause and source of stimulation, Roselle cast his gaze on Sequence 0."

He didn't explain what Sequence 0 corresponded to. In the Tarot Club, there were more people who knew of it than those who didn't. Even those who didn't know could've guessed something.

Sequence 0… The emperor wanted to become a god? It's no wonder that it's said that he went mad in his later years… Audrey knew what Sequence 0 meant as she instantly sighed. Likewise for Alger.

Cattleya clearly knew what Sequence 0 implied. She expressed her gratitude while in thought as she retracted her gaze.

Sequence 0… Emlyn and Fors ruminated over the phrase, as though they had just realized that there was a position above Sequence 1 that belonged to true gods!

Derrick looked at Mr. Fool with a muddled expression. He didn't understand what was wrong with Emperor Roselle's attempt, someone who had a strong presence in history. In the City of Silver, if anyone had the chance, every resident would wish to become a Sequence 0 true god, so as to create a more sustainable living environment, or to lead everyone out of the forsaken land.

Klein didn't elaborate as he leaned back into his chair and surveyed the area.

"You may begin."

With that said, he controlled The World to look at Derrick before smiling deeply.

"The Notary potion formula you want has been acquired."

"Thank you, Mr. World. According to the agreement, I will remember the debt and await your request," Derrick said sincerely.

"Alright." Klein gave a response by controlling The World before making a show of him requesting Mr. Fool to conjure the formula.

Before long, the potion formula was in Little Sun's hands.

Derrick received it in glee as he ravenously scanned the contents of the goatskin.

"Sequence 6, Notary. Main ingredients: 1 set of crystallized roots of the Tree of Elders, 5 feathers of a Spirit Pact Bird. Supplementary ingredients: 100 ml of Radiance Spirit Pact Tree's juice, 1 golden-rimmed sunflower, 1 white-rimmed sunflower, 5 drops of Aqua Fern juice."

Without waiting for the others to speak, The World looked at Alger and said once more, "As you know, I have your Ocean Songster potion formula and main ingredient."

Ah? Audrey and company were momentarily dumbfounded.

Cattleya couldn't hide her alarm as she looked at The World. She vividly remembered that Gehrman Sparrow had just hunted Slaughterer Kircheis a week ago. How did he obtain the Ocean Songster potion formula and main ingredient?

*Don't tell me he killed an Ocean Songster? That would be considered a quasi high-ranking member in the Church of Storms… It's only been a week! *Cattleya found this unrealistic.

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CHAPTER 716
ISLAND AND RUINS

Mr. World has also obtained the potion formula and main ingredient for Ocean Songster. He's really impressive! Derrick moved his gaze from the goatskin in his hand and looked at the gentleman seated at the other end of the long bronze table.

In his mind, The World's toughness had reached a whole new level, one that could match the weaker members in the six-member council!

Fors was also similarly astonished as her poignancy grew deeper.

She remembered that back when she first joined the Tarot Club, Mr. World gave her the impression that he was gloomy and reserved. Apart from that, nothing stood out. In the subsequent gatherings, he began to show that he was experienced and knowledgeable, as well as possessing rather impressive abilities. At a glance, he was a senior Beyonder who had experienced many things, just second to Mr. Hanged Man amongst the Tarot Club members.

This image had already formulated in Fors's mind, but in recent months, Miss Magician was repeatedly surprised by The World.

He was first capable of obtaining rather important information, and following that, he sold plenty of Beyonder characteristics in a short span of time. He made her involuntarily suspect if he was a Beyonder assassin who was active in the mysterious world. She feared him from the bottom of her heart, but along with that came happiness. This was because it meant that she could commission Mr. World with certain requests that would be met with high chances of success.

When the new member, The Hermit, appeared, Fors even imagined that Mr. World's halo would be blanketed by this powerful lady. But to her surprise, he had snatched the "limelight," and blinded everyone with his magnificence.

To obtain the Ocean Songster potion formula, its corresponding main ingredient, and the Notary potion formula was seemingly impossible by human standards!

He really is impressive. I admire this kind of quiet and ordinary person who is actually very capable. Sigh, I wonder when I can become a Viscount. After this hunting competition, the winner will receive a prize that's likely something that will allow a Sanguine to become stronger… Emlyn White quickly turned his thoughts back to himself.

As Audrey was sighing in amazement, she was puzzled about a matter from before.

Why is the impressive Mr. World not searching for Emperor Roselle's diary pages? Hmm, he's not like Ma'am Hermit. He has already joined the Tarot Club for quite some time, and he doesn't need to observe… It's not like he doesn't have any requests that don't require him to search for Emperor Roselle's diary pages to obtain something from Mr. Fool… Then, why isn't he searching for them?

Has he privately submitted them? But why?

Imperceptibly, Audrey felt that Mr. World and Mr. Fool had a connection to a certain degree, but she wasn't able to confirm it, as there were just too many possibilities.

At this moment, Alger turned to the seat of honor after a few seconds of silence.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, I wish to communicate privately with The World."

Here it comes… Klein nodded with anticipation as he isolated everyone's senses.

Alger waited for two seconds before turning back to look at The World, Gehrman Sparrow.

"I will use an unknown primitive island's coordinates in exchange.

"On the island, there aren't only extinct Beyonder creatures that cannot be found on the Northern and Southern Continent, but there's an ancient ruin of unknown age.

"Back then… Phew… It was discovered by Qilangos and me. Back then, we lacked the strength to delve deep inside it. However, he discovered certain traces, and he suspected that the ruins hide something extremely, extremely important. He believes that the value isn't lower than a card created by Emperor Roselle.

"My strength is inferior to Qilangos, and I didn't go as deep as he did. I had no idea what he saw, other than guesses about the situation from his remarks."

…What Mr. Hanged Man said holds plenty of information. From the looks of it, he long knew Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos. They had even adventured together and found the primitive island and ancient ruins. And previously, he was also the one who thought of finishing off this pirate admiral while he was away at sea… Mr. Hanged Man isn't an ordinary member of the Church of Storms. His past seems very complicated, and he hides many secrets… Yes, a primitive island's value isn't small. For a secret organization, this can be the foundation to support the growth of its members… Klein controlled The World to appear to be in thought as he attempted to obtain more information from The Hanged Man.

With The World not rejecting or agreeing, Alger, who had calmed down, calmly said, "On the island, there are traces of demigod-level Beyonder creatures. To you, that should be something valuable.

"On this point, I can swear on Mr. Fool's name. I guarantee that I'm not lying."

After I obtain the Bizarro Sorcerer's potion formula, I'll have to consider how to obtain the corresponding ingredients. At the level of a demigod, money becomes of little use. Trading gives me the highest chance of obtaining something I need… The location of demigod-level Beyonder creatures is important. That ruin is also quite interesting… The World didn't hesitate as he chuckled.

"Deal."

Alger didn't immediately receive the Ocean Songster potion formula. Instead, he said, "I have a condition. I wish that on your first exploration of the primitive island, that you will do it with me. With Mr. Fool watching all of this, I believe you won't be concerned that I'll be up to no good."

Klein considered it for a moment and made The World nod.

"No problem. I will need companions when heading to dangerous places. I hope that you will have the required strength."

Alger wasn't angered by The World's tone as he heaved a sigh of relief.

"That's why, I wish that your first exploration will be after I advance. Of course, if I were to lose control because of my potion, this agreement will naturally be null and void."

"No problem," The World replied without any qualms.

Alger didn't harp on the topic. After obtaining Mr. Fool's agreement, he conjured the situation of the primitive island on a goatskin.

It's along the periphery of the Rorsted Sea… It's quite a big island, almost the size of Blue Mountain Island… Klein received the goatskin and quickly scanned through it to gain a general understanding of the primitive island.

He quickly looked up and said, "I'll hand over the potion formula and main ingredient after the gathering ends."

"Alright." Having made his choice, Alger no longer had any reservations. When hearing that, he felt upheavals going through his heart, but he appeared even more staid on the surface.

After the duo's private conversation came to an end, Cattleya retracted her gaze at The World and looked at Fors.

"The Meteorite Crystal has been obtained. 600 pounds for 60 grams."

That's fast… Ma'am Hermit is really efficient! Fors felt delighted, but she was also stumped.

After last week's gathering, she had already obtained the crystallized blood of a Lavos Squid. For that, she had paid 600 pounds, leaving her with 230 pounds. Adding the 150 pounds she received this week from her royalties, she was still short of 220 pounds.

*I'll first borrow from Xio. She should have that much… After I succeed in advancing, I'll try to earn money as quickly as possible! I have to! *Fors silently drew a breath and said, "Alright. We will do the transaction tomorrow at this time."

The Hermit tersely acknowledged and, without wasting any time, looked at Audrey.

"The Black-hunting Giant Lizard's spinal fluid has been confirmed. 1,800 pounds. There are temporarily no clues for the Illusory Chime Tree's fruit."

"That's already very good. Better than I expected. Thank you, Ma'am Hermit." Audrey sincerely thanked her without even minding the price.

She recently realized that there was a benefit to establishing the "Relic Search and Preservation Foundation." She could use her funds in a more

secretive and unnoticeable manner. It made it difficult for her parents to notice.

After confirming the two transactions, Cattleya surveyed the members as though she was one of them.

"Any clues to the blood of a Mythical Creature?"

Klein immediately controlled The World as he chuckled with a hoarse voice.

"Are you referring a pure Mythical Creature?"

Pure Mythical Creature? There are impure Mythical Creatures? Audrey and company were puzzled but interested by what they heard.

Cattleya was taken aback as she said, "A pure one, which means the blood of an angel. One drop is enough."

She didn't introduce it in detail back then, because she believed that for the time being such a high-level object wouldn't appear in the Tarot Club unless Mr. Fool was willing to provide her with help. And clearly, Mr. Fool didn't need anyone to explain to "Him" what a Mythical Creature was.

"I have certain clues, but I can't guarantee that I can obtain it. Furthermore, it might take another three months at least." Klein controlled The World to give the response.

The other Tarot Club members fell silent. They never expected The World to have clues to an angel's blood!

*What can't he accomplish? *Audrey, Fors, and company had their impression of Mr. World refreshed again.

As for Alger, he suspected that The World would seek Mr. Fool's angel for a drop of blood.

After a brief moment of silence, Emlyn, who suddenly realized that his advancement wasn't necessarily as obvious as the other members, weakly said, "Are there any clues regarding my previous commission?"

Fors immediately said, "There are suspected cases. I will continue investigating."

Burdened with debt, she was motivated to work.

At the end of the trading segment, Derrick mentioned his request of buying the crystallized roots of the Tree of Elders. As for the feathers of a Spirit Pact Bird, the City of Silver had it in their special warehouse.

In addition, he also sought to purchase the Golden-edged Sunflower and other supplementary ingredients. They were commonly seen items in the outside world, but they were lacking in the Forsaken Land of God.

"The crystallized roots of the Tree of Elders and the supplementary ingredients aren't difficult to obtain." Emlyn's attention was caught as he said, "Then, what can you use in exchange?"

Back when he provided Miss Justice with the fruit of the Tree of Elders, he had already learned where the crystallized roots were.

Derrick thought and said, "A Beyonder characteristic of a Sequence 5 Vampire?"

It was quite a commonly seen monster in the depths of the darkness.

"Sanguine!" Emlyn said through gritted teeth. "There's no rush. I'll tell you when I've decided what I need."

He didn't want an item obtained from a transaction to overlap with the prize of the hunting competition.

"Alright." Having already owed a debt to The World, Derrick was relatively at ease.

After a moment of silence, Klein rapped the edge of the mottled table to indicate the commencement of the free exchange.

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CHAPTER 717
THE WORLD AND HERO BANDIT

Inside the ancient palace standing above the gray fog, Alger wasn't in a rush to mention the matter regarding Crazy Captain Connors Viktor. He turned his head to look at The Sun.

"Are you still in Afternoon Town?"

Derrick nodded honestly.

"Yes, we took a very long time to establish a camp. Later, with small teams, we wiped out the remnant monsters, one street at a time, in search of any ancient ruins that might still exist. Although this process is slow, it's sufficiently safe."

His answer was extremely detailed, and it gave the impression that Mr. Hanged Man could ask more questions if he wished to know more.

Audrey listened with interest as she raised her hand slightly.

"With all of you staying in Afternoon Town for so long, what do you rely on for food? Is there any Black-Faced Grass nearby?"

She had long heard from Little Sun that the City of Silver relied on the Black-Faced Grass that they grew around the city as their source of sustenance.

"We carried a portion of powdered Black-Faced Grass, but the main source of food comes from hunting those monsters. Once the Beyonder characteristic is expelled, a large proportion of them can be eaten once we skin them and roast them with fire. However, there's a certain degree of corruption in the meat, which will result in psychological problems. We can't continuously consume the meat, and we will need to spread out the intervals," Derrick replied in a serious manner to Miss Justice's question.

Audrey recalled the few monsters in the depths of the darkness mentioned by Little Sun, and having terrifying vibes about the dark and eerie area around the City of Silver, she couldn't help but press further, "Wouldn't that be very disgusting?"

Fors, who was attentively listening to the other members' conversation, was inspired by this question. She deliberately didn't look at Emlyn as she asked Derrick with piqued curiosity, "I remember you mentioning that monsters in the depths of the darkness include Vampires. Their bodies run with pus and are extremely ugly. Then, how would you consume Vampires after killing them?"

Emlyn, who heard the question, forgot to correct her by informing her that Sanguine weren't Vampires. His expression turned livid as he felt an inexplicable feeling of indescribable horror.

Derrick was silent for two seconds before saying, "There are some monsters that are indeed disgusting—very disgusting. Just like the Vampires as mentioned by Miss Magician, but we have no choice. As long as it's edible, we will eat it."

His voice gradually turned heavy, as though he once again deeply felt the tragedy that was the curse which enveloped the City of Silver.

The palace that looked like a giant's residence fell silent once again. Even Emlyn, who wanted to retort Derrick, didn't say a word. All he did was curl his lips and retract his arm.

A few seconds later, The World broke the silence with a chuckle.

"Let's return to the sea. There have been certain matters that require your attention. Crazy Captain Connors Viktor's Single-eyed Skull drifted to a nearby harbor after a storm. The masts were snapped, and there were charred marks. The entire crew, including Connors Viktor, died. No one survived.

Justice and company didn't know who Crazy Captain was. They weren't too interested in the news, other than being curious as to what caused this destructive naval tragedy.

On the other hand, Alger shared completely different thoughts from them.

*There must be a tremendous secret if The World is paying attention to the matter regarding Crazy Captain! It's no wonder His Eminence Kottman issued such an important command to get the Mandated Punisher and captains to investigate the situation! *Alger's eyes darted about slightly as he said after some thought, "In Bayam, the Church of Storms is actively investigating the people and matters surrounding Crazy Captain Connors Viktor."

Heh, there's no need for me to commission it… Klein chuckled inwardly and got The World to directly ask, "What clues does the Church of Storms possess?"

"I have no idea. I'll try my best to understand the situation." Alger frankly shook his head.

He believed that The World understood what he was implying—that he wasn't exactly sure, but he would sound out what the Church knew.

Audrey, who was listening out of curiosity, realized that the matter regarding Crazy Captain wasn't simple. Hence, she asked probingly, "Mr. World, isn't this common infighting among pirates?"

Klein was just about to be perfunctory with Miss Justice but without divulging anything further when he suddenly thought of a problem.

Behind the Great Smog of Backlund and the disappearances, there might be a particular faction from the royal family. It also included some military personnel. And Miss Justice would lean towards the nobles and royal family both her emotions and from her standpoint. If there comes a day when I target those bastards who are deserving of death, she might not find it acceptable if I commission a mission to her. She might even fall into a dilemma…

*Therefore, I should now inject the impression in her that the royal family and military have plenty of bad guys. I would subtly change the direction in which her standpoint and emotions are directed towards. For this, I can bear the burden that some of the information regarding The World is leaked… *Klein thought for a moment and made The World say with a relaxed, but mocking tone, "Crazy Captain is related to the disappearance of the colonial slaves which Mr. Hanged Man was previously investigating.

"The Demoness Sect takes the people who are tricked or abducted and hands them over to Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, and they have them ship the people over to the Northern Continent's East Sea's coast. Then, with Crazy Captain Connors Viktor, it completes the last mile. This pirate is intricately tied with many human traffickers and slave merchants in Loen.

"Back when I informed Mr. Hanged Man of the news in January, someone witnessed Baelen, who was involved in the disappearance cases, with a MI9 member who is loyal to the royal family.

"Also, Backlund's largest human trafficker, Capim, had guards from the Arbiter pathway.

"With so many matters compounded together, do you think that Crazy Captain's death is simply a result of pirate infighting?

"Heh heh, I've always wondered why the person behind all of this needs so many slaves."

The connections between the clues were clearly presented before Audrey, Alger, and company. It made them suddenly realize a lot of things.

Mr. World left Backlund and headed for the sea to seek out clues. He's always been investigating the truth behind the Great Smog and Prince Edessak's death! According to the information he provided, it's clear that the true murderer hasn't been punished. He's still hidden inside the royal family, and there's a portion of the military who are working for him. How despicable! This kind of person should be thrown into hell! Hmm… How does Mr. World know that the guards around Capim were Beyonders from the Arbiter pathway? Did he fight with them? Audrey's mind raced as she suddenly made the connection.

Capim was killed by Hero Bandit Black Emperor. The latter clearly knew which pathway Capim's guards belonged to.

Hero Bandit Black Emperor is Mr. Fool's Blessed.

Mr. World is suspected to have certain connections with Mr. Fool. He has never sought Emperor Roselle's diary pages.

Therefore, Mr. World is Hero Bandit Black Emperor, and he's also Mr. Fool's Blessed?

He doesn't hand in Emperor Roselle's diary pages because he hands them over in private? Some of his actions from before were to hide his identity as a Blessed? This is a test given to him by Mr. Fool? It's really hard to connect Mr. World with Hero Bandit Black Emperor. The latter feels like a hero… Audrey felt like she had stumbled upon the truth as she began to wonder what kind of person Mr. World, who was also Hero Bandit Black Emperor, was actually like in real life.

Alger and Cattleya instantly understood why Gehrman Sparrow had attacked Tracy.

This Blessed was seeking out the truth behind the Great Smog of Backlund!

And the truth hidden behind this was something Mr. Fool was interested in!

Fors and Emlyn, who lived in Backlund, also vaguely sensed something when The World mentioned Capim. After all, Hero Bandit Black Emperor's legend was rather striking in the recent half a year. He became an important character in many run-of-the-mill novels. Even Fors herself had thought of making him the protagonist in a love story between a hero bandit and a young royal lady.

They finally understood why The World had noticed in time that something was brewing in Backlund and that a tragedy was about to happen. This was because this gentleman had been tracking the corresponding clues the entire time.

From the looks of it, the matter in Backlund is far from over. There will likely be another accident in the future… I really wish to flee from this place immediately, but Xio definitely wouldn't want to. I have no way of explaining this to her… Fors suddenly had thoughts of fleeing Backlund.

Emlyn wasn't too afraid. From his point of view, the Sanguine's important figures were in Backlund and were definitely able to provide some protection if a disaster really happened.

After two seconds of silence, Alger said in a serious manner, "I will try my best to investigate this matter."

He had already sensed that the truth behind Crazy Captain's death hid a rather terrifying storm. As such, he was a little apprehensive and afraid, but he also trembled with excitement that he was involved in the most important matter regarding the Southern and Northern Continents.

After Cattleya heard that, she nodded.

"I will also seek out relevant information.

"If there are more clues provided, perhaps I might be able to help."

Klein thought for a moment before letting The World speak frankly, "On the night of Crazy Captain's death, a High-Sequence Beyonder suspected to be from the Black Emperor pathway appeared on his ship. However, this demigod managed to escape before Jahn Kottman arrived."

Black Emperor pathway, demigod… Alger and Cattleya ruminated over these phrases as they considered an angle of attack.

Audrey and company were astonished that the Tarot Club had discussed the development of demigods to something directly involving demigods. The cases that they were involved in were really increasing in level. As for Derrick, he didn't understand a thing.

With Crazy Captain's matter coming to pass, Cattleya glanced at The World before deliberately mentioning her tidbit.

"Another incident happened at sea. Last week, the crazy adventurer Gehrman Sparrow hunted the second mate of the King of Immortality, Slaughterer Kircheis. He was a Sequence 5 Beyonder."

"How impressive…" Fors, who was only a Sequence 8, sighed from the bottom of her heart. She knew very well what it meant to be a Sequence 5.

"Yes, he really is a legendary adventurer," Audrey echoed.

Emlyn turned agape before he closed his mouth. He felt that he was still a distance away from that level.

Alger said without any signs of unrest, "It's because of this that the investigation of Gehrman Sparrow's origins has become an important

mission of the various major organizations."

Are you implying that the Church of Storms has gotten you to investigate me? Klein instantly read in between the lines as he made The World chuckle.

"I wonder where I can claim this commission? I wish to use some unimportant information in exchange for money. I have some understanding of Gehrman Sparrow."

*Oh, Mr. World is hinting that he doesn't mind me exchanging what appears to be important but, in reality, is actually meaningless information regarding Gehrman Sparrow in exchange for rewards and trust? *The Hanged Man nodded in enlightenment.

The free exchange continued for a while until Derrick finished learning this week's list of ancient Hermes terms before everything came to a close.

After he watched the bowing Miss Justice and company leave, Klein cast his gaze onto Groselle's Travels.

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CHAPTER 718
CHARACTERS IN THE BOOK

Not finding himself overly exhausted, Klein rubbed his temples and beckoned over a tiny metallic bottle from the junk pile.

Inside it was a tiny tube of blood that he went through great effort to extract from his vein, and he had long brought it above the gray fog. It was only waiting for the opportunity when Klein would use his Spirit Body to enter Groselle's Travels to explore the book world.

After opening the cap, Klein wasn't in a hurry to smear the blood over the book's dark brown cover. Instead, he summoned all the items from the junk pile that he had brought to the mysterious space before the Tarot Gathering, and he spread them out in front of him.

In consideration of how the Black Emperor's form was too eye-catching, and with him not too certain of the exact situation in the book world, Klein decided against bringing the Card of Blasphemy. Instead, he used Azik's copper whistle to fortify his Spirit Body to prevent himself from failing to return above the gray fog before being instantly killed by some unknown power.

As the ancient and exquisite copper whistle fused into his body, Klein's Spirit Body swelled up and became more corporeal.

Two pitch-black flames flared out from his eye sockets as though they possessed a life of their own.

With the help of Cogitation, he adjusted his spirituality, converging the iciness that stemmed from the aspect of Death within his body. Soon, his

eyes returned to normal.

This was like an evil spirit taking on an ordinary form to lure prey into its proximity.

Right on the heels of that, Klein wore Creeping Hunger and held Death Knell while he hid the Nightmare Beyonder characteristic in his body. The latter was prepared for him to seek out any abnormalities when exploring the dreams of the living entities in the book world.

After completing all his preparations, he poured a few drops of blood and smeared it over the cover of Groselle's Travels.

After a brief wait, his vision turned blurry, as though countless translucent objects were hidden within it. Following that, it turned clear—there were blue skies, white clouds, grayish-brown city walls, and passersby.

This is no longer the land of ice and snow from before, but a city that looks very normal on the surface… Klein stood by the side of the dirt road as he observed the residents of the book world. He discovered that most of them wore linen shirts, a short brown coat, and loose dark-colored trousers. Their overall style was akin to that of the Loen Kingdom centuries ago.

He looked down at the format of the tailcoat, starched shirt, and damaged dark-red bow tie as he silently changed it all out. Instantly, he was no different from the people around him.

He then walked to the city gates in preparation to enter.

At that moment, a leather-vested soldier at the gate stopped him.

"Entrance fees! One liddle."

Do I look rich? I don't even know what a liddle is… Klein mumbled inwardly, amused. He then "communicated" with him at a spiritual level,

successfully transferring the soldier's attention onto a merchant caravan behind him.

As a quasi-wraith who could possess anyone and control them, exerting a psychological influence on others was nothing extraordinary. It wasn't a particularly potent ability, but it was extremely useful against ordinary people.

When Klein entered the city, he walked through the streets in a seemingly relaxed manner, but he inwardly remained wary. He felt that public hygiene was slightly better than Backlund a few years ago. It appeared to have a mature sewage system, preventing the situation of any waste and trash being dumped.

*I couldn't tell that this is an illusory world inside a book at all. Everyone has Spirit Body Threads… *Klein proceeded forward as he observed. Suddenly, he noticed a stone building that was more than ten meters tall to his side. It only had two stories, and the top of the door was about four meters tall.

Beside the building was a signboard. It was written in a language that was completely different from any of the outside world's languages, but Klein instantly understood what it meant: "Pessote Blacksmith Guild."

There's a blacksmith guild. This place really hasn't entered the Age of Steam.… Just as Klein was feeling poignant, he saw the door creak open, and out walked a giant with four long limbs!

The giant's skin was grayish blue, and his head had the trademark single vertical eye. In his hand was a huge and heavy sledgehammer. He walked across the street with his lips curled.

The humans walking past him didn't show any fear, as though it was a common sight.

They even greeted the giant.

"Good afternoon, Groselle!"

Groselle… Klein, who was rather face-blind to giants, had his pupils constrict. Only then did he realize the familiarity!

He was just about to chase after them when he discovered that the giant had turned into another street, vanishing from his sights.

Klein stood on the spot, silently observing the intersection as he came up with a few guesses.

There's another Groselle in the book world?

No, the ending of the travels is that Groselle died in battle in the Nation of Frost…

This is another story?

Filled with all kinds of questions, Klein wasn't in a rush to find Groselle. He turned and entered a bar by the side of the street.

Such places were often the places with the most messy and multifarious information in a city. It aided him in quickly gaining a grasp of the entire situation.

The bar's lighting was dim, and the ventilation wasn't the best, making the air appear somewhat turbid. At that moment, there weren't many customers drinking. Most of the people were by the bar counter, chatting happily with each other or the bartender.

Klein slowly walked over when his gaze froze.

He saw a man wearing a black pointed hat and an asymmetrical coat by the side of the bar counter. He looked pretty handsome with his flaxen-colored hair, deep brown eyes, a high nose, and thin lips. He was none other than the Solomon Empire viscount, Mobet Zoroast!

Upon seeing him, Klein recalled the scene of the Dream Stealer's rapid aging before he collapsed onto the ground as he struggled to crawl towards Elvish Songster Siatas and grabbed her hand.

All of that remained clear as day, as though it had just happened yesterday; yet, Mobet had once again appeared before his eyes.

Klein's expression grew heavy as he walked over and sat beside Mobet.

He didn't say a word, as he knew that Mobet was one to start a conversation.

"Outsider, first time in Pessote? I swear I've never met you before." Mobet put down a cup of distilled liquor as he turned his head to the side.

"I come from the Nation of Frost." Klein randomly cooked up a story.

Mobet immediately laughed loudly.

"You're a funny one. This is the Nation of Frost, but of course, that was many years ago.

"Ever since the King of the North was killed by a bunch of adventurers, no —heroes, this place is no longer plagued by ice and snow. Everyone believes that it should be called the Nation of Neverwinter."

Klein fell silent without responding.

"Why so serious? It looks like you have your own troubles." Mobet rapped on the wooden bar counter, showing signs of sympathy. He downed a mouthful of spirits and said, "I'm telling you. Men should absolutely not get married. It's the beginning of suffering! Do you know? When she gets worked up a little, she would beat me up. When she's happy, she beats me up. Same when she's embarrassed or angry! Anyway, she beats me up for any reason! From this very moment, I've decided not to return home again!"

Does this mean you got married to Siatas? Klein kept silent for two seconds as he sized up Mobet's face. He discovered that there were no signs of bruises and swelling on his face. This meant that the Elvish Songster knew that men needed to put on appearances.

He asked with a sigh, "Then why did you marry her?"

Mobet was taken aback as he smiled wryly.

"I came here with a merchant caravan. When I first saw her, she was just that beautiful. Her singing was moving and seemed to hide indescribable sorrow. Heh, I'm as afraid of her now as I was infatuated over her back then! I definitely won't return. Hey, why do you seem a little sad? You don't have to be sad for me. I'm already free!"

At that moment, the door to the bar suddenly opened as a beautiful female voice shouted.

"Mobet, come out here!

"I'm counting from ten. Never come back if you don't come home!

"Ten, nine…”

Mobet immediately jumped up and ran to the door. As he ran, he muttered, "I know you don't have any patience. You always jump to two after counting to eight!"

Klein turned his body and saw Siatas's figure, but he no longer had the intention of communicating with her.

The real Mobet and Siatas were already dead. The ones living in the book world were just two characters.

Standing up and leaving the bar, Klein came to a nearby deserted alley. He planned on confirming the kind of spirit world this world had.

He quickly outlined spherical lights in his mind as his thoughts gradually emptied out and his body and mind became tranquil.

As his spirituality spread out bit by bit, several indescribable illusory figures appeared around him. However, up high in the sky, it lacked the seven lustrous brilliances of different colors that contained endless knowledge.

The seven lights don't exist here… The number of spirit world creatures here are lacking… This place is indeed a fake spirit world created by the book… Klein took a step forward and found the colors in his vision saturate to the extreme as it overlapped with the obvious differences.

He wasn't in a rush to explore the spirit world. He exited it and began window shopping through Pessote and chatted with others.

Before long, he found Groselle's residence.

The giant ran a blacksmith shop. He was taking an afternoon nap on a huge bed on the second story.

Klein directly entered by passing through the wall and came to Groselle's side.

He observed the giant for a few seconds and took out the Nightmare Beyonder characteristic from his Spirit Body. With some difficulty, he used some of its powers that it came naturally equipped with.

Deep, serene darkness quickly spread as it instantly enveloped Klein and Groselle. And in a Spirit Body state, Klein directly saw a blob of irregular hazy spherical light.

His spirituality immediately emanated over and touched the spherical light.

All sorts of scattered scenes instantly flashed past around him before fixating on a forest with towering but withered trees. On the other side of

the forest was a mountain and steep cliffs. At the top of it was a magnificent palace.

The palace was huge and opulent, and it didn't seem suitable for humans. It gave him the impression like it was from a myth as the light of dusk that scattered above it seemed frozen.

Klein had seen this palace before. It was the Giant King's Court that had appeared in the dream world of the battlefield of the gods!

However, this angle was completely different from before. He was situated behind the king's court!

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CHAPTER 719
DREAM TOUR

Klein turned his gaze to the forest where light could hardly penetrate through its denseness, having gained a rough idea of where he was.

This was the Waning Forest which Groselle guarded when he was at the Giant King's Court.

The trees in the forest were tens of meters tall, and the thickness of the trees was the arm span of several giants. However, their barks were mottled with signs of rot everywhere. The leaves and twigs were mostly withered and dropping as they interwove with each other like a dark cloud floating in midair.

Groselle and similar-looking giants guarded the boundary of the forest, either carrying axes or broadswords, fully concentrating on defending the area.

*According to Groselle, this Waning Forest has the bodies of Giant King Aurmir's father and mother buried in it. Apart from this ancient god, no one else is allowed to step inside, including these guards… Yes, Giant King Aurmir's parents should be so-called original giants, the kind that was the craziest, cruelest, and most ferocious. Perhaps… Eh, why would Groselle have such a dream? *As Klein was in thought, he suddenly sensed something amiss.

According to his random conversations in Pessote, the present Groselle was a native giant who had nothing to do with the Giant King's Court.

Therefore, having such a dream made it appear rather abnormal!

From the Psychology Alchemists' theory which Ma'am Daly and Miss Justice have discussed before, perhaps the book world will use or clone the original character's subconscious or collective subconscious when creating a character. Then, it would make minor changes, making the consciousness fulfill the required settings. Therefore, Groselle's dream will be influenced by his subconscious, reproducing life in the Giant King's Court… if that's the case, it can only be said that this book is a cruel author… The moment Klein thought of this, he suddenly had an idea. He felt that this was an opportunity for him to gather relevant information on the Giant King's Court.

He previously planned on directly learning about such matters through Groselle. But in order to keep his promise, the Giant Guardian had died in the battle with King of the North Ulyssan. After his Spirit Body left the book world, it quickly dissipated without giving him any chance of communicating. Now, he finally had another method, which was to explore Groselle's dream.

There had to be parts of it that were ridiculous or exaggerated, but the remaining content had to be a true reflection of reality. As long as an approach of careful study is employed, it's not impossible to distinguish the two.

Groselle never entered the Waning Forest, so the scenes inside must stem from his imagination. There's no need to explore it… Klein slowly cast his gaze onto the mountain where the king's court was.

It wasn't tall, which meant that the Waning Forest was on a mountain rather close to the king's court. It was probably just a straight path from there to the ancient god's residence.

Klein didn't waste time searching as he walked straight to Groselle and acted like he knew him well. He asked in a relaxed tone, "How should I return to the king's court?"

He knew that Groselle was an honest giant, and he would only be more honest in his dream.

Groselle raised his hand to scratch the back of his head as he looked down with a confused look. He said with a smile, "Isn't it simply by taking the Barren Tunnel?"

He pointed ahead and added, "You'll see it when you circle around that boulder."

"Thank you," Klein sighed as he said with a bow.

As he watched Klein depart, Groselle scratched the back of his head again, muttering to himself in confusion, "Who is he? Why do I find him so familiar…"

After circling a boulder that protruded out the mountain, the scene opened up before Klein's eyes. A gigantic cave at least thirty meters tall appeared.

Erected outside the cave was a stone stele. Engraved on it was a single vertical eye, a high nose, and plush lips. It looked like a giant's head had been squeezed in to reveal the frontal facial features.

Just as Klein approached, the mouth on the stele opened.

"Why are you returning to the king's court ahead of time?"

"By His Majesty's orders," Klein said in an unflustered tone. After all, the intelligence level of all the living beings in this dream was equivalent to the owner of the dream—Groselle.

The lips on the stele opened and closed as it let out a humming sound.

"Please answer a question; otherwise, you shall not pass."

…If only I brought along Arrodes, it should be rather fun to see what happens.… Klein lampooned as he calmly nodded.

"Okay."

The stele's lips closed for three seconds before opening.

"If your wife, daughter, and a woman you covet ask you to judge which of them is most beautiful, who would you choose?"

This is completely different from the magic mirror's style.… Klein's lips quivered as his mind raced. Using nearly ten seconds, he answered, "My intelligence is insufficient to determine this matter. I will assign someone who is more intelligent than me to give the answer."

How can I answer something that can get me killed? He gritted his teeth as he added.

“…Who is this more intelligent person?" The giant's face on the stele froze for a few seconds.

Klein solemnly answered, "Of course it's our king."

The stele was shocked beyond words. It took quite a moment before it said, "Alright, I'll consider it as you answering the question. You may pass."

Klein immediately crossed the strange stele and walked into the cave.

The ground in the cave was paved with large stone panels that had been weathered. The sides and top of the cave were filled with murals, speaking of stories of the giants and dragons battling the demonic wolves, mutants, devils, and phoenixes. The drawing style was crude and the color choice was dark. However, it was extremely vivid.

Klein walked forward as he observed the murals. He discovered that there were swaths of withered weeds, as well as all kinds of coarse gravel in

between the stone panels and the bottom of the murals.

And the lack of water and the decline of life became more apparent the deeper he ventured inside.

After walking for an unknown period of time, Klein saw a huge grayish-blue open door. Standing on each side of the door was a four-to five-meter-tall giant.

The giants guarding this place were different from Groselle and the others. They wore solid and beautiful iron-black armor and firm, exquisite helms. They looked like two huge statues.

They didn't stop Klein and allowed him to pass through the door and enter the hall within.

The hall wasn't too spacious. The ends of the hall could be seen clearly, and it could probably only hold five to six giants.

As Klein was observing his environment, he suddenly halted. Then, the hall seemed to be pulled up by an invisible hand as it quickly rose.

He staggered a little before finding his footing. All he saw were grayish-black walls flashing by as they kept sweeping downwards.

In about ten seconds, there was a thud as the hall stopped ascending.

At this moment, it wasn't the cave tunnel outside the door, but a magnificent palace propped up by stone columns.

Klein briskly left the original hall as he sized up his surroundings with piqued interest.

This is the Giant King's Court's "elevator?" This seems to be the place where the guards live. Outside is a long table taller than humans, with extremely large chairs. On the two sides are rooms, and inside them are

neatly ordered beds… Klein swept past the various items in the hall before he stopped at a mural.

The mural's main character was a giant dressed in full-body silver armor. As there was nothing to scale, Klein was unable to know exactly how tall he was.

The giant stood by the side of a cliff, with a sword in hand pointing diagonally upwards. His body emitted a bright halo, like a rising sun illuminating the surroundings.

Many giants were genuflecting around him, as though praying or worshiping him and awaiting a bestowment.

*The giant king's son, God of Dawn, Badheilbrunn? *Klein looked at the face of the mural's main character in thought, and he saw that his face was blocked by a mask. There was only a dawn-like halo coming from his eyes.

It's very similar to the God of Combat statue in the Backlund underground ruins. His face is completely hidden behind a mask… Heh, Queen Mystic said before that the God of Combat is a giant who lived from ancient times. Therefore, their Church's headquarters, the Great Twilight Hall, resembled the Giant King's Court… Could it be the son of the giant king? God of Dawn escaped the destruction of the king's court, and at a certain point in time, he managed to retake the authority wielded by "His" father? Klein made a bold guess, but he lacked any evidence or clues.

He used the correspondence principle to look at the wall opposite the mural. There was also a mural there, but the main character was no longer God of Dawn, Badheilbrunn. Instead, it was a female giant in a leather vest and long skirt.

This female giant stood sideways. Her facial contours were soft, and her single vertical eye was focused beneath her. Long, dark-brown hair reached all the way to her back.

Her right hand was spread out as she held items like wheat and fruits. Around her were golden fields, clear lakes, and trees covered with fruits and colorful mushrooms.

*Giant Queen, Goddess of Harvest, Omebella? *Klein looked around, but he didn't see the mural representing Giant King Aurmir.

There's no depiction of the ancient god because this is the residence of remote guards? Then, going out from here will likely be the interior of the Giant King's Court… Klein carefully walked to the door. He used the method he employed in the dream world of the battlefield ruins of the gods by activating Creeping Hunger and using the strength of a Zombie to open the door.

However, there wasn't a palace in the frozen dusk that he had imagined outside. Instead, it was a gray, hazy world. It appeared to be a cliff with a bottomless pit.

According to Miss Justice's previous experience, this is likely the boundary of the dream. The only way is to head down and enter Groselle's subconscious. Finally, I'll arrive at the sea of collective subconscious… Miss Justice discovered a mind dragon in the human sea of collective subconscious where she was. Then, in this book world created by the Dragon of Imagination, what would be contained in the sea of collective subconscious? Klein's mind whirred as he conjured a staircase that led down into the hazy world.

The staircase didn't head straight down but spiraled around deep into the gray haze. The bottom couldn't be seen, nor were any of the details of the mind world that were possible to discern.

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CHAPTER 720
PHILOSOPHER

After silently observing it for a few seconds, Klein walked forward as he got onto the staircase and carefully walked down it.

The surrounding light gradually dimmed with a gray, hazy luster that enveloped the extremely silent world. The moment Klein proceeded down the staircase, he felt more and more like he was being locked inside a dark, silent room. Slowly, his ears could hear his sloshing blood and his beating heart.

The latter sped up as it was invaded by panic and horror which he could hardly keep in check. Klein focused his mind as he imagined the stacks of spherical light so as to stabilize his emotions and recover.

To his side, a grayish-white cliff coldly stood there, a representation of the domain of Groselle's consciousness. It was silent as though it were dead, but the surrounding grayness would occasionally coruscate.

Klein focused his gaze and saw that in one of the points of light, there was a giant who ripped apart a human before stuffing it into his mouth, as well as Groselle panicking. Back then, the latter was less than three meters tall, and it was clearly still an adolescent.

The point of light flashed past, appearing in the frozen dusk that scattered over the mountain peak. Time here seemed to become impeded.

Klein was just about to seek out any valuable information in Groselle's subconscious when he suddenly heard sounds akin to a beast's panting.

With a whoosh, a huge palm appeared from the surrounding haze. Its skin was grayish-blue and was covered with signs of rot. On it was an obvious yellowish-green liquid as it quickly grabbed at Klein's ankle.

Amidst the panting sound, similar palms rose up one after another from the staircase below, as though they were attempting to forcibly pull Klein's Spirit Body into the mind world's darkest and most unfathomable zone.

Instantly, these rotting palms formed a dense horse as they kept struggling upwards and let out sounds of horrible, hair-raising panting. It made Klein instinctively jump up three steps.

However, the countless palms that belonged to giant corpses didn't stop. They squirmed along the staircase as they surged upwards, covering every inch of space.

Klein was just about to reach out his right palm to draw Death Knell and use Purifying Bullets combined together with Death Knell's Slaughter ability to finish off the countless monsters when two questions suddenly flashed in his mind.

Where do these palms come from? Why would they be inside Groselle's subconscious?

The moment this thought came to mind, his spiritual perception was triggered. Klein came to a realization as he immediately abandoned his thoughts of using Death Knell. He calmed his breathing and imagined the spherical lights.

The huge, rotting palms took this opportunity to reach his feet as they grabbed his calves and ankles!

At that moment, they silent vanished as though they had never appeared.

*Indeed, this is an illusion created by Groselle's subconscious. Here, minds don't just face each other, but they interact with them as well. If one lacks

the corresponding Beyonder powers, the deeper one goes, the easier it is to have an emotional breakdown. Intrusion by the other party's subconscious will slowly happen until one's Beyonder powers are severely tainted. As a result, one will become a mental patient that will never be able to recover their rationality, and this might very well lead to a loss of control… This is different from communicating with spirits. Corruption isn't avoided simply by maintaining lucidity and reason. This is because one is already inside the target's Beyonder powers… *Klein muttered to himself, having figured out something.

He hesitated for a few seconds before turning around to climb back up the stairs. He gave up on venturing deep into Groselle's mind world because he lacked the Beyonder powers to placate his own mind. Insisting on heading down was equivalent to suicide.

*I'll consider exploring again after I find a mystical item that targets this aspect. *Klein determined his thoughts as he walked faster. Finally, with a leap, he returned to Groselle's dreamscape and returned to the guards' quarters in the Giant King's Court.

He already felt exhausted, so he immediately left the dream, walking out of Groselle's blacksmith through the walls before observing the wonders of the book world.

*I've already met Groselle, Mobet, and Siatas. And while I was casually chatting with others, I also heard of the devout priest, Snowman, and the philosopher, Frunziar. However, there isn't an Anderson Hood, Edwina Edwards, Danitz, or Gehrman Sparrow… Therefore, only the dead will possess brand new characters in the book. Or could it be that only those who had stayed in here for extended periods of time—fully expressing themselves as an adventurer in their day-to-day lives—would be able to have their subconscious replicated? *As Klein strolled by the side of the street which was illuminated by the setting sun, he considered something that he found crucial.

If it were the former theory, where the dead would "revive" and become new characters, then there was nothing Klein needed to worry about. However, if it was the latter, he had to consider reducing the frequency at which he explored the book, as well as strictly control the amount of time he spent in it each time.

There's no way to ascertain it for now. I'll deal with the situation by assuming it's the latter. There's definitely nothing wrong with being cautious.… Klein quickly made up his mind and was about to return above the gray fog.

At that moment, he saw another familiar figure.

Frunziar, with his black hair and blue eyes, was sitting on a long, wooden chair by the street. He was staring blankly at the sky which seemed to be alit in flames, as though he was in thought.

Recalling how this Loen soldier's ash urn was still with him, he planned on sending it back to the Church of Storms cemetery in Backlund. Klein silently sighed and walked over before sitting beside him. He asked as though it was a casual conversation, "What's on your mind?"

"I'm wondering who I am, where I come from, how I should return…" Frunziar didn't look away as he said in a dream-like state.

Without waiting for Klein to ask another question, he shook his head with a chuckle.

"I ultimately feel that I don't belong here. I'm not myself at the moment, and that there's some place awaiting my return.

"They always mock me for considering such pointless questions, so they gave me the title of 'philosopher'…"

As he spoke, he looked at the setting sun and once again fell into silence and looked spellbound.

Klein didn't say a word. He sat there quietly and accompanied Frunziar in watching the sunset. Finally, he silently vanished.

Frunziar didn't notice that the person beside him had already left. He sat there motionless like a marble statue, looking far into the distance.

…

After replenishing the ship's supplies, Alger Wilson instructed the Blue Avenger to leave the Resistance's private harbor. It wasn't going to stay too long in the Rorsted Archipelago.

He had to return to Pasu Island to make his report by the designated time.

At that moment, in the captain's cabin, he was watching in anticipation at the illusory door that was formed by items with spirituality and a burgeoning flame.

It was the door of sacrifice, and it was also a door of bestowment!

Amidst an illusory creaking sound, the mysterious door slowly opened, revealing an infinite depth and darkness within its interior.

Light shot out from within before converging immediately. After everything calmed down, two items had appeared on the altar at some point in time. As for the door with all kinds of strange symbols, it was gone.

Alger was able to compose himself as he seriously thanked Mr. Fool. He finished the ritual according to the procedure before reaching out to pick up the two items.

One of them was a piece of paper that had been neatly folded, while the other was a translucent jellyfish that had azure-blue seawater in it.

Alger inspected the latter and discovered that there were occasional vortexes formed by winds or occasional lightning streaks. And from time to

time, he could hear a distant, moving voice sounding from it.

*This voice sounds like a woman's… From the looks of it, this characteristic's owner was a lady. *Alger couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief. This meant that it wasn't some quasi high-ranking member of the Church of Storms that had been killed.

The Church of Storms didn't have any female high-ranking members, quasi or not!

Putting away the Ocean Songster's Beyonder characteristic, Alger unfolded the piece of paper. He swept past the main ingredient, and he quickly looked at the supplementary ingredients. Finally, his eyes paused at the ritual.

To him, the main ingredients were unimportant with a Beyonder characteristic in hand. He could look at it later. As for supplementary ingredients, they were rather easy to find, so they didn't need much attention. It was the ritual that was of utmost importance.

Drink the potion in an Obninsk's belly.… Alger silently read the ritual's contents as the corresponding information quickly surfaced in his mind.

Obninsks were ancient sea monsters. They could directly devour a sailboat, and it had a humongous, distorted body. It had as many as three heads and many tentacles that entangled with each other. They were the protagonists in many legends at sea.

Most of these sea monsters were tamed by the Church of Storms. They had a fixed region of activity, but it was unknown if they had near-human intelligence.

*It's no wonder the Church controls Obninsks, and not other sea monsters… It's no wonder there are so many Beyonders in the Sailor pathway among pirates, but only a few can reach Sequence 5. Either they directly inherited it, or they're the subordinates of King of the Five Seas or Queen Mystic…

Then, where should I find Obninsks that don't belong to the Church… *Alger frowned slightly as he contemplated his advancement that bypassed the Church of Storms.

His first reaction was to find Queen Mystic Bernadette through Admiral of Stars Cattleya. From her, he could find Obninsks that didn't belong to the Church of Storms. His second reaction was that it exposed himself to danger. This was because the corresponding Obninsks were likely servants of Queen Mystic, and they would report everything to their mistress.

Yes, this will be the last resort if there aren't any other choices. Alger's thoughts raced as he quickly had another idea.

That was to pray to Mr. Fool!

This reawakened existence secretly wielded the former authority of Sea God Kalvetua. "He" could commandeer undersea creatures, allowing "Him" to know where to find Obninsks that didn't belong to any faction!

There's no need to rush it. If I were to advance now, I won't be able to hide the advancement from others, because of my lack of control over the spirituality dissipation. I can perform the prayer after I make my report and leave Pasu Island… Alger calmed down and memorized the Ocean Songster formula. Then, he moved the piece of paper to the tip of the candle's flame.

As he watched the flame devour the formula at an increasing speed, Alger's gaze turned deep.

After finishing off the remnant traces, his gaze landed on a sea map and locked onto a location.

Bansy!

Alger had planned on making a trip to Bansy in passing while en route to Pasu Island. He wanted to know what the present state of the harbor was.

He had already shared his thoughts with his sailors, and no one objected. This was because they were equally curious as to why Bansy Harbor was suddenly destroyed. They were curious what it had turned into.

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CHAPTER 721
KLEIN'S GUIDANCE

On the Future, Frank Lee rolled up his sleeves and began flicking his fountain pen while writing with a smile.

"My dear friend, Gehrman Sparrow, I have good news for you. I have successfully cultivated a new breed of mushrooms by using the flesh and blood of a Rose Bishop. As long as there's fish, it will keep growing. We'll no longer have to worry about not being able to eat mushrooms due to long voyages. Furthermore, it has been crossbred with beef, making it taste excellent!

"Its only flaw is that there's no way to make it catch fish by itself. External help is needed, but I don't think it's too big a problem. After all, based on what Nina said, it wouldn't corrupt the ocean. Well, let's just pretend she's right.

"I've mailed you some dried mushrooms. As long as you give it water and fish, they will immediately become normal and reproduce by themselves. I hope you will like my gift…"

After going on and on, Frank finally folded the letter and placed it in an envelope. He stuffed three dried mushrooms into it before applying glue and sealing it.

After doing all of this, he took out the note Klein had given him, followed the description written, and began to seriously prepare the ritual needed to summon the messenger.

This wasn't complicated for Frank, so it didn't take long for him to set up the altar and create a wall of spirituality.

Finally, he solemnly placed a Loen gold coin before the candle.

He lit the candle, softly chanted the incantation, and stared at the flame. He watched it burgeon as a headless woman walked out with four heads in hand.

Frank first jumped in fright before staring at Reinette Tinekerr's four beautiful blonde, red-eyed heads that looked identical with patience as he muttered, "How was it done?

"Why are they completely identical?

"If planted in soil, will more be grown?"

The eyes of the four heads held by Reinette Tinekerr turned in different directions before uniformly falling on Frank Lee's face.

Suddenly, the soil stored inside all kinds of vessels within the room flew out and piled before Frank.

Following that, Frank floated up as he tumbled in midair with a shocked expression. He was thrown straight into the pile of soil with his head first.

His legs kept struggling as they dangled outside, but he was unable to pull himself out of the soil pile anytime soon.

Only then did two of Reinette Tinekerr's four heads reach out forward, separately biting down on the letter and the gold coin.

Only after she completely disappeared did Frank Lee finally find the best spot to exert his strength to escape the soil as he fell to the ground.

She's powerful… Frank first sighed with a sense of lingering fear. Following that, he wiped the soil beside his mouth, bit into it, and chewed on it carefully before muttering to himself, "It's a bit sour…”

At that moment, Cattleya, who had just finished a sacrifice in her cabin, sensed something. Her dark purple eyes subconsciously looked towards Frank Lee's room, and she vaguely saw a crudely-made illusory doll.

The doll didn't have a head!

The scene flashed as Cattleya closed her eyes immediately. She felt her eyes were burning as she couldn't help but have her tears flow out.

She knitted brows little by little as she muttered in disbelief, "Ancient Bane?"

…

After sending the Meteorite Crystal and Black-hunting Giant Lizard's spinal fluid to Miss Magician and Miss Justice, Klein returned to the real world. He lay himself down on a reclining chair as he allowed his body to rock gently. He began considering where he would head to next.

With news of Gehrman Sparrow's sighting and Crazy Captain Connors Viktor's matter, it's unlikely that the pirates will openly appear in Bayam for some time. They've either left the harbors or are hiding themselves, making it difficult for others to find them.

That is to say that there's no need for me to stay here. The matters regarding the Resistance can be directed by responding to them through Sea God or by going through Danitz.

Hmm, I'll head to the Seaweed Bar later. I'll get a fake identity, buy a scalped ticket, and head for Desi Bay's Conant City… That's not only the biggest harbor around here, but it's also Davy Raymond's hometown. I previously agreed to this Red Glove's request when I released him from

Creeping Hunger that I would pay this beautiful bay city a visit and tell his daughter that revenge has been exacted. Yes, I'll also think of a way to return the Nightmare's Beyonder characteristic to the Church.

Heh heh, how hypocritical can people be? I'm planning on returning a Nightmare characteristic while also planning how to steal a Sealed Artifact from behind Saint Samuel Cathedral's Chanis Gate…

Shaking his head, Klein closed his eyes and slept to recover his spirituality.

After an unknown period of time, he suddenly felt something as he opened his eyes naturally. He quickly activated his Spirit Vision.

Then, he saw Reinette Tinekerr walk out of the void.

This messenger was wearing the same complicated black dress, with a letter clasped in one of the head's teeth.

Who mailed it? Danitz, Vice Admiral Iceberg, Frank, or Anderson? Klein received the letter as he nodded in appreciation.

"Thank you."

He was very courteous with his powerful messenger with a mysterious background. He didn't wish to be strangled to death one day.

"Do you…" "Want to…" "Immediately…" "Reply…" Reinette Tinekerr's four heads spoke one after another.

Klein tore open the envelope, took out the letter and opened it to read it. The content alarmed him as he nearly forgot to reply to her. As for Reinette Tinekerr, she wasn't quick-tempered. She silently waited by the side.

One day, Frank Lee will destroy the world. He definitely needs to be controlled. I can't give him a chance to advance! Seriously, how much does this fellow love to crossbreed and create all kinds of strange plants? Eh…

the City of Silver is in need of food… A thought flashed through Klein's mind as he had a bold idea.

It was to direct Frank's research efforts towards all kinds of food that suited the City of Silver!

This way, cows, fish, mushrooms, Rose Bishops, the sea, and the world would be safe!

Klein hurriedly looked up and said to his messenger, "Yes, I'll immediately reply."

He instantly got up from the reclining chair, walked to the desk, got out a pen and paper, and started writing quickly.

“…I have a question. If you eat the mushroom breed you create, then eat cooked fish and drink a cup of water, will it continue to reproduce?"

After finishing the reminder, Klein proceeded to the main point.

“…Is it possible for you to create wheat that can grow without sunlight, or cows that can produce milk and meat simply by consuming monsters? That seems rather interesting!"

He continued on this topic and wrote a few paragraphs before folding the letter. He then handed it to Reinette Tinekerr and, in a natural way. he said, "The postage will be paid by Frank."

"Let's hope…” He…” "Isn't…” "Dead…” After the messenger's four heads said those words one after another, a representative was made to bite on the envelope.

*Let's hope he isn't dead? *Klein jumped in fright. Just as he was about to clarify the matter, Reinette Tinekerr had already entered the spirit world and disappeared.

After contemplating for two seconds, Klein wrote a divination statement and used his topaz pendant to confirm that Frank Lee was still alive.

He silently heaved a sigh of relief, packed up the dried mushrooms, and rubbed his temples before lying back into the reclining chair.

…

After dinner. At the Seaweed Bar.

Klein wore an ordinary-looking face and came here once again.

Unlike before, the customers in the bar were mainly mixed-blood or natives who had darker skin and curly black hair. They were either part of the gangs in Bayam, or they were secretly working for the Resistance, or even both. There weren't many ordinary people, and the commonly seen pirates who often came from different countries were all gone. Only a few people dressed as adventurers were drinking liquor and discussing rumors at sea.

Klein swept the bar and found Deniel, who Danitz had mentioned. This thin local could provide him with fake identification documents and scalped ship tickets.

Without any apprehension, he went over.

"A second-class ticket to Conant for tomorrow, and an identification document."

Deniel looked up and glanced at him. After some thought, he said, "A total of 20 pounds."

Just a second-class ticket to Conant costs around nine pounds… However, scalped tickets are more expensive to begin with. Together with the faked identification documents, 20 pounds isn't too ridiculous… Klein silently did the math before saying, "When can I get it?"

"In 45 minutes," Deniel replied like clockwork. "You can pay 5 pounds first, and then pay the rest after receiving the ticket and identification."

"Alright." Klein didn't harp on the issue as he took out his wallet and pulled out five one-pound notes.

He wasn't worried that anyone would target his wallet, for it might mean that he would save the 20 pounds, or even get more.

Moments after Deniel checked the authenticity of the notes and was about to inform his subordinates to get working, he suddenly realized that the bar was extremely silent!

Klein also sensed it as he subconsciously looked towards the door.

There were two people there. One was wearing a formal tailcoat and a black trench coat, with brown hair neatly combed backwards. His eyes weren't big, but they were bright and piercing. He had a thin mustache around his mouth, making him exude a gentlemanly feeling while also looking a little sloppy. The other person wore a hooded robe which was rather rare. His face was hidden in the shadows, making it impossible to identify him.

The sloppy gentleman scanned the area and was rather pleased with the crowd's reaction. A silver coin was tumbling in between his fingers as he walked towards Deniel. The hooded person followed behind him, taking out something from his clothes and stuffing it into his mouth, producing crunching sounds.

The silver coin stopped moving when the sloppy gentleman came in front of Deniel. He said with a chuckle, "Prepare ten tickets to Pritz Harbor tomorrow for me. They need to be split between three different ships."

"Yes, Mr. Oder," Deniel stood up in a panic as he replied.

Klein momentarily failed to recall who the sloppy gentleman who was tumbling the silver coin in his hand was. Only when he heard the name

"Oder" did he find him familiar.

As he was recalling, he saw the man in the hood take out a coffee-colored sweet before popping it into his mouth. He was munching on it, producing the sounds.

After obtaining an affirmative reply, Oder and the man didn't stay any longer. They walked to the staircase in the quiet atmosphere, and they headed for the second floor of the bar.

Deniel exhaled as he turned his head to see Klein looking puzzled. He then said, "Oder. The adventurer, Oder, who serves the Dawn."

…I remember, Silver Coin Viper Oder! He's always claimed that he works for Queen Mystic, but no one could prove it. I can ask Ma'am Hermit later… The last I heard of him was at Damir Harbor. He was apparently mixing with Admiral of Blood's intelligence officer, Old Quinn… However, the latter has already been finished off by Mr. Hanged Man… Klein instantly recalled many things as he deliberated and asked, "What about the other one?"

"Who knows?" Deniel turned his head to instruct his subordinates as he got them to prepare some identification documents and the corresponding ship tickets.

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CHAPTER 722
AN UNPEACEFUL NIGHT

As Silver Coin Viper Oder wasn't a pirate, there were all kinds of rumors about him, most of which could hardly be verified. Klein retracted his gaze from the staircase and walked to the bar counter. He found a seat at the counter and tapped it.

"A cup of Zarhar."

This was a locally produced malt beer. It was a lot cheaper than Southville beer that needed to be shipped over from the Northern Continent.

"3 pence." The bartender recovered from his silent state as he picked up an overturned cup.

The crowd in the bar began to break out into whispers as they were illuminated by the gas wall lamps. All of them were discussing the reason for Silver Coin Viper Oder's purchase of ten tickets.

"He's definitely being pursued by someone. Ten tickets among three ships… It's clearly to prevent his pursuers from knowing which ship they boarded!" A gang member with his sleeves rolled-up, revealing his tattoo, shared his view based on his experience from evading capture twice.

An adventurer drinking Lanti Proof scoffed.

"You don't understand Oder. If his plan was that simple, he wouldn't have the title 'Silver Coin Viper.'

"I dare bet that he won't be on any of those liners from those ten tickets!

"The only thing I can confirm is that they're heading to Pritz Harbor."

Another adventurer shook his head when he heard that.

"Perhaps the news of him heading to Pritz Harbor is fake as well."

The gang member from before was taken aback by what he heard. Refusing to be one-upped, he said, "According to your descriptions, Oder has likely thought of what you figured out. That's precisely why he's heading to Pritz Harbor and will be on one of the three ships!"

The two adventurers were about to retort him, but they decided that there was quite a nonzero chance of that happening after some careful thought. Momentarily, none of them said a word.

This made the gang member extremely happy as he downed the rest of his liquor.

Klein was holding a cup of Zarhar as he sipped it while listening to the conversation. He was waiting for the fake identification and tickets he needed.

There's another 45 minutes. I hope nothing happens. Don't make the bar into a mess… He silently prayed as he drew the crimson moon inwardly.

The light-yellow beer slowly dropped in volume while Klein would look at the wall clock from time to time, or at the entrance, hoping that time would pass faster.

Half an hour later, the door to the bar was suddenly opened with a loud thud as the evening wind gushed in.

No way… The corners of Klein's lips twitched as he held back his urge to smile wryly. He turned his body to look at the sound.

Standing by the door were five people. Their leader had black hair and brown eyes, with recessed facial features and cut facial contours. He looked Loenese and looked to be in his early forties.

His expression was cold and he exuded a natural air of dominance. It made everyone in the bar quieten down without realizing it.

And the three men and the woman behind him were in trench coats. They didn't hide the fact that they were holding revolvers, and that they would instantly aim and shoot if there was any slight sign of abnormalities.

I don't know them. They aren't on any wanted list or have any bounties on them… Klein mumbled to himself as he maintained his state as a spectator.

The five intruders suddenly scattered as they came before different customers, bent their backs slightly, and looked at them before asking, "Where is Silver Coin Viper Oder?"

The customers were hesitant to give an answer when they saw the black muzzle pointed at them, along with the handle made of ivory and ebony which exuded a strange sense of beauty under the lights.

"T-they went to the second floor!" The customers who had been asked nearly pointed to the staircase in unison.

Someone is really pursuing Oder. This is an act against Queen Mystic, or has Silver Coin Viper done something himself? Or could it be because of the mysterious hooded man beside him who was eating sweets? Klein drank another mouthful of beer as he saw the intruders send four people up to the second floor. One was left behind to continue questioning the customers.

Soon, the latter grasped the situation of Oder's request to purchase tickets from Deniel. Immediately, the person walked straight to the thin and dark-skinned black marketer, and he asked in a heavy voice, "Tell me honestly. Where is Oder heading with those tickets?"

Deniel didn't put on a front just because of his social connections. He forced a smile and said, "He didn't make it clear. He requested for ten tickets that are to be distributed across three different ships. The departure date is set for tomorrow with the destination being Pritz Harbor."

"For real?" The questioner was a seemingly radical man in his twenties.

Deniel softly replied, "You can ask anyone here. All of them heard it."

"Dogsh*t!" The man shoved Deniel angrily as he turned to walk towards the other customers.

Deniel staggered backward and was about to fall and hit his head onto the side of a tiny circular table when he suddenly felt an additional force on his shoulder. Instantly, he regained his balance.

He subconsciously looked over and saw that it was the customer who had just requested to purchase a fake identity and scalped tickets.

"Thank you, those bunch of military hyenas!" Deniel first thanked him before softly saying through clenched teeth.

The person who had helped him was Klein. He didn't wish for anything to happen to this "ticket scalper;" after all, he had paid a deposit of 5 pounds.

Of course, helping the innocent was also a habit of his.

Military hyenas? In Bayam, this description often refers to people from MI9… What did Silver Coin Viper Oder do? Klein silently asked himself as he eliminated the possibility that someone was targeting Queen Mystic.

To the Loen military, it was meaningless.

As he was thinking, the MI9 members who had headed up to the second floor rushed down. As they ran, they said to their partner, "He has long fled through the window!"

The group of people came and left in a rush. Soon, the bar resumed its usual din, but the still gently wobbling main door proved that it wasn't as calm earlier.

Klein's wait for his fake identification documents and scalped ticket paid off. He didn't need to worry about any possible interruptions.

After paying the remaining 15 pounds, he left the Seaweed Bar, and he returned to the ordinary inn he stayed at.

John Yode… This name is way too simple, isn't it? Before I return to Backlund, I need to make a more realistic identification document. Klein flipped through the series of identification documents before throwing them inside his suitcase.

He took a bath and relaxed, prepared to leave Bayam tomorrow, and begin the last stage of his sea "travels."

At this moment, he heard knocking at the door.

Who is it? Klein hurriedly took off his bathrobe, wore his clothes and pants, and walked to the door.

Outside were a few policemen in black. One of them looked Loenese, while the rest were either mixed-bloods or pure natives.

"What's the matter?" Klein asked, puzzled.

"Please show us some identification," a mixed-blood said politely since the gentleman in front of him was apparently a Loenese.

Thankfully, I just made one. Otherwise, I'll be spending the night at the police station, or I'd have to flee on the spot, change my looks, and redo everything… Klein mumbled as he returned to his room, and took out the identification documents.

The Loen police officer casually flipped through it as he said, "Mr. Yode, are you living alone?"

"Yes, everyone in the inn can vouch for me," Klein replied frankly.

The Loenese police officer revealed a smile and said, "Have you seen this person before?"

As he spoke, a constable beside him unfolded a portrait. On it was an elder who was abnormally thin with white messy hair. Apart from that, nothing stood out.

"No." Klein shook his head.

"He likes to eat sweets," the Loenese police officer added.

"Sweets…" Klein suddenly recalled the mysterious hooded man behind Silver Coin Viper Oder. He had been eating plenty of coffee-colored sweets in a short period of time.

After a short deliberation, Klein said without hiding anything, "Perhaps. Back when I was in the Seaweed Bar, I saw a man who loved eating sweets and was following Silver Coin Viper Oder."

The Loenese officer didn't hide his disappointment. After a simple word of thanks, he ended the questioning.

Only after he knocked on the other guest rooms did Klein close the wooden door, and return to the reclining chair.

Oder's matter has not only attracted MI9, but it has also gotten the governor-general's office to send manpower to do a city-wide search. This is quite something… he muttered and decided to head above the gray fog to browse through the prayer points of light around the Sea God Scepter. He could gain more information from the prayers of the believers in Bayam. He

didn't wish to end up embroiled in a massive maelstrom for giving the wrong response.

After entering the bathroom, he went above the gray fog where he summoned the white bone scepter from the junk pile. Swirling around it were countless points of light.

As he browsed through each point of light, he determined that the questioning wasn't on a small scale. The target was Oder and the mysterious man, but he couldn't figure anything else out.

After some thought, he cast his gaze on a point of light that had been specially marked out by godhood.

It belonged to a mixed-blood policeman named Boulaya. He claimed to have swallowed humiliation by changing his faith to the Lord of Storms for the Sea God so as to climb up the police ranks.

He was already a superintendent!

Then, Klein cast the Sea God's will into the corresponding point of light.

Boulaya, who was in the police station, assigning work to his subordinates suddenly broke out into a cold sweat. He hurriedly found an excuse to enter the washroom as he silently prayed.

"Blessed of the sea and spirit world, the great Kalvetua, your pious believer has something to report to you.

"The person we are specially searching for tonight is a very thin elder. His hair is completely white, but he has luxuriant hair. It's just very messy. He's very afraid of the cold, and he wears thick clothing even in Bayam. He loves to eat sweets, as though he's a steam engine himself and sweets are high-quality coal. The higher-ups have informed us to find him, but not harm him."

Klein ignored Boulaya and reined his thoughts back as he tapped the side of the long table.

Compared to the portrait, such a description gives me a sense of familiarity.

It's like I've heard of it somewhere in the past…

To a Seer, a sense of familiarity meant a clue. Hence, Klein wrote a divination statement and began questioning his spirituality.

As he chanted the statement, he leaned back into the chair. He fell asleep with the aid of Cogitation.

In the gray and dark world, Klein found himself back in Backlund, back in 15 Minsk Street which he previously rented.

In front of him was the red-eyed Ian. This teenage boy looked up and said, "Turani von Helmosuin, the greatest scientist after Emperor Roselle, a mathematician, a mechanist, and the father of the second generation difference engine."

Suddenly, Klein woke up and knew who MI9 was looking for!

They were finding the great scientist who caused many deaths between the Loen military and the Intis spy organization solely because of a third-generation difference engine!

They were finding the science freak who had mysteriously disappeared for years!

*It's no wonder Admiral of Blood's intelligence officer, Old Quinn, had a modified radio transceiver that surpassed those in Backlund! *Klein was instantly enlightened.

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CHAPTER 723
ANOTHER GOOD DEED TODAY

After a moment of his mind going adrift, Klein rubbed his temples and slowly composed himself. He discovered that the matter had little to do with him.

He wasn't motivated to participate in the matter. He was apathetic to whether the Loen military found Turani von Helmosuin, because he lacked a sense of belonging to the Loen Kingdom. What he had done in the past was solely to ensure a stable society and that its citizens wouldn't suffer any accidental damage. If possible, he didn't mind instigating a revolution to allow the poor to lead better lives.

I never expected myself to become more of an internationalist after coming to this world… He gave a self-deprecating laugh as he prepared to return to the real world and have some sleep. Under the cloak of darkness, he would allow the tempest outside to freely unleash its might.

At this moment, his attention was caught by the biggest item in the junk pile through the corner of his eyes—the radio transceiver.

Speaking of which, what is the faction controlling Turani von Helmosuin? It's nothing much if it's people from Queen Mystic Bernadette's side. She's a strong believer of "do as you wish, but do no harm," so she wouldn't do anything overboard.

It wouldn't be good if it's the Rose School of Thought represented by Admiral of Blood. Ignoring the temperance faction that's being suppressed, as believers of the Chained God or Mother Tree of Desire, their level of vileness can't be lower than the Aurora Order. Letting them grasp the most

advanced technology available might bring about a disaster… Klein stopped his actions of wrapping his body with his spirituality. He gently tapped the edge of the mottled table.

He soon had an idea, which was to bring the radio transceiver back to the real world, adjust it to the correct frequency to see if he could receive the telegrams from Admiral of Blood's crew. Then, he could use the codebook he had to decipher the communications.

There will be a huge sweep of the city tonight. The matter must be at a rather important and intricate point. If the ones controlling Helmosuin are them, there's a possibility of the appearance of crucial telegram exchanges… In a situation in which the governor-general's office, the Loen military, and the Church of Storms haven't placed importance or even accepted this technology, this is the safest method. Therefore, Admiral of Blood and company have a nonzero chance that they wouldn't change the frequency and codes after Old Quinn's death… Anyway, I'll just give it a try. After some deliberation, Klein didn't delay as he returned to the real world and busily prepared a bestowment ritual.

After bringing the radio transceiver into his room, he didn't immediately use it. Instead, he used a ritual dagger and created a wall of spirituality to seal the room.

He was doing it to air out the gray fog's "smell!"

To him, there was actually no need to go through so much trouble to confirm the faction that controlled Helmosuin. He could've used the gray fog's aura to contact Arrodes and receive the answer. But the problem was that he had posed his questions recently, and the "smell" that frequently appeared might incur the notice of evil gods like the True Creator or the Primordial Demoness. It was extremely dangerous.

Therefore, Klein decided to play safe by relying on himself.

After about eight minutes, when the "airing" was almost complete, he dispelled the wall of spirituality and controlled the radio transceiver to begin his surveillance.

After an unknown period of time, the corresponding frequency received a transmission!

Klein held back the joy in his heart as he seriously made notes. Then, he flipped through the codebook which he had replicated using divination, and he began the necessary deciphering process.

Soon, he wrote a line on a note: "32 Black Pepper Avenue. 7 a.m. tomorrow."

Indeed, the people in control of Helmosuin are Admiral of Blood and company. There might be powerhouses from the Rose School of Thought involved… Klein immediately made a judgment.

This wasn't confirmed based on the content of the telegram, but a simple inference from the existence of the telegram itself.

If Admiral of Blood and company were uninvolved, it was unlikely for them to send and receive telegrams involving Bayam's streets!

The meaning of this telegram is to gather by 32 Black Pepper Street tomorrow before 7 a.m.? Does it mean that Helmosuin and Silver Coin Viper Oder are hiding there, and they're reporting to Admiral of Blood of their location and giving a corresponding time? Klein thought for a moment and immediately returned above the gray fog. With the intel he had just received, he wrote the divination statement: "Turani von Helmosuin's present location."

With the paper in hand, he leaned back into the chair and chanted the statement in a raving-like manner as he entered a dream with Cogitation.

In the gray, hazy world, he saw an underground hall with countless gas wall lamps.

Inside the hall was a massive, complicated machine. It was constructed from copper cylinders, operating levers, take-up levers, and countless gears. It took up nearly two-thirds of the space.

A thin elder with grizzled, disheveled hair wore a thick coat as he paced in front of the machine. From time to time, he would pop a sweet into his mouth and munch on it noisily.

"No, it shouldn't be called a difference engine. It's an adorable fellow who can analyze questions and calculate the answer based on a set of procedures. Yes, its name should be a calculator!" The elder kept muttering to himself as Klein's vision was pulled upwards and out the underground hall, arriving at the building above.

It was a three-storey villa with a garden and lawn. Outside was its address, and it reads: "32 Black Pepper Avenue"!

He really is here… Klein opened his eyes as he silently exhaled.

Then, he was stumped about what to do next.

A scientist like him is useless to me. Instead, it's the root of many problems. I can't just keep him above the gray fog. Therefore, there's no need for me to personally get involved and take him away… Hmm, hand over the news to the Loen military or the Church of Storms? This will effectively prevent the Rose School of Thought from obtaining any benefits, but there's a faction in the military that is likely related to the true culprit behind the Great Smog of Backlund. It's not a good thing to have Helmosuin fall into their hands… The Church of Storms is well known for being rash. A conflict might end up with the scientist meeting the deity he believes in… After some careful deliberation, he gradually had a bold idea.

It was to make the news public. He would make the existence and location of Turani von Helmosuin known to the Loen Kingdom military and the Churches. This could effectively ensure that the scientist's capabilities would be employed by the Loen Kingdom itself, and not any one faction!

The key is balance… Klein smiled as he muttered. He then beckoned with his hand for the Sea God Scepter.

For the former him, he had to carefully "distribute fliers" across the city to make a matter public and known to all, but now, he had an even simpler and effective method!

He selected a believer who happened to be praying, and then pulled his view back as the surrounding area spanning five kilometers entered his vision.

Then, with the Sea God Scepter, he wielded control of the wind!

Once the wind calmed down, Klein's will sank into the scene as he changed his voice, saying with a low roar, "Helmosuin is at 32 Black Pepper Avenue!"

Whoosh!

In Bayam, the howl of the wind turned intense as it swept in every direction, bringing with it the deep and loud voice.

"Helmosuin is at 32 Black Pepper Avenue!

"Helmosuin is at 32 Black Pepper Avenue!"

…

This voice soon spread across Bayam like a broadcast to the entire city.

Silver Coin Viper Oder was donning a cloak, pretending to be Helmosuin. He hid himself in a crowded building in the slums, occasionally appearing to mislead MI9 and the governor-general's office's police officers.

Suddenly, a gale swept past as the voice sounded in his ears.

"Helmosuin is at 32 Black Pepper Avenue!"

…*What?* As the voice resounded, Oder fell into a dazed shock. Without noticing it, he fell from the top of the roof and nearly injured himself badly.

Behind the Cathedral of Waves, and in a small nearby building of the governor-general's office, Jahn Kottman and Robert Davis heard the voice in the wind.

The first reaction they had was to look up at the sky before casting their eyes towards the borough where Black Pepper Avenue was.

After the broadcast and being in a good mood, Klein threw the Sea God Scepter back into the junk pile and returned to the real world.

He wasn't in a rush to bring the radio transceiver back above the gray fog. Instead, he left it there as he continued monitoring the transmissions.

This way, even if there are powerhouses from the Rose School of Thought hidden in Bayam, they wouldn't dare appear. Heh heh, and regardless who takes action, they'll have no choice but to "hand" it over to the country! Unfortunately, I don't have the habit of writing a diary like the emperor. Otherwise, I could write something like: I did another good deed today! Klein silently sighed, took off his coat, got into bed, and slept. He didn't care what was going to happen next, as it had nothing to do with him.

After sleeping for an unknown period of time, he suddenly woke up and sat up. Then, there was knocking on his door.

Who could it be? To knock in the middle of the night… I'm currently John Yode… Klein wore Creeping Hunger and took out Death Knell from under his pillow before coming to the door.

The visitor's looks quickly surfaced in his mind. It was a thin elder with grizzled, disheveled hair. He was wearing a coat stuffed with cotton and a tweed overcoat. He was popping a coffee-colored sweet into his mouth.

Turani von Helmosuin!

*Holy f*ck! Why is he here looking for me? I'm just the ordinary John Yode! Also, how did he escape the tracking of a demigod?* Klein's first reaction was to tell the man that he had gotten the wrong person, but he held back and asked, "Who are you looking for?"

Helmosuin smiled weakly and said, "I noticed you when we were in the Seaweed Bar; however, I didn't have a chance to talk to you.

"Heh heh, my life is at its end, so I recently recalled many things.

"Please allow me to introduce myself. You can call me Orange Light Hilarion.

Orange Light Hilarion? Klein was taken aback before he asked in puzzlement, "Is there something?"

Helmosuin chuckled.

"I'm here to warn you. Be careful of the Mother Tree of Desire!"

He paused for a moment before saying, "Alright, I need to leave, and I'm about to die before returning to the spirit world.

"Do you have any enemies here?"

"Why do you ask?" Klein asked, confused.

Helmosuin coughed and said, "I can silently die at their doorstep. That way, you would have your revenge."

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CHAPTER 724
THE TRUE MEANING BEHIND THE WARNING

Upon hearing Helmosuin's reply, Klein couldn't help but twitch the corner of his lips. He nearly froze on the spot.

My enemies aren't in Bayam… Even if you were to die at Sea King's doorstep, it wouldn't be of much use… He slowly drew a breath and didn't continue the topic. Instead, he asked, "Helmosuin, no—Mr. Hilarion, how did you notice me?"

You even came here before your death to specially warn me!

This was also the puzzlement he had towards Arrodes and Reinette Tinekerr. He just never had a chance to ask them.

With the door in between them, Helmosuin fell silent for two seconds. Then, he said with a smile in his tone, "There are some tiny unique traits about you. In high-level creatures of the spirit world, it's no secret. It's noticeable as long as they make contact with you in close proximity. After all, the gray fog that represents the great ruler of the spirit world is above our heads. Deities with certain unique authorities or Beyonders who represent fate can also discover this point to a certain extent. Of course, the premise is that close contact has to be made."

Gray fog… Although Orange Light's explanation and Arrodes's compliments are nearly identical, he is the first person I've met that directly pointed out the gray fog to me to my face! Therefore, the mysterious space is the divine kingdom above the spirit world left behind by the great ruler?

Which Sequence 0 pathway is this? The deities who can discover that I'm augmented by the gray fog include the Mother Tree of Desire, so "She" was able to target me? Klein's thoughts bubbled like boiling water as all sorts of questions popped in his head.

Just as he was about to speak, Helmosuin had continued, "In Yellow Light's prophecy, the great ruler above the spirit world is one of the variables of the apocalypse. However, I cannot be sure that you are equivalent to 'Him.' There are too many possibilities for you that allow that unique trait; for example, you being 'His' Blessed, 'His' child, or 'His' chosen oracle, but none of this stops me from expressing my friendship.

"Ahem. You know about Backlund's stock exchange, right? You're like a railway company that just got listed. You seem to have a bright future ahead. Some people will naturally think well of you and purchase a certain number of shares, but there will be no lack of people who are greedy. They wish to use other means to seize this company or obtain the controlling rights. I'm part of the former, while Mother Tree of Desire and even more powerful spirit world creatures are part of the latter.

Is that so… If it wasn't because the transmigrator, Emperor Roselle, who existed before me, had some level of interaction with the gray fog, and if I hadn't divined my origins in that mysterious space and received clear scenes of Earth, allowing me to recall even more of my memories, I would've suspected if I was the reincarnation of the great ruler above the spirit world… Taking everything into account from this experience, Emperor Roselle and I are more like the chosen oracles… The great ruler above the gray fog is equivalent to the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth? Klein couldn't help but generate all kinds of conjectures as his mind was in a mess like a cat playing a ball of yarn.

He calmed his emotions and said, "Is there any way to hide this unique trait?"

"Become a demigod." Helmosuin suddenly coughed after answering. "Do you mind if I die at your doorstep?"

“…Yes." Klein didn't wish to draw the attention of Sea King Jahn Kottman, Naval Admiral Robert Davis, and other demigods.

Helmosuin munched at his sweet and said, "Then, I'll have to leave immediately, or else there wouldn't be time.

"After you become a demigod and have the powers to probe deep into the spirit world, we might have a chance of meeting."

Klein was silent for two seconds before saying, "Thank you for your warning, Mr. Hilarion."

Helmosuin didn't reply as he lumbered to the staircase.

As he listened to the footsteps down the stairs, Klein focused. Suddenly, he had a certain theory about why Emperor Roselle had failed to enter despite discovering the existence of the gray fog.

He restored that silver plate which resulted in his transmigration far after he became a Beyonder. As for me, I was already an ordinary person when I attempted the luck enhancement ritual again… Also, Emperor Roselle chose the Savant pathway, while I took the Seer pathway. The mysterious space above the gray fog clearly provides great aid in divination.

Therefore, the prerequisites for entering the space above the gray fog is to be an ordinary person or be a Beyonder of the Seer pathway, as well as knowing of the corresponding incantation, rituals, and symbols? The emperor's experiments were too late, and he had chosen the wrong pathway, so he naturally had no means of entering it.

With how the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathways are considered neighboring pathways, perhaps the former two would work too. Could this be the deeper reason why the emperor made the poignant point in his diary that he should've chosen one of these three pathways? Apart from not having any Sequence 0 for these three pathways, preventing any influence from the peak, it's also the key to entering the gray fog?

As his thoughts churned, Klein placed this matter, which he couldn't obtain any confirmation of, at the back of his mind. He began considering Orange Light Hilarion's warning.

Be careful of the Mother Tree of Desire!

Due to the incident as Admiral Amyrius, Klein was rather wary against the Mother Tree of Desire. He had no choice but to change his identity and use the need for him to act, so as to hide for two months. Subsequently, he wasn't too willing to provoke Admiral of Blood and other members of the Rose School of Thought, afraid that he would fall into a trap.

Towards the extreme danger lurking around, a normal human's first thought was to resolve the matter. It was likewise the same for Klein. However, the problem was that he had no solutions.

The Mother Tree of Desire was suspected to be a Sequence 0 true god located in the astral world. Even if Klein jumped up, there was no way he could hit "Her" or defeat "Her." And the faction, the Rose School of Thought, that "She" controlled was an organization with quite a long history. It likely had angels presiding over it and had Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts. Otherwise, it was very difficult for them to survive to this day with the Churches and all the secret organizations at odds with it. Therefore, even if Klein had plans of getting the help of Mr. Azik or other powerful figures, there was no way he could uproot the Rose School of Thought. It was even possible that they would encounter danger.

Due to these reasons, Klein could only hide and hope that he could successfully advance to Sequence 4 and become a demigod.

I've always been careful against the Mother Tree of Desire. Mr. Orange Light Hilarion didn't know that I once fell for the evil god's trap at Oravi Island?

Or did he specially come over to warn me that "She" would be doing something major soon?

Hmm… He was previously under Admiral of Blood's control, and Admiral of Blood is a member of the Rose School of Thought. He might very well know of something!

Klein was instantly alarmed. He didn't just blindly believe that a Faceless transformation was enough to fool the Mother Tree of Desire's attention!

According to Orange Light Hilarion's explanation, "She" would be able to discover certain unique traits when in close proximity with me. This is something the Faceless Beyonder powers are unable to mask! "She" hasn't done anything in a while. Could it be that "She" is attempting to use this sensation to bestow something to "Her" believers through some ritual or item, and that "She" is about to succeed soon? Klein slowly frowned as he felt that it was certainly a possibility.

This made him more eager to return to Backlund. In that huge city, even angels had to behave themselves, just like a particular Snake of Fate. The believers of the Mother Tree of Desire and the powerhouses of the Rose School of Thought were unable to act as they wished. All they could do was wait for an opportunity!

Phew… Klein exhaled and headed above the gray fog. He divined if his life would be in danger soon.

This time, he received a negative answer—his life wouldn't be in danger.

However, Klein didn't relax as a result. He recalled that the Mother Tree of Desire's divination interference could penetrate the gray fog's shielding to a certain extent.

And very long ago, his spirituality had prevented him from divining the Werewolf Beyonder characteristic above the gray fog. This was because it might very well involve the Chained God, and the Chained God was suspected to be another manifestation of the Mother Tree of Desire.

Either there's really nothing going on and that I'm overthinking matters, or the danger is already very close. That's why the Mother Tree of Desire took action to interfere… To be safe, I need to make preparations. Even if it's proven to be a false alarm, it's still better than being captured by the Rose School of Thought and taken away by the Mother Tree of Desire to perform some unspeakable matters! Klein immediately returned to the real world and took out a pen and paper before quickly writing a letter. He started with, "Dear Mr. Azik."

Considering how the Underworld was inside the spirit world, that the demigods of the Death pathway were considered high-ranking spirit world creatures in a certain way, and that Mr. Azik might be able to see his unique trait after he recovered his memory, Klein was rather honest. He directly wrote about the entire conversation between Orange Light Hilarion's manifestation, Helmosuin the scientist. The only thing he left out was about the gray fog and the parts about the great existence above the gray fog.

Finally, he mentioned something.

"Does Mr. Hilarion's warning imply that I'll suffer mortal danger from the Rose School of Thought?"

After he folded the letter and blew the copper whistle to summon the messenger, Klein still didn't find it safe enough. He hurriedly took out the adventurer's harmonica and blew into it.

Silently, Reinette Tinekerr appeared before him. Each of the four heads with blonde hair and red eyes rotated and said, "There's no…" "Letter…"

"I have something to discuss with you." Klein forced a big smile. He handed over the gold coin he received from Anderson and said, "This is the fee for the summoning."

One of the heads Reinette Tinekerr held bit onto the gold coin. The two other heads that didn't get the chance to speak asked, "What is…" It…"

"I might face a certain degree of danger soon. I wonder if it's possible to summon you for help." Klein tried his best to make his eyes look sincere.

The eight eyes on Reinette Tinekerr's four head darted around as they said, "Yes…" "Pay…" "Ten Thousand…" "Gold coins…"

…*Ten thousand gold coins. That's 10,000 pounds!* Klein turned agape as he said with a wry smile, "I don't have that much money."

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads spoke one after another.

"You…" "Can…" "Pay by…" "Installments…"

Installments… Klein was surprised that his messenger kept with the times. After two seconds of shock, he said, "Alright."

Reinette Tinekerr didn't say anything else as her four heads nodded simultaneously before disappearing in front of Klein and returning to the spirit world.

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CHAPTER 725
MORNING

Upon seeing the messenger disappear, Klein thought of the demigods he could contact on short notice, but he realized that there weren't any. All he could do was turn his attention onto what he should do next.

The city-wide broadcast must've made Sea King Jahn Kottman not only find Helmosuin, but he would also do his best to search for Sea God and the traces of his believers. It's easy to be detected if I leave in the middle of the night, so I can only choose to stay here until daybreak…

I can't take that ship tomorrow. If I encounter an attack midway, I might affect everyone on the ship. Furthermore, it's not discreet enough.

Hmm… I can summon an undersea creature and leave by riding it. I can rest and switch rides on the deserted islands and reefs we encounter along the way until I arrive at the next port… Since Orange Light said that the unique trait can only be detected at close distances, it still won't exceed the size of a city, even if the Mother Tree of Desire tries to expand her perception range to find me via a ritual or her believers. It might even be limited to the size of a particular street. This is also why I encountered a trap when I arrived in Oravi.

As long as I leave Bayam, I should be able to escape from their gaze…

While Klein's thoughts gradually turned clear, he suddenly heard a signal from the radio transceiver!

He hurriedly went over and quickly jotted it down. Then, with the codebook, he transcribed the corresponding words into a single sentence.

Before long, the telegram's content appeared on paper in jet black.

"I see you."

*I see you… *When Klein read those words, he felt a chill run through his heart.

…

Bayam, in an ordinary residence not far from the governor-general's office.

In a spacious basement, there were candles silently burning, scattering their dim glow around the surroundings.

Silver Coin Viper Oder had already taken off his hooded robe. He looked at the middle-aged man opposite him as he trembled. He said with a quivering voice, "Lord Senor, I don't know know how Helmosuin's real hiding place was known by others as well."

Senor wore an old triangular hat. His eye sockets were recessed, and his face was shockingly pale. He looked more like an evil spirit than a human. He raised his hand to stroke the two black mustaches above his lips as his light brown eyes coldly swept across Oder's face. In response, the well-known adventurer couldn't help but lower his head.

After observing him for a few seconds, Admiral of Blood, in his white trousers and red coat, said with a deep voice, "Less than three minutes after that telegram was sent, it was spread across the entire city. And the message spread was part of the telegram.

"I suspect that another faction has begun paying notice to radio transmissions, and they had obtained our codebook from Old Quinn."

"Yes, yes. It has to be the case!" Oder hurriedly echoed, hoping that Admiral of Blood wouldn't pin the loss of Helmosuin as him being inept.

He knew very well that this pirate admiral was cruel to subordinates who made mistakes!

Senor swept his gaze at Oder and sneered.

"Regardless, you failed.

"If not for you and your mistress giving me plenty of joy, I would've gotten you to dig out your intestines!

"Send a telegram. Tell that listener who might or might not exist that I can see him. Let him spend the night in horror and unease. This is the only thing you need to do now."

Upon hearing that, Oder immediately heaved a sigh of relief. He glanced at Admiral of Blood in trepidation and the bloody altar behind him before reverently replying, "Yes, Lord Senor!"

He felt that he would've become part of the sacrificial items just moments ago.

After Oder retreated out of the basement, Senor turned his head to look at the altar covered with human heads, organs, limbs, and blood. He said in a manner even more reverent than how Oder treated him, "Lord Shanks, has the ritual succeeded?"

"Yes. All that's left is to wait for God to respond." A cold, unfeeling voice sounded from the drooping curtains around the altar.

Then, the curtains seemed to possess life as they rolled up on both sides, smoothly forming a knot before landing in the middle of the altar.

A somewhat translucent figure appeared by the side of the altar at some point in time. His skin was slightly brown, and his wrinkles formed deep crevices. His white, thinned hair was like leaves in autumn, as though they had lived for many, many years.

He humbly fixated his gaze at the candlelight with his brown eyes.

Senor didn't dare say a word as he stood beside Lord Shanks, awaiting for any changes to happen to the altar.

Suddenly, the candle's flame was dyed with all kinds of colors. Each color seemed to correspond to the different desires of an observer.

The heads, organs, limbs, and blood on the altar moved by themselves as they stacked up together, forming the state of a melted candle.

Before long, they formed a Tree of Flesh and Blood that wasn't too tall. Its surface was uneven, resembling the shell of a walnut.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

The interior of the Tree of Flesh and Blood seemed to have a heart beating forcefully with strength.

When Senor was about to succumb to the din, the Tree of Flesh and Blood instantly withered, rotting into slosh and collapsing.

There was a tiny, flesh-colored, moist, sticky ball left behind.

Soon, the tiny ball grew four limbs and a head, turning into a palm-sized humanoid creature.

Its face didn't have any eyes, nose, or ears, other than a pinhole-like mouth.

In its mouth, grayish-white fog spewed out before converging back in. It repeated several times without stopping.

The elder named Shanks devoutly and passionately chanted the name "Mother Tree of Desire," and reached out to grab the strange tiny figure.

Silently, all the candlelights were extinguished, but to a Wraith who had night vision, this didn't affect them from seeing things.

Senor observed Shanks and heard this important person say in a deep voice, "We've prepared for a long time for this ritual, and god's grace can help us sense the existence of the target through a wider range.

"Next, we can use the glasses made by the Life School of Thought to accurately locate him!"

As he spoke, Shanks took out a monocle from his inner pocket. It didn't look any different from a normal monocle, but it coruscated with a pearly white luster in the darkness.

"Lord Shanks, what should we do next?" Senor asked respectfully.

The wrinkled Shanks thought for a few seconds and said, "Seek out the target after daybreak.

"If he has powerful helpers, we will monitor him and prevent him from leaving our detection range. Then, patiently await Lord Suah's arrival.

"If he doesn't have any guardians and is weak himself, then we shall take action directly."

After hearing the word "Suah", the corners of Senor's forehead twitched as though just the mere mention of this important figure's left him apprehensive.

He slowly took a deep breath and said, "Yes, Lord Shanks!"

After answering, Senor instinctively touched the necklace by his chest.

The necklace seemed to be made of pure silver, and the pendant looked like an ancient coin.

…

Klein, who didn't get much sleep for the rest of the night due to the fright from receiving the telegram, immediately sacrificed his suitcase, wallet, and most of his cash to the mysterious space above the gray fog at daybreak.

After clearing up his tracks, he went to the front desk to check out. He rode a carriage to the borders of Bayam, left the city, and climbed the mountain as though he was heading for a cemetery prepared for locals.

Midway through his journey, he suddenly took a detour into the woods and planned on walking straight to the cliffs where a massive undersea creature was waiting underneath for him!

The birds chirped and the insects buzzed in the woods as critters would occasionally scuttle by. Klein walked through the humic material-covered grounds at high-speed.

Along the way, he saw mushrooms growing after the rain, torn cloth, and rubbish which the Bayam residences had left behind after a picnic. Everything seemed so serene alongside the fresh morning air.

A leaf fluttered down as Klein didn't stop and easily dodged it.

At that moment, the leaf's speed sped up and did a surprising bend, clinging to him in between his lips and nose.

It was like an adult's palm that clasped his mouth and nose tightly, making it impossible for him to breathe.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

The surrounding trees had their branches fall off as they shot at Klein like sharp arrows.

And the rubbish left from the picnic received a life of their own. They formed an airtight net as they came looming over!

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CHAPTER 726
PREPARATIONS ARE VERY IMPORTANT

Suddenly, Klein had a familiar feeling. It felt like every tree, every leaf, every rock, every blade of grass wanted him dead.

Upon seeing the rubbish comprising of fragments and paper lunge at him in a strange web, his body suddenly collapsed into a paper figurine.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

The arrow-like branches impaled the paper figurines and landed into the distance. As for the strange net, it immediately enveloped everything within into a ball as it gently squirmed.

Klein's body appeared to the side about eight meters away. He knew that the attack he was worried about had finally descended upon him.

He didn't make any observations or show any hesitation. Raising his right palm, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the adventurer's harmonica.

The situation he had encountered had made him realize that the attacker was likely a demigod from the Rose School of Thought. It was an enemy he was currently unable to defend against!

The one who had been pursuing Sharron back then gave him a similar feeling!

At this moment, the paper figurines in his pocket suddenly flew out as they plastered over his face, one after another, layer after layer!

At the same time, Klein's sleeves automatically tightened as they bound both his arms, preventing his palms from reaching down.

His Taraba shirt and brown jacket were tightening like a bear giving him a hug!

In seconds, he was bound on the spot by his clothes, trousers, and shoes. His face was covered with paper figurines, as his ribs were on the brink of fracturing. He found it abnormally difficult to breathe.

Klein was mentally prepared and was equipped with rich combat experience, so he didn't panic. His right thumb and middle finger, which weren't affected, touched each other as he snapped his fingers.

At his ham, scarlet flames immediately soared up, burning the tightly-bound trousers clean before spreading upwards and downwards.

Seizing this opportunity, Klein bent his knees and jumped up with great difficulty, like a cannonball that weakly fell to the ground moments after being launched, as he lunged to his right.

In midair, he snapped his fingers again. This time, the sleeve by the right arm joint was ignited!

As for the spot where he was originally standing, the green weeds suddenly withered as the blackened ground suddenly turned white as if it had been weathered by the elements.

This attack was silent and deadly, without any forewarning. Klein knew that his enemy was powerful and that staying in the same spot would likely result in him suffering an attack he couldn't resist; therefore, he first removed the influence on his legs. If he hadn't done so, he would've already

been heavily injured and lose his ability to do combat. He might've even perished.

With a smacking sound, two spots around Klein's sleeves ignited. His right palm finally had the freedom to move as he reached into his pocket and grabbed the adventurer's harmonica.

Plop!

He fell to the ground, rolling as he immediately stopped himself with his right hand to bounce up. His left palm which wore a human-skinned glove snapped its fingers.

This time, his target was the paper figurines that were plastered over his face to prevent him from breathing.

Pa!

The paper figurines burned up as the scarlet tongues of fire burned Klein's hair.

At that moment, a scene suddenly flashed in his mind.

An icicle had formed and was speeding right for his head like a thin gloomy-green arrow!

Due to its speed, it was translucent itself, making it usually impossible to discover it!

But even though Klein's danger premonition was triggered, it was a little too late. This was because his clothes were still affecting his mobility. It was too late for him to dodge the attack.

A thought flashed through his mind as he barely bent his back, his upper torso was bent backward, and he moved quite significantly to his right.

Oof!

The thin, cold ice arrow struck his left chest, instantly shattering the brown jacket and white round-collar shirt which were located there as they scattered into the air.

However, this lethal ice arrow didn't continue heading forward. This was because in its way was a book with a dark brown cover.

The book appeared ordinary, and it was bound into a book with commonly seen yellowish-brown goatskin, but it didn't shatter like the two pieces of clothing. There wasn't even a hole pricked open.

Groselle's Travels!

This was an item that even the Sea God Scepter's Lightning Storm imbued with some powers of the mysterious space had failed to damage!

Last night, the telegram of "I see you" gave Klein such a fright that he undoubtedly reinforced his protective countermeasures. He prepared every method he could think of!

Apart from hiding the book at his vital spot, his other pocket had the iron cigar case which stored the influence of the corrupted True Creator. Once things went bad, he would dispel the wall of spirituality, throw out the item, and see if it would draw the attention of the True Creator. He hoped that "He" would send his powerful subordinates to make the situation more chaotic.

He knew that even evil gods like the True Creator hated the Mother Tree of Desire!

After withstanding the ice arrow, Klein fell to the ground while somersaulting to the side. He then brought the adventurer's harmonica to his lips and blew hard into it.

At that moment, his face was turning a little black due to the burning of the paper figurines, but due to Flame Controlling, he wasn't injured.

Then, he felt that the clothes on his left arm, waist, thighs, neck, and legs were restored to normal, giving him newfound freedom.

At the moment he blew the harmonica, he quickly activated his Spirit Vision. He saw Miss Messenger walk out of the void with four blonde, red-eyed heads in hand. They automatically turned and stared at the same spot.

One of the heads grunted as it opened its mouth and began drawing in air.

A cold wind hummed as a figure was forcibly pulled out from a green tree a hundred meters away from Klein.

This figure failed to maintain his difficult-to-detect state as he rapidly turned half transparent and half corporeal.

He was the wrinkled elder with white, thin hair. His facial features had the traits of the people of the Southern Continent. Just as his brown eyes reflected Reinette Tinekerr, his brows pricked up. Then, he didn't hesitate to open his mouth as though he was about to deliver an extreme curse that he had been preparing for a long time.

At this moment, another one of the heads which Reinette Tinekerr was holding had opened its mouth as well, as though it was making a silent screech.

With that, nothing happened inside the forest.

When Shanks saw this, he hurriedly turned his head to look at Klein who had yet to react in time when a figure with white, thin hair and exaggerated wrinkles appeared in his eyes!

His mind instantly turned cold. Although his thoughts weren't impeded, he had lost control over his body. All he could do was watch the white-haired

elder vanish as he turned to face Miss Messenger.

The two heads which Reinette Tinekerr carried suddenly flew out and appeared before Klein. One of them opened its mouth as it drew in air, while the other's red eyes turned dark as its teeth turned long and sharp, phasing between an incorporeal and corporeal state.

Klein saw the translucent elder with white, thin hair being forcefully pulled out from his body before Miss Messenger's head with the long teeth that bit at his shoulder, tearing out an object that appeared both like a Spirit Body and a physical body.

Shanks frowned without screaming. Its figure abruptly vanished as it leaped to a spot with a glass fragment a hundred meters away.

Following that, he seemed to be pursued by formless hands and enemies. He kept phasing into shallow puddles of water, the eyes of animals, the dew on plants, etc. Finally, he was able to catch a breather, and still, Klein was feeling a little stiff and cold from the inside out.

Phew… Shanks entered the spirit world and walked out again. In his hand was a moist, sticky, palm-sized doll.

This figure's face only had a hole as it was inhaling and exhaling a grayish-white fog which Klein found familiar.

Shanks didn't hesitate as he stuffed the doll into his mouth.

Upon seeing this, Reinette Tinekerr's other two heads left her palm, and like before, flew towards Shanks at a fast speed, arriving nearly instantly.

However, Shanks had already begun transforming.

His body turned black as his skin scrunched up and water began seeping out. His hair, brows, and other parts began withering and dropping. Following that, his limbs grew long and thin.

In just a second, Shanks seemed to be assimilated by the doll, becoming a huge, black, moist infant with long four limbs and swollen shriveled skin!

His eyes, nose, mouth, and ears moved from their original locations to the middle of his face as though they were gathering together to form a brand new organ.

His skin, limbs, and newly formed organ brought an indescribable sense of mystery and wickedness. Just a single look had made his body which had just recovered from the coldness feel extremely itchy. Red spots protruded from his skin as a result of the clumps of fine granules.

His eyes undoubtedly suffered a piercing pain. He instinctively closed them tight as tears were forced out.

By the time he calmed himself with Cogitation and opened his eyes again, he realized that Miss Messenger and the Rose School of Thought's demigod had vanished.

However, Klein's spiritual intuition told him that they were nearby. They were in an intense battle shuttling between the real world and the spirit world. Be it the dropping of the leaves, the shaking of the weeds, the crawling of the worms, and the fleeing of the wild beasts, all of them represented each and every clash.

As his mind whirred, Klein took out Death Knell and tapped his left thumb on the first segment of his index finger twice.

Countless illusory thin threads appeared in his eyes, making him see objects that usually couldn't be seen with his normal vision or Spirit Vision.

Two blobs were flying around him, and the dense black bundles of threads that entangled with each other were Reinette Tinekerr and the Rose School of Thought's demigod!

Apart from these, Klein also discovered that a blob of illusory black threads was rapidly approaching him. It would stop from time to time, so as to avoid the intense battle between the two demigods.

There's another enemy? An enemy who was hiding in the distance awaiting the results, but hasn't decided to participate in the battle? Anyways, anyone who's stealthily approaching in such a situation must be an enemy! Klein's eyes moved slightly as he cocked the Death Knell and lowered it naturally to put it into a state for Lethal attack.

Then, he pretended as though he hadn't detected the bundle of illusory black threads, stuffed his left palm into his pocket, and grabbed a gold coin. He made it tumble between his fingers as though he was in a divination state.

He was doing this to disrupt the approacher's spiritual intuition for danger!

After losing his paper figurines, this was the only method he had.

After patiently waiting for two seconds, when the other party was within shooting range, Klein's eyes turned solemn as he suddenly raised his right hand, aimed, and pulled the trigger!

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CHAPTER 727
LUCKY ONE

Thud!

The black revolver with the slightly long barrel recoiled backward as a pale golden beam shot out, heading straight for the spot where the target was about to arrive at.

However, the illusory black threads suddenly stopped as though they were observing something.

From his condition, it didn't appear like he had sensed the arrival of danger, but he had his attention attracted by something else.

A grayish-white rabbit leaped out the thick grass and fled far away as the tree standing in front of the blob of illusory black threads collapsed due to the gunshot.

At the height of a human, a gigantic and irregular hole and a raging pure fire appeared at the tree's trunk, directly splitting it from the middle!

Death Knell's might was equivalent to a small-caliber cannon, and its penetrating powers were even more potent!

The blob of dense, illusory black threads was clearly given a fright as it instinctively disappeared from where it was, appearing on the surface of a nearby puddle of water.

Inevitably, his figure was outlined—he had a pale face with deep recessed eye sockets and light brown eyes. He looked to be in his forties, had a

double mustache above his lips, and wore an old triangular hat.

Klein was no stranger to the man, as his bounty notice often appeared before his eyes. Step by step, they were stacked into a clear image: Admiral of Blood Senor!

Just in Loen alone, his bounty was worth 42,000 pounds!

He had long infiltrated Bayam! Was it to take away Turani von Helmosuin? After this scientist passed away due to being discovered, he joined the Rose School of Thought's mission to target me? I seem to have an additional weakness, but before it's triggered, I've no way of knowing what it is… As his thoughts raced, Klein saw Senor's figure disappear once again.

However, the traces of Admiral of Blood's existence was rather obvious. The blob of illusory black threads of his was like a firefly in the darkness. It wasn't difficult to identify him at all.

The blob of illusory black threads circled around him with the aid of the morning dew, glass fragments, and water puddles that had frozen for some reason. Jumping again and again from one medium to the other, the gap between the two soon narrowed.

Klein didn't wait on the spot. Instead, he quickly moved but only slightly shifted his position so as to prevent the Rose School of Thought demigod, who was engaged in an intense battle, from attacking him in passing.

Senor's performance made him understand one thing: A Wraith's ability to possess someone to directly control their body requires them to enter a certain range. Previously, although the Rose School of Thought demigod was able to accomplish it at further distances, he hadn't done so, perhaps out of contempt or for fear of any accidents.

It could be confirmed that Senor was a Sequence 5 Wraith! Klein kept changing his location, and he awaited the opportunity when the distance between them was more suitable.

Just as Admiral of Blood's speed slowed down slightly, and he was about to possess his target from a distance, Klein's left glove suddenly turned deep black, as though it was formed layer by layer by pure particles.

Following that, he said a word filled with foulness, a word that came from the Devil language:

"Slow!"

Senor had sensed it and changed his position before Klein could even open his mouth. But everything within an eight-meter radius came to a halt. His evasive maneuver had failed to show any effects.

It was an area-of-effect attack!

Senor's figure suddenly became slow. He once again outlined his figure in the real world as Klein raised his iron-black revolver, cocked it, and placed his target in his sights.

With Death Knell, he saw that Senor's body was covered with all kinds of colors that indicated his weakness wasn't at his head, but slightly above his throat.

Without any hesitation or delay, Klein pulled the trigger.

Lethal attack!

At that moment, a blob of illusory black threads walked to Senor's side and pulled at him.

Admiral of Blood immediately moved diagonally as the golden bullet grazed past his neck, striking a boulder and shattering it.

A golden flame burst from Senor's neck as it jerked his head up and opened his mouth.

A sharp Shriek blasted out and entered Klein's ears, causing his mind to hum as his body came to a temporary halt.

Formless souls had flown to Senor's side at some point in time before mixing with cold winds. From the sky and from the ground, they surged towards the enemy.

In each of Klein's eyes, a pale-looking man with a red coat and triangular hat quickly appeared and took form.

Pa!

Klein snapped his fingers as his body was instantly enveloped by scarlet flames.

He disappeared from his location before the Wraith was able to possess him!

And under a tree that was less than ten meters away, weeds burst into flames as the flames grew bigger and they soared into the sky.

Klein nimbly leaped out from it and raised Death Knell again. He aimed towards the spot where he was originally standing still at, and he injected more than twice the normal amount of spirituality into the gun.

Slaughter!

Thud!

He pulled the trigger as a golden bullet split into countless shrapnel and, with a sacred flame, swept to the region the gun's mouth had aimed at. The formless specters and souls seemed to be swept away by a solar hurricane as they failed to resist and were ignited amidst screaming.

Senor knew that a counterattack was in place once his possession attempt didn't succeed. He immediately flashed into a nearby glass fragment in an

attempt to evade the incoming shot, but the bullet hurricane brought about by Slaughter was a rather huge range that included that glass fragment!

Amidst a huge boom, golden flames struck the sides of the glass without hitting it. With only burn injuries, Senor leaped to another mirror surface and appeared on the surface of a rolling drop of dew a distance away. His body had a rotting wound thanks to the purification powers, but it wasn't anything serious.

There's no way he's that lucky, right? Indeed, Senor has a mystical item that makes himself lucky… There are only three Purifying Bullets left… Klein frowned as he agilely ran over as though he was in pursuit.

As he knew that he was facing members of the Rose School of Thought, he had changed all the Beyonder bullets in his revolver to Purifying Bullets that targeted Wraiths and Zombies. There were a total of six bullets, and now, he had already shot thrice!

In the first shot, Senor was saved by a rabbit that suddenly leaped out. In the second shot, he was yanked away by the Rose School of Thought's demigod who happened to come beside him. In the third short, he happened to be in the gap of the fragment amidst the Slaughter hurricane, preventing him from suffering too much damage. Klein found this level of luck completely unacceptable!

However, Klein didn't wallow in depression. Instead, he turned back into Gehrman Sparrow's appearance and build. This was for him to immediately throw a bunch of Sea God domain charms to create a certain commotion once things went south, so as to attract the attention of Sea King Jahn Kottman who was in Bayam City.

If this Sequence 3 demigod were to arrive, he would be facing a Rose School of Thought demigod, a hostile pirate admiral, and an adventurer with a mysterious background who had certain ties with the military. It was quite obvious who he would deal with first.

As for Miss Messenger, Klein believed that she could escape into the spirit world in a timely fashion and was free to choose whether to participate in the battle royale or leave.

The reason why Klein didn't escape in the middle of the night after receiving the telegram last night was because Sea King gave him a sense of security.

If he were to leave alone, he would definitely be noticed and captured by the Church of Storms. He would be interrogated, making the subsequent developments unpredictable.

If he were to stay in his room and await the person who "saw him" to attack, he had a chance of struggling until he reached the streets, allowing Sea King to notice it.

Faced with an evil operative who was at least a demigod and a Sequence 5 adventurer who was rumored to have ties with the military, there was no doubt that Jahn Kottman would first deal with the Rose School of Thought member. And as a Cardinal of the Church of Storms and a high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, he could use various Sealed Artifacts of the diocese. He could last a moment, even if he faced an angel. At the same time, with the reinforcements from the military, there was a chance for Klein to escape to the sea during the chaos and leave via whale!

To his regret, the night remained peaceful after he received the telegram. And once daybreak happened, Sea King would find it difficult to monitor the entire city.

Pa!

Klein snapped his fingers again, igniting the surrounding trees. This appeared like blooming fireworks around him as they exuded an inexplicable sense of beauty.

The reason why he had chosen to pass through the forest to head for the cliff was because this was a place that was suitable for a Magician's performance!

His figure flashed through the flames as he circled around Senor, avoiding his approach and control. And from the previous experiences and lessons, Senor knew that his target had an area-of-effect attack and a damaging blow. He didn't dare stay too close to him, and he would pull away and create a gap once he missed an attack. Otherwise, he would use a Wraith's Shriek to affect his target or use his pale green fingers to aim at his target. Unfortunately, the latter could only extinguish flames and wither vegetation. There was no way to pinpoint Klein's location.

Seeing how the fireworks-like flames were the biggest barrier to his attacks, Senor stopped and let out the deafening Shriek which would also damage a Spirit Body.

Amidst the Shriek, the icy-blue halo beneath his feet rapidly expanded, covering the mud, randomly strewn weeds, and scattered rocks with a layer of ice.

The flames sizzled as they produced tiny amounts of mist before being extinguished by the frost.

Klein was influenced by the Wraith's Shriek, causing his Flaming Jump to be one step too slow. He ended up failing—his figure projected itself midway as his feet stumbled.

Then, he saw illusory skulls swirling with black gas rush at him, bringing with them the strong smell of death, as though an envoy from the Underworld had arrived!

At that instant, Klein didn't seem like he could dodge. However, a light blue fireball emanating the smell of sulfur suddenly condensed before him.

His glove remained black as it remained in its Devil state!

With a thumping sound, the fireball was extinguished as the illusory skulls shattered and scattered to the ground, creating spots that didn't have any life to them.

Right on the heels of that, Klein steadied his body and took out the iron cigar case from his pocket. He threw it at Admiral of Blood Senor as his glove turned noble and sinister at some point in time.

Baron of Corruption, Bribe!

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CHAPTER 728
TRIPLE COMBO

Senor obviously wasn't going to bet that the item thrown by his opponent didn't pose a threat. He immediately dodged far away, allowing the iron cigar case which was sealed by a wall of spirituality to fall to the ground.

Then, he opened his mouth once again and produced a Shriek.

A roar that seemed to come from the depths of his own Spirit Body made Klein experience excruciating pain in his head. Even though he often suffered from the ravings of existences like the True Creator and Mr. Door, and was rather resistant towards such attacks, it was impossible for him to not pause momentarily. He felt his nose burning as though a capillary had burst.

However, with his resistance combined together with Bribe, the effects were reduced. It made his momentary pause only last for an instant, and this was something Senor had no idea of knowing.

Therefore, Klein pretended as though he hadn't recovered as he revealed his weak state, waiting for the enemy to fall into his trap.

In an ordinary battle, as a Wraith was able to jump through mirror-like mediums, making it impossible to determine that location ahead of time, it made it impossible to maintain a five-meter distance from his opponent, even if he created flames and repeatedly used it to achieve phasing. It caused his Spirit Body Threads controlling ability to be disrupted momentarily after there were any significant effects.

For this, he planned on taking a little risk. He made his opponent fall for a trap he planned, so as to quickly end the battle and escape to the cliff.

Seeing his target appear dazed due to the repeated Shrieks, Senor didn't hesitate to make his aura turn deep.

Admiral of Blood's contracted figure rapidly appeared in Klein's eyes in an abnormally clear manner.

This wasn't a reflection of the world, but two tiny figures seemingly coming to life in his eyes!

When the Wraith's possession was almost close to completion, Klein, with his tattered and charred clothes, unhurriedly extended his left palm as though he was gesturing "please" as a polite gentleman.

Creeping Hunger maintained its sinister and noble blackness as it forcefully distorted Admiral of Blood's target.

Due to the Freezing halo from before, there was frost and crystalline bodies everywhere around them. All of them were equivalent to a mirror surface!

On the thin ice, Senor with his triangular hat had appeared there, his expression was as though he was at a loss.

At that moment, Creeping Hunger switched to a deep black state as Klein said a word filled with foulness, a word that came from the Devil language:

Slow!

Just as he was about to use the mirror surfaces to phase away, Senor instantly froze. His figure involuntarily outlined itself as his body turned extremely rigid. His attempts had failed.

As there was no way to repeatedly use Slow, Klein made his left glove turn pale as it was tinged with a slightly dark green color.

Zombie!

The sealing caused by the frost on the ground had once again exacerbated as they rapidly spread to Senor's side as they began to spread from his toes to turn him into a completed ice sculpture.

With his knowledge that Wraith's had a very strong resistance to the cold, Klein didn't let his guard down or waste any time. He made Creeping Hunger transform as if it was gilded.

The illusory black threads in his eyes were hidden away as two blinding silver bolts of lightning shot out from the innermost depths of his eyes.

Interrogator's Psychic Piercing!

In his usual state, Senor's fusion of spirit and flesh typically wouldn't be significantly affected. He could even cause the attack to backfire on his opponent. However, having just recovered from Slow, he found himself sealed in ice. All he could do was resist the formless bolt that targeted his Spirit Body!

His mind felt as though a blade had penetrated it as it twisted. The pain spread through his body as he temporarily lost all reason.

By the time he regained his lucidity and prepared to make continuous leaps to open up a distance, the cold adventurer opposite him opened his mouth once again.

Slow!

*Dogsh*t…* Senor's actions turned sluggish and impeded once again. Then, without any surprises, he suffered from the two follow-up attacks of Ice Stun and Psychic Piercing.

When he barely escaped again, the black-haired, brown-eyed Gehrman Sparrow opened his mouth a third time with a deadpan expression.

Slow!

Senor was enraged as he reeled in despair before finding himself stuck in a perpetual cycle.

As for Klein, who had kept his opponent in place three times, was beginning to control his opponent's Spirit Body Threads.

In fact, the most effective solution for when his opponent was unable to escape was to take the opportunity to use Death Knell to deliver two or three Lethal Attacks. But his past failures had told him that his enemy had a mystical item that allowed him to be lucky. An overly direct and lethal shot might very well lead to an accident, resulting in some undesirable effects.

It was precisely because of this that he decided to gradually proceed in the proper order by controlling Admiral of Blood's Spirit Body Threads!

Time quickly passed. As Klein ran around Senor to dodge the possible attacks from the Rose School of Thought demigod, he controlled Senor's Spirit Body Threads, and he slowly reached the state of gaining initial control.

Three seconds! Two seconds! One second!

Senor's thoughts instantly turned sluggish as though every part of his body was rusting.

Klein no longer had the strength to use Creeping Hunger again. He continued deepening his control as he began walking at an adequate speed.

*No… I… can't… let… this… continue… *Thoughts slowly moved through Senor's mind as a translucent icicle condensed in front of him.

It was dyed with a gloomy green as though it was showing its respect to the surrounding forest.

As for Klein, who had witnessed his opponent's series of slow actions, he unhurriedly retracted his left hand and took out Groselle's Travels from his chest and braced himself.

Sou!

The icicle finally shot out, seemingly heading for Klein's chest, but it suddenly changed directions midway as it flew diagonally upwards!

This adjustment should've been a sudden lethal blow, but as Senor's thoughts had been slowed down significantly, the "order" received by the icicle had only happened when it was almost reaching Klein. This made the sudden change insufficient to catch Klein by surprise as he shifted Groselle's Travels and easily blocked the attack.

Senor's expression turned pale again. After a few seconds of thought, he slowly opened his mouth in an attempt to let out a Wraith's Shriek.

Having already prepared himself, Klein spoke first:

"Bang!"

An Air Bullet quickly shot out and struck Senor in the mouth, throwing his head backward as teeth fell. The Shriek was left stuck in his throat.

Seeing the control deepen and how Senor's resistance was crumbling bit by bit, to the point of losing his reason and launching a barrage of attacks like a lunatic, Klein suddenly felt some joy.

At that moment, a shrill, sharp infant's cry sounded and resounded in the woods.

Lumps protruded all over Klein's body as he dropped Groselle's Travels from his hand. His head felt as though it was being clasped tightly by an invisible hand, making him momentarily lose his senses of his

surroundings, including the Spirit Body Threads. His control over Senor was removed as a result.

About a hundred meters away from them, the large-sized baby, which was black, swollen, and wrinkled, that appeared to have stormed out of the water had escaped its illusory state and returned to reality.

His limbs were long and thin, and there was only an irregular hole on his face. Circling the hole were gnarling teeth.

At that moment, Shank's body had an additional wound that was obvious and deep. It was a piercing wound that went through the black and swollen skin, causing putrid blackish-green liquid to gush out.

After this Rose School of Thought's demigod appeared, he stopped dodging or escaping. He began screaming like crazy, letting out infantile screams. It made Klein and Senor fall into a painful stupor. Even their bodies showed signs of losing control.

The four blonde, red-eyed heads were thrown into the void as they opened their mouths and let out a soundless Shriek, silencing the terrifying cries.

Reinette Tinekerr and Shanks had engaged in another round of combat, phasing between the spirit world and reality from time to time as they shuttled between leaves, weeds, insect eggs, ice crystals, and thorns.

Senor and Klein stood in their spots in a stupor. They tried their best to recover from the effects of the infantile cry.

In this aspect, Senor believed that, as a Wraith, he had an unsurpassable advantage. The corners of his lips subconsciously curled up a little.

He had already figured out what to do with his opponent later.

But at that moment, the eyes of the adventurer who was in tattered clothes while exuding a cold demeanor had turned lucid!

It had only been a second since the infantile cry had ended!

Klein, who was experienced in this, quickly recovered as he realized that Senor was still in a dazed and impeded state.

An opportunity! His mind stirred, but he didn't attempt a long-distance attack which allowed for plenty of accidents. Instead, he chose to control Senor's Spirit Body Threads which took more time. He tapped his right foot as his figure dashed towards his opponent like a panther.

His left glove was dark, and when it moved backward, it condensed in a manner that resembled a blade, forming a gigantic weapon formed from lava and flames.

Desire Apostle, Sword of Lava!

Bam!

Klein's body passed by Senor's left as the searing sword swept across his chest and got stuck in the middle.

The light-blue flames ignited Senor, but aside from suffering damage to his body, he didn't lose his life. However, the pain left him yelling incessantly.

After the two brushed by each other, Klein immediately abandoned the Sword of Lava. He took a step to his left and turned around, facing Admiral of Blood's back. He raised the iron-black Death Knell to his opponent's head.

He didn't use Lethal Attack, and he directly pulled the trigger!

With a bang, his body suddenly shook a little. This was because the spot he had stepped onto appeared to be a hole. Hence, Death Knell had slid downwards, and the golden bullet had hit the side of Senor's neck.

Blood tainted with a dark-green tinge spewed out. Admiral of Blood had lost nearly half his neck as he fell forward. He fainted, but he remained alive.

Klein was just about to add another shot when the sky suddenly darkened. An arm suddenly reached out!

The arm was ten meters long, and it had a black sticky surface with strange protrusions. They were either skulls, erected eyeballs, or barbed tongues. The moment it appeared, it made the entire forest shake.

All the leaves withered as all the insects stiffened to their deaths. All the beasts either fell paralyzed to the ground, or they began biting themselves wildly, leaving their bodies bleeding!

Klein's danger premonition reached its limit. He hurriedly closed his eyes, lunged forward, and did a roll. He grabbed Groselle's Travels and held it in front of his face!

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CHAPTER 729
CHAOS

The entire forest was withering as though an entity that was bringing about destruction to everything was about to descend.

Just as the arm was about to fully extend, a thick bolt of silver lightning smote down from nowhere, illuminating the entire mountain. The sizzling sounds chained together as a cage only spoken in myths enclosed around the black sticky arm.

Dark clouds quickly converged together in the sky, forming brows and a mouth, as though a face was hidden within!

In Bayam City, the huge commotion was noticed by Sea King Jahn Kottman. He didn't hesitate to take action as he ordered the Mandated Punishers to activate the corresponding Sealed Artifacts.

Reinette Tinekerr's figure was forced out of the void, but her complicated black dress didn't seem crumpled at all.

She raised her left hand as two of the blonde, red-eyed heads flew back and landed on her severed neck. The remaining two continued engaging in combat with the black, swollen, and wrinkled infant.

When the cut at her neck began to wriggle, two corresponding cuts were connected. Her figure instantly burgeoned to the size of a gothic castle. Patterns, vines, and accessories appeared on the surface, interweaving into a mysterious, sinister sight that couldn't be looked at.

Klein closed his eyes tight as he placed Groselle's Travels in front of his face, injecting his spirituality into it, but he was unable to eliminate all the effects inflicted upon him. His body kept quivering as granules kept protruding from his body.

And only at this moment did he confirm that the side effect of using Death Knell was a fear of the dark.

For the next six hours, he wouldn't suffer any more weaknesses.

Thankfully, the weakness is just insurmountable, but it doesn't mean that I'm unable to resist for a short period of time… Klein desperately closed his eyes as tears kept rolling down his cheeks.

He didn't spend time considering the problems regarding this, because the situation had developed into one of extreme danger, but it was also very chaotic.

The one that descended seems to be stronger than Sea King. It's likely an angel, but "His" condition doesn't seem to be particularly good as well. "He" didn't directly appear, and he instead used the spirit world to attack…

Is it because "He" can't rush here in time and could only consider using this method? Thankfully, I received a warning from Orange Light; otherwise, the results would be unthinkable if this situation drags on! As Klein's thoughts flashed through his mind, his first reaction was to take the opportunity to flee and open up a safe distance.

However, he knew that hastily retreating without any preparations was equally dangerous.

*If the Rose School of Thought's angel abandons the attack and retracts "His" arm, Sea King Jahn Kottman wouldn't have any motivation in embroiling himself in a pursuit effort. This is because he isn't facing a saint who he can consider retaining. This way, simply relying on Miss Messenger, Reinette Tinekerr, makes it difficult to stop this entity. I might

be pursued again when the time comes! I have to add more trouble for "Him," making "Him" temporarily unable to leave. I'll take this opportunity to escape the waters where Blue Mountain Island is! *As his thoughts churned, Klein followed his emergency plans, took out Groselle's Travels, stuffed Death Knell inside, and made a few rolls before arriving next to the iron cigar case.

He stabbed it with his finger, removing the wall of spirituality and opening the case, and he threw Tinder, which was corrupted by the True Creator, into the air, towards the source of the danger!

Right on the heels of that, Klein used Groselle's Travels to shield the top of his head, opened his eyes, and took out a whistle.

This wasn't Azik's copper whistle, but the Numinous Episcopate copper whistle which he had obtained from a mysticism enthusiast in Backlund. It originated from a resurrected Numinous Episcopate member.

Back then, Klein had made a divination about the copper whistle, and he received a revelation that sending a message would be extremely dangerous!

At that moment, he decided to allow "extreme danger" to meet "extreme danger," so as to create an even more chaotic situation that benefited him!

He quickly put the copper whistle to his mouth and blew into it. Then, he activated his Spirit Vision without daring to look up. A skull with three lifeless eyes emerged. Around it were black appendage-like tentacles.

Without any hesitation, Klein handed over a white feather left behind by the resurrected Numinous Episcopate member to the messenger.

He didn't wait for the messenger to disappear as he immediately bulged his muscles, swung his arm, and threw the copper whistle into the air where the source of danger was.

With that done, he put away the iron cigar case, did another roll, and bounced up as he rushed straight for the cliff. During this process, he kept his head down and kept changing location. He didn't dare to look at the scene happening above him, nor did he dare to stay any longer.

When he passed by the spot where Admiral of Blood Senor should've been lying unconscious, Klein's gaze suddenly froze. He was alarmed to find that he had vanished!

In that chaotic situation without any aid, this Wraith, who had suffered immense damage and was unable to maintain his Spirit Body state, had vanished!

Klein paused as he swept his gaze. He saw that ahead of him were a few drops of splattered dark red blood that coruscated with a dark-green tint. And this region was where Groselle's Travels had previously dropped!

No way… A few drops of Admiral of Blood's blood dropped onto the book's cover? This sucked him in? Klein frowned, as he didn't think it was a good thing.

He was afraid that the angel and saint that the Mother Tree of Desire had sent was able to gain the help of Admiral of Blood from within Groselle's Travels to pursue him!

However, it was impossible for him to abandon the book. Without it, Klein didn't believe that he was lucky enough to dodge all the stray blasts and unknown shrapnel which could fall from the sky at any moment.

*… I'll resolve this latent risk by entering with my Spirit Body after I escape! *As a few thoughts rose up in his mind, Klein dipped the tip of his foot down as he ran, lifting up the soil which had Senor's blood on it, reached out, and grabbed a handful.

This was used to locate Admiral of Blood later!

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Klein ran in a meandering manner, holding Groselle's Travels over his head, making adjustments from time to time based on his premonition for danger.

The book blocked the random bolts of lightning or the scattering rain of corroding rock, and it shielded him from a terrifying gaze that was cast over. With the book, Klein successfully tore out of the lifeless forest and came to the edge of a cliff.

At this moment, the surroundings turned dark. It wasn't the kind of darkness before a storm, nor was it a result of a moonless or starless night. It was a dead silence that emanated the smell of rot.

Ravings sounded out from varying distances and at varying pitches, as though something seemed to be slowly breathing in the air.

Klein, who was afraid of the dark, trembled. He didn't dare to look at what was happening above him. All he noticed was a few white feathers stained with yellowish oil spiraling down to the ground nearby when there was a flash of lightning.

His right foot took a stride forward as he jumped off the cliff and plummeted straight down. He fell out of the darkness and could see light.

Then, he dropped into a mouth that had been waiting for him for a long time.

The mouth didn't have any teeth as it immediately closed and sank to the bottom of the sea. According to the agreement they had made previously, it was to head for a reef beyond Blue Mountain Island as quickly as possible.

This was a gigantic undersea creature with sixteen fins on its back.

In the darkness, Klein instinctively wished to huddle into a ball and helplessly tremble, but he barely repressed his emotions and took out a

Priest of Light Beyonder characteristic he had prepared to deal with Wraiths.

He had obtained it through the glove.

Pure light emanated from the translucent stone-like object as it drove away Klein's fear.

He was just about to contemplate if he should wait for the outcome, or if he should attempt something, when he suddenly felt the back of his palm become itchy.

He hurriedly looked down and saw his pores widen as they grew some fine white hair.

These fine hair rapidly grew and looked like feathers!

Klein immediately felt his entire body itch!

The fellow that was attracted by the copper whistle is really very dangerous! Klein was rather experienced. He immediately stood up and took four steps counterclockwise while chanting the incantation in the undersea creature's mouth.

His Spirit Body once again tore through the grayish-white which had endless ravings and roars as blackish-green gases drilled out of his body.

Returning to the palace that looked like a giant's residence, Klein observed his Spirit Body once again, and he discovered that it had returned to normal. There weren't any of the blackish-green gases, nor were there any white feathers.

Phew, it's effective… He exhaled and immediately returned to the real world.

With the illumination from the Priest of Light Beyonder characteristic, Klein saw that the white feathers on the back of his hands remained, but they had lost the ability to continue growing. There were more or less some signs in other parts of his body, but they weren't obvious.

Yes, I should be able to resolve the remaining problems once Mr. Azik arrives. Klein heaved a sigh of relief and drew the crimson moon on his chest. He prayed for the Goddess's blessing, and that Mr. Azik would arrive quickly.

At this moment, Reinette Tinekerr's figure appeared before him.

Miss Messenger had three heads growing on her head while she held one in her hand. Compared to before, she appeared more lively.

She reached out with her left palm and grabbed Klein's shoulder, and she directly brought him into the spirit world as they quickly traveled through it.

Amidst brightly stacked colors, Klein felt somewhat dizzy before he returned to reality and realized that he was on a reef.

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads swept the area and said, "Already…" "Safe…" "Remember…" "To pay…" "Next time…"

With that said, she vanished as though she had something more important to do.

You could do that… I should've just gotten Miss Messenger to bring me away using such a method… However, her present state doesn't seem to be that great either. This must be a state and method she seldom uses… As Klein reflected over the matter, he placed the Priest of Light Beyonder characteristic into his pocket, and he kept Groselle's Travels outside.

Just as he was about to size up his surroundings to figure out where he was, another arm reached out and grabbed his shoulder.

Klein jumped in fright as he hurriedly turned his head, only to discover that Mr. Azik had arrived.

Azik grabbed his shoulder and pulled him into the spirit world once again. They rapidly moved through the brightly stacked colors.

…*Actually, I'm already safe*… The corners of Klein's mouth twitched, but he didn't say those words.

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CHAPTER 730
HANDLING THE LATENT RISK

On a mountain outside Bayam City, in a forest that had lost all its vitality because it was buried by a half-collapsed cliff.

A tall, stocky middle-aged man with deep blue hair was wearing a Storm priest robe as he stood in the air and overlooked the area. There was a clear burning rage in his eyes.

He was none other than the Church of Storms Cardinal, Archbishop of the Rorsted Sea, high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, Sea King Jahn Kottman.

At that moment, the battle from before was still fresh in Kottman's mind. He remembered how every participant in the battle retreated.

The angel from the Rose School of Thought had used a particular method to transfer "His" powers over from a great distance. After "He" failed to achieve "His" objectives, "He" rather easily brought away "His" heavily injured partner, and no one wanted "Him" to stay, aside from the strange monster that appeared out of nowhere. Jahn Kottman remembered very vividly that when the angel retracted "His" arm, it had sparse white feathers on the black, sticky arm. From the top of the skull and from inside the erected eye, they grew from unimaginable spots. And all of this was because the Rose School of Thought's angel was dodging the glove with the True Creator's aura while using some of "His" strength to shatter what seemed like an ordinary copper whistle.

Shortly after the sinister and strange spirit world creature engaged in battle with the angel, it voluntarily retreated into the depths of the spirit world,

preventing Jahn Kottman from pursuing it.

The Aurora Order saint who had opened a Door of Teleportation didn't participate in the battle. After observing the situation in puzzlement, he picked up the glove with the True Creator's aura, and he opened the door to leave before the battle ended.

The strange monster that was summoned because of the copper whistle didn't have a fixed form. "He" was like the manifestation of death itself. "He" was like a mist that filled the surroundings but had many feathers with yellowish marks on it. "His" target was obvious—the angel of the Rose School of Thought. Before the latter escaped, "He" had also vanished from the area as though it were in pursuit of "His" target. But even so, Jahn Kottman, who had taken a Sealed Artifact from the city and rushed here, still felt uneasy. It felt like suddenly jumping forward while on his long journey towards death.

The only person without any godhood had fled the scene before Jahn Kottman arrived, and he was nowhere to be found.

However, Jahn Kottman recognized him.

He was an adventurer who had killed a Sequence 5 Desire Apostle, making him qualified to have his information placed on Sea King's desk!

Although this wasn't something that he needed to pay great attention to, Jahn Kottman, who had experienced the Seafarer Sequence, still remembered the relevant information.

He cast his gaze towards the cliff and looked down at the crashing waves as he muttered a name: "Gehrman Sparrow!"

…

On an island in unknown waters, Klein and Azik's figures were rapidly outlined on the shore.

Klein was just about to speak when the hat-wearing, bronze-skinned Azik's eyes suddenly turned dark, as though it was connected to a silent and dark world.

He grabbed the air with his right hand, and all the undeveloped white feathers flew out and curled into a bundle, landing in his palm.

With a gentle squeeze, all the strange feathers vanished as though they had turned into food for the silent world in his eyes.

"Mr. Azik, this was brought about by that Numinous Episcopate whistle." Klein first pointed out the matter before explaining in detail. "The situation was somewhat pressing, and to make the situation even more chaotic, I blew that copper whistle and gave that feather to the messenger. Then, a similar feeling from the Underworld descended. I didn't stay, and I immediately left the area, but I still had these feathers on my body."

Azik, with his soft facial features, nodded gently and said, "I sensed it from afar.

"It shouldn't be an ordinary High-Sequence Beyonder. I suspect that it's a byproduct of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death Project."

Is that so… So it succeeded in holding back that Rose School of Thought angel? Klein thought in joy.

Azik looked around and continued, "I still have matters that require my attention. This might awaken more of my memories.

"When all of that is done, I'll look for you again to claim that ring left behind by ancient Death. I have a feeling that I might need to make a trip to the Berserk Sea or the Southern Continent.

"It's best if you head over to large cities like Backlund or Trier. In those places, the forces the Rose School of Thought can deploy are very limited. They wouldn't dare to act rashly. Of course, it's best that you choose places

like Pasu Island where major Churches have their headquarters, but this will bring about another type of danger."

Azik's last sentence was a joke, just like an ordinary Loen gentleman. The experiences of his present life seemed to leave a deep impression on him. Regardless of the portion of memories that he had recovered, he still showed clear signs of his old self.

*In situations regarding retained memories, the time span of decades shouldn't have much of an influence on the time span of millennia, but from a state of complete memory-loss, two to three decades is enough to remold a person… After Mr. Azik completely recovers his memories, will his many different lives result in him having different personalities? What a profound question. I'll let Miss Justice consider it later and seek advice from the Psychology Alchemists… *As Klein was thinking, he secretly heaved a sigh of relief when he realized that Mr. Azik wasn't delving into why he had a conflict with the Rose School of Thought. Instead, he asked, "Mr. Azik, do you know anything about the Mother Tree of Desire?"

Azik shook his head.

"I didn't even know of 'Her' existence before you sent me the letter."

You didn't know the Mother Tree of Desire? Klein was taken aback as he switched to asking, "Then what about the Chained God?"

Azik shook his head again as he said with a smiling sigh, "In ancient times, 'She' or 'They' might have had other names."

That's right. Mr. Azik began the cycle of losing and finding his memories at the end of the Fourth Epoch. He kept wandering the Northern Continent, while the Rose School of Thought was born in the early Fifth Epoch in the Southern Continent… Klein nodded and didn't ask further. And since Azik had matters which needed his attention, he gave a few words of advice before bringing him to traverse across the spirit world until he arrived at a particular beach on the Northern Continent's eastern shore.

With Mr. Azik gone, Klein looked at the seawater that kept surging towards the shore for a few seconds. He wasn't in a rush to head for the nearby city; instead, he found an uninhabited cave, set up a simple ritual, and created a wall of spirituality. He sacrificed Creeping Hunger, Death Knell, Azik's copper whistle, Groselle's Travels, and the soil with Senor's blood to the mysterious space above the gray fog.

Then, he walked four steps counterclockwise and entered the mysterious space. He took the seat which belonged to The Fool, and he summoned a metal bottle.

As it was stored above the gray fog, the remnant blood in the tiny bottle didn't coagulate. After wearing his glove and stuffing the other items, Klein poured a few drops and smeared it over Groselle's Travels's dark brown cover.

Eh… Why doesn't a brand new story start right from the beginning, with the addition of a new character… Klein looked at the book that didn't change its name as he suddenly felt puzzled.

Before he had the time to think, his vision turned into a blur, as though there were countless translucent creatures hidden around him.

Everything soon turned clear, and Klein found himself sitting on a long wooden chair along the street.

This was where he had departed from previously.

There's a saving function? Klein joked inwardly as he took out the mud stained with Senor's blood before snapping a tree branch to attempt divination.

Following the results he received, he walked out of the city, entered a nearby forest, and found the unconscious Admiral of Blood beside a small stream.

At this moment, only about ten minutes had passed since the battle.

The exaggerated wounds, on Senor's neck, chest, and abdomen, were contracting and appeared to have recovered significantly. Such a level of vitality was completely different from a human's.

In another fifteen to thirty minutes, Admiral of Blood would likely wake up, and in another one to two hours, his mobility would be restored.

This was a Zombie, a Wraith!

You had a chance of being rescued by your organization's angel and demigod, but your blood happened to splatter onto Groselle's Travels, making you a prisoner of this book and giving me enough time to handle you… Of course, this made you avoid the stray attacks of the battle between demigods, preventing you from dying immediately. I've no idea if you'd call this good or bad luck… Klein mumbled as he observed while grasping Death Knell in his hand and reaching out to Senor's neck and removing the necklace made of pure silver.

The necklace had a pendant of the same color which resembled an ancient coin. Both sides were filled with mysterious patterns and relevant symbols, as well as words carved in ancient Hermes: "You will be as unlucky as you are lucky now."

This is the mystical item which raises Admiral of Blood's luck? Unfortunately, even a demigod can't enhance my luck, so I doubt it can… I can sell it for money, or I could ask Miss Messenger if I can use this to make a partial payment… Klein wasn't in a hurry to take the necklace as he placed it on the stone beside him.

He was afraid that there were unknown side effects that might affect the things he was about to do.

Then, Klein focused as he controlled Admiral of Blood's Spirit Body Threads.

He wanted to make his first marionette which he would use for an extended period of time, so as to conclude the principles of a Marionettist.

Furthermore, no marionette was more convenient to bring around than a Wraith!

One second, two seconds, three seconds… In just ten seconds, Klein achieved initial control.

Senor's spiritual intuition sensed the danger as his body showed obvious signs of struggling, but he was unable to wake up due to his heavy injuries and sluggish thoughts.

Time ticked by, and by the fourth minute, Klein didn't hide his sigh of relief.

At that moment, Admiral of Blood Senor opened his eyes, rolled to his feet, and faced him. With a harmonious series of actions, he pressed his chest and bowed.

"Good morning, sir. How may I be of service?"

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CHAPTER 731
GAINS

Illusory black threads emanated out of Senor's body and entered Klein's hands. With every jolt in spirituality, it gave a different reaction.

In fact, there was no need to use both hands when controlling the Spirit Body Threads. Klein was just accustomed to doing so, as it gave him a feeling like he was truly controlling a puppet.

From the looks of it, other Marionettists can discover each other's marionettes. The Senor's abnormality can't be hidden from their eyes, so I have to be careful about this. Klein concluded the problems he discovered, and he quickly turned his thoughts back onto Senor.

This Admiral of Blood was dead. His Spirit Body had become a vessel for the marionette, losing any traits that belonged to him. Therefore, many divination methods were ineffective against him.

Of course, methods to seek his corpse were still effective. Klein planned on "cleansing" the Wraith in the gray fog before using Paper Angels to envelop the mirror-like objects that he had possessed before placing him into a cigar case that was sealed by a wall of spirituality, along with Azik's copper whistle. This created a 3-layered interference effect.

This way, Klein believed that, even if the Rose School of Thought angel wished to, it was impossible to use divination to lock onto his position via Admiral of Blood.

As for whether the Mother Tree of Desire had left any "backdoors" in Senor's body, he wasn't too worried. This was because if that really

happened, "She" could've mutated Senor during the demigod battle royale in order to deal with him. Based on the situation back then, there was a guaranteed chance of success.

Mother Tree of Desire, or should I say, the Chained God, strictly controls its organization's members. It relies on a vow contract and other methods that are ingrained into the soul. This can be inferred from Miss Sharron's descriptions and my interaction with the corresponding characteristics…

As long as I don't attempt to use Admiral of Blood to divine the secrets of the Rose School of Thought or the potion formula of the Mutant pathway, I wouldn't trigger any problems. The Werewolf Beyonder characteristic has remained normal despite being above the gray fog for so long…

Besides, there's still the gray fog "cleansing" process. If there are any latent problems, it should be washed out… Klein thought for a while and took out Azik's copper whistle from inside his body.

He turned his right wrist and made the side with fewer patterns appear under the sunlight, making it reflect the light.

Immediately, the copper whistle had Senor's figure appear on it as it rapidly turned clear.

The Admiral of Blood in front of Klein suddenly vanished as a result.

Perhaps the Mother Tree of Desire can use the vow contract and other methods to vaguely lock on, but that doesn't matter. "She" can sense the gray fog's unique trait on me anyway, and "She" will sense me once I'm within range… Besides, this marionette might be destroyed at anytime when I use it as a shield… Klein was like a jobless tramp who was debt-laden. He felt that there was almost nothing he was afraid of.

Of course, he really was debt-ridden.

*As long as I advance to a demigod and can hide my unique trait, it's fine losing marionettes… *Klein surveyed the area as he bent his back to pick up the silver necklace. He took four steps counterclockwise while chanting the incantation softly.

This time, he hadn't entered via summoning his Spirit Body, so he couldn't directly return.

The grayish-white fog was quickly emanated as hysterical ravings and roars echoed for an eternity. Azik's copper whistle didn't react abnormally, which meant that there weren't any latent problems with Admiral of Blood.

Sitting at the end of the bronze table, Klein placed Azik's copper whistle in front of him, making Senor, who was dressed in a dark red coat and old triangular hat, appear. He was like a butler awaiting orders from his master.

"Do you have any other items on you?" Klein asked, as though Admiral of Blood was still alive.

This was his attempt to act as a Marionettist!

Following that, he controlled Senor, made him rummage through every pocket as he subsequently took out 325 pounds, 16 soli, and 8 pence in cash. There were also 13 gold coins.

Apart from that, perhaps due to his frequent act of transforming into a Wraith state, Senor didn't carry anything else on him.

How poor… As a pirate admiral, you don't even have a single mystical item? Did you hand it over to the Rose School of Thought or your subordinates? Klein seriously considered cashing out Admiral of Blood via the black market.

Just in Loen alone, he was worth 42,000 pounds!

Yes, claiming the bounty from Loen isn't pragmatic. Be it the Church of Storms and the kingdom's military, they will follow the clues to capture Gehrman Sparrow, who managed to embroil so many demigods in a battle royale, and then investigate the organization backing him. They wouldn't even pay, and they might even plant a trap…

By the same logic, the Churches and governments of other countries must have similar ideas. However, they might be easier to work with. Retrieving the bounty will require substantial risks…

Besides, there's no rush. I'll send Senor out when I plan on switching marionettes. After all, being a marionette for a few days won't change his identity or value… Klein reined in his thoughts and cast his gaze on the silver necklace with an ancient coin attached to it.

He immediately used divination to gain the gist of its origins and usage.

It came from a Sequence 5 Winner from the Life School of Thought. After dying at the hands of a Rose School of Thought demigod, this gentleman's Beyonder characteristic and psyche fused with an ordinary silver necklace that he carried with him, turning into a mystical item.

As for the reason why the ordinary silver necklace would be carried by a Sequence 5 powerhouse for extended periods of time, Klein was unable to receive any effective revelations from it, as it had been too long and it had been corrupted.

The mystical item had two uses. One was to passively make the wearer lucky. In their daily lifestyle, the owner would encounter good things, easily succeeding in whatever they did. When suffering a lethal blow or terrifying disaster, ridiculous scenes would happen, allowing them to be successfully rescued. The latter situation only lasted for ten minutes.

The second use was to actively give an enemy bad luck, making the target unlucky. Be it in daily life or combat, it was easy for them to experience failure due to some trivial problem.

The corresponding negative effects of the necklace was the Conservation of Luck. After being lucky, they would immediately meet with repeated bad luck. They would be as unlucky as they were lucky before. It needed the wearer to be devoted and seriously avoid any danger; otherwise, it was very easy for them to die in a comedic manner, and even harm people around them.

The luck received in one's daily life would often revert back after a month. The user would end up unlucky regardless of whether they wore it or not. However, such bad luck was slowly released, so it wasn't too dangerous.

And luck obtained in combat would similarly strike back ten minutes later in a similar vigor.

Overall, this is a rather good mystical item, but I don't have much use for it. After all, Fate Councilor Ricciardo was unable to change my luck… Hmm, I'll just wear it on me for now. It has few negative effects on me. I'll sell it if there's a chance to pay off my debt with Miss Messenger… Miss Messenger wants gold coins, while I have gold pounds. It's nearly impossible to exchange 10,000 gold coins through the banks or official markets. From the looks of it, I'll have to do it in batches, getting each Tarot Club member to change some of it… Klein soon decided on a plan as he casually came up with a name for the necklace:

Scales of Luck!

Following that, he cast his gaze onto Senor, who was standing reverently to his side. He began to study the powers a Wraith had.

Forceful possession, Enemy Control, Wraith's Shriek, Mirror Blink, Obstacle Penetration, death-related spells, and Invisibility that wouldn't be discovered by most Mid- and Low-Sequence Beyonders… Klein distinguished each power, and he matched them with Sharron's and Maric's description, as well as his experience gained from combat.

He soon concluded this, afraid that the candle in the outside world would finish burning. And a dark cave was extremely bad for the present him who had a phobia of the dark.

Klein immediately took out a paper figurine from the junk pile, and together with the Black Emperor card, he stirred some of the powers above the gray fog, turning it into an anti-divination "angel."

This angel rapidly spread its wings and wrapped around a gold coin. On its reflective side was Senor's figure.

Then, Klein brought the gold coin, Azik's copper whistle, Death Knell, and his suitcase back to the real world. As for Creeping Hunger and Groselle's Travels, one of them hadn't been fed, and the other might cause Klein to be swallowed into the book for carrying it for too long. Therefore, they were left in the junk pile above the gray fog.

Having returned to the cave, Klein hurriedly placed the gold coin and Azik's copper whistle into a cigar case before sealing it with a wall of spirituality.

He cleaned up the scene, switched into formal clothes, and carried his suitcase. He followed the beach until he came to a residential area. He discovered that he was near Pritz Harbor.

He didn't immediately return to Backlund. Instead, he changed his appearance, took a steam locomotive, and headed for Conant City in Desi Bay. He planned on circling the area once before changing his identity again.

…

Bansy Harbor.

Alger Wilson looked at the destroyed city under the afternoon sun.

He saw that the buildings had completely collapsed, and there were deep chasms in the ground and charred spots everywhere.

Such a scene extended into the depths of the island. Even the mountain had collapsed.

At that moment, there wasn't anyone from the Church of Storms watching the ruins, since there wasn't anything here. And the plans to rebuild the harbor wasn't brought forward at all.

Alger jumped off the Blue Avenger and circled the ruins with his sailors, but they didn't discover anything of value.

"Let's go," he instructed with a staid attitude.

He soon boarded the ship which hoisted its sails and left the island.

After an unknown period of time, a figure suddenly walked out from the depths of the ruins.

He wore a double-breasted, pure black clerical robe. He had dark golden hair, and his facial features were clear and distinct, like an ancient, classical sculpture.

His eyes were dark blue, nearing black. They looked lusterless, but they were filled with dense blood capillaries.

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CHAPTER 732
DESTINATION

Desi County, Conant City, 67 Red Indus Street.

Wearing a commonly seen face in the Loen Kingdom, Klein took a step forward and rang the doorbell.

In less than a minute, the door creaked open as a maidservant looked out and asked out of curiosity, "Good evening, who might you be looking for?"

"I'm here to find Ma'am Neelu. I'm a friend of her father, Davy Raymond," Klein answered calmly.

Derrick Raymond was the Nightmare who he had released from Creeping Hunger. It was a Red Glove from the Nighthawks, and the first thing on his mind before he dissipated was his daughter, Neelu Raymond. He was very apologetic towards her for not spending time with her while she grew up, making her effectively lose her father when she had already lost her mother. Klein had promised him that he would make a visit to the beautiful coastal city if he had the chance to visit his daughter.

Having probed for more information earlier, Klein had gained a general idea about Neelu Raymond's situation. After this girl graduated from grammar school, she worked at the Women and Children Care Foundation which was run by the Church of the Evernight Goddess. She had a weekly salary of 2 pounds 10 soli and was the target of envy by her neighbors.

She also inherited an inheritance from her "businessman" father. As for how much it was, no one knew. They just knew that she was richer than most people from the middle-class.

Typically speaking, women with such wealth would place great emphasis on their marriage. They would repeatedly select and observe candidates, resulting in their late marriage. However, Neelu had married to a civil servant just a year later.

As both parties were believers of the Evernight Goddess, she didn't take on her husband's last name. She continued going by the name Neelu Raymond, and she continued staying at 67 Red Indus Street.

After hearing Klein's answer, the maidservant quickly requested him to wait as she entered the living room to report to her mistress.

Before long, a woman in a home dress walked to the door. She had black hair and blue eyes. Her face was rather thin, and she was rather pretty. She resembled Davy Raymond.

"Good evening, sir. I'm Neelu, Davy Raymond's daughter. May I know when you got to know my father?" Neelu Raymond asked politely but warily.

Klein took off his hat and smiled.

"I got to know him at sea. It's been several years."

Neelu Raymond swept him with a wary gaze and said, "Perhaps you might not know, but he has already passed away."

Klein sighed and replied, "Yes, I know. I got to know him through that disaster. He had some words to say back then which I didn't think too much about. However, the more I thought about it in recent years, the more I felt that I should inform you."

"Is that so?" Neelu said softly. After some thought, she invited him. "Please come in. Would you mind if my husband listens in?"

"This is up to you to decide," Klein frankly replied.

Neelu nodded and led Klein into the study. Her husband had the looks of an ordinary civil servant with a gentleman's bearing. He put down his newspapers and followed them in.

After both parties sat down, Klein looked at the couple on the sofa and deliberated.

"Mr. Davy Raymond once experienced disaster after another. He lost his father, mother, wife, brothers, and sisters."

Neelu nodded with a deadpan expression.

"I know."

Klein thought and continued, "He appears to be a merchant, but he was in fact seeking out the murderers who caused that disaster."

"I know." Neelu didn't object to it.

Klein glanced at her and continued, "He dedicated himself to this matter, and he was very regretful that he didn't manage to spend time with you growing up, making you lose your father alongside your mother."

Neelu fell silent for a second before she rapidly replied, "I know!"

Klein swept his gaze to the old books around him and sighed silently.

"He said that his greatest wish was to see you enter the hall of marriage under the witness of the Goddess, to have your own family, and to not be lonely anymore. I believe he should be very happy right now."

Neelu's gaze slowly moved away from Klein's face as she turned agape, answering only two seconds later.

“…I know."

Klein leaned forward slightly as he clasped his hands.

"He said that he might die at sea, and he wanted me to tell you that he died as a result of an accident. All the murderers from before have already been punished. You do not need to hate anyone.

"He also said that he loves you very much and that he's very sorry."

Neelu remained silent for a few seconds as she blinked. She turned her head to the side and scoffed with an unclear attitude.

"Got it…”

Klein gave her a deep look before getting up.

"I'm done passing on the message. It's time I leave."

Met with silence, Neelu's husband nodded gently as a gesture of thanks.

Klein turned around, walked to the door of the study. Just as he twisted the doorknob, Neelu Raymond's voice sounded from behind him, deep and hoarse.

"What… kind of person do you think he was?"

Klein fell silent for a second, turned his head, and curled his lips. He said with a smile, "A guardian."

He didn't stay any longer as he opened the door and walked to the coat rack.

When he wore his hat and left 67 Red Indus Street, soft, restrained sobbing suddenly drilled into his ears.

Shaking his head silently, Klein left the borough and entered a cathedral of the Evernight Goddess.

Passing through the dark and serene aisle, he sat in the seventh row from the back. He faced the crimson half-moon and the black Sacred Emblem filled with resplendent stars. He took off his hat, lowered his head, and held his hands to his mouth, just like the many believers present.

While praying silently in the silence and tranquility, time quickly passed. Klein slowly opened his eyes as he gently stood up.

At the spot where he sat, he left behind an item wrapped in paper.

Klein walked along the aisle and left the prayer hall, going straight to the cathedral's entrance.

With his back facing the hall, he wore his hat, raised his right hand, and snapped his fingers.

Pa!

The paper suddenly ignited where he sat, garnering the priest's attention. When this gentleman rushed over, the flames had already extinguished, leaving behind a dark gem-like item.

This is… Although the priest didn't know what the item was, his spiritual perception told him that it was very important!

When he and the other priests rushed outside the cathedral, the gentleman in a tailcoat and half top hat had already disappeared.

The next morning.

Through a local black market, Klein had obtained a new identity as he came to the steam locomotive station.

In his hand was a second-class ticket worth 18 soli, as well as identification documents for himself. He held a black leather suitcase as he stood at the

platform with his back straight, awaiting the arrival of the train headed for Backlund.

The present him was a middle-aged man who was nearing his forties. He was slightly more than 180 cm tall, and his black hair had a few silver strands. His deep blue eyes were like a lake at night, and he was rather good looking. He gave off mature and elegant vibes.

Looking down at the identification documents, Klein's eyes reflected his present name: "Dwayne Dantès."

After some thought, he placed the suitcase on the ground, laid it down, and opened it before stuffing all his identification documents inside.

Inside the suitcase, there was a black wooden box containing the former Loen soldier, Frunziar Edward's ashes.

Moments after arranging his suitcase, he heard a whistle. A steam train chugged into the station spewing smoke before it slowed down to a halt.

He looked up and cast his gaze forward as he examined it in silence. Then, he looked down at his suitcase and whispered, "It's time to return…”

He then stood straight, carried his belongings, and walked to the open carriage door.

…

Backlund, Cherwood Backlund, 26 Gunstedt Street.

Benson took off his hat, removed his coat, and handed it to the maidservant. He looked at his sister, Melissa, who was glued to her book in the living room.

"The entrance examinations are in June. You'll finally experience the pain of studiously studying that I endured back then."

Melissa didn't look up as she continued reading.

"I'm studiously studying every day."

"A little humor, Melissa. A little humor. What's the difference between a person without humor and a curly-haired baboon?" Benson said with a smile.

Melissa casually glanced at him and said, "That wasn't what you said in the past."

She didn't correct him on what the exact difference was between humans and curly-haired baboons, and she instead said, "Do civil servants also finish work so late?"

"No, there's been a lot of work recently. As you know, oh—you don't. In such a huge reform, the handing over of work and the straightening out of different relationships are very troublesome." Benson swept the mirror in the living room. He couldn't help but lift his hand to comb his hair as he said with a look of displeasure, "Although I'm only a low-ranking employee in the Ministry of Finance, that doesn't stop me from having plenty of work. The only thing to be happy about it that I've finally survived the darn probationary period. I'll soon have a weekly salary of 3 pounds!"

Melissa put down her book, and she walked to the dining hall and said to Benson, "It's dinner time."

She paused and said very seriously, "I read in the papers that there's something called Donningsman Tree Sap that has a significant effect on boosting hair growth."

Benson's face immediately had mixed expressions.

…

Whoosh!

Amidst the whistle, the long steam locomotive chugged into Backlund.

Klein picked up his suitcase and once again stepped into the Capital of Capitals, the Land of Hope. He discovered that the smog had thinned significantly, and there wasn't the obvious palish yellow colors. The gas street lamps on the platform were already turned on, dispersing the gloominess and darkness.

Surveying the area, Klein walked out the steam locomotive station, took the metro and a carriage, and came to a Church of Storms cemetery outside West Borough.

Then, he spent a little bit of money and placed Frunziar Edward's ashes into a partition.

By then, this Loen soldier had already left Backlund for more than 165 years.

After taking a step back, Klein observed it for a moment before using a pen and paper to engrave something on the partition door:

"Frunziar Edward."

He closed his eyes and added:

"Every journey has its destination."

(End of the Third Volume—Traveler)

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CHAPTER 733
THE RETURN

Under a persistent rain, mingled with the thin fog, the rows of street lamps tried their hardest to shine through the mist. The occasional horse carriage that proceeded down the streets was a common evening sight in Backlund.

Apart from these, Klein noticed a few gratifying changes while standing behind the window.

Ring!

A crisp sound echoed in the air as a two-wheeled mechanical device rushed down the side of the street to the other end of the street. Its frame was black in color, with some parts revealing grayish-white steel. Under the illumination of the street lamps and rain, it sparkled with the beauty of metal.

On this device sat a man dressed in a postman's uniform. He kept pedaling with his legs, apparently using a great deal of strength. Behind him was a wooden box that had been painted in green.

*It's been promoted very well… *The white-shirted, black-vested, mature-looking Klein sighed inwardly when he saw this scene.

In a few hours within his return to Backlund, he noticed many similar mechanical devices, and they were none other than the bicycles that he had promoted and invested in!

From the newspapers, Klein knew that the Backlund Bike Company had done tons of advertisements. It even held a bicycle competition in boroughs

like Cherwood and Backlund Bridge so as to garner the attention of others. Apart from that, they also actively promoted it to the government departments such as the postal service and the police departments. The results were said to be pretty good.

Their pricing strategy had followed Klein's original suggestion, avoiding the middle-upper class who often used horse carriages. Instead, they aimed their target audience at those with weekly salaries of 1 pound 10 soli and above, such as technical workers, students with a decent family background, and clerical employees that often needed to travel outside. Therefore, a bike worth 3 to 5 pounds was affordable for the people in this demographic if they bit the bullet a little. And at the same time, they could flaunt it to the masses who had incomes that were lower than them.

The current issue is that Backlund often rains. It's difficult to hold an umbrella while riding a bicycle… The next step should be a raincoat. Klein retracted his gaze, shook his head, and chuckled.

The place he stayed at was a high-end hotel in the Hillston Borough. It cost him 10 soli a night, making him feel quite the pinch. However, to match his persona, all he could do was bite the bullet and put up with it.

His idea of Dwayne Dantès was that he was a believer of the Evernight Goddess and a mysterious tycoon that came from Desi Bay. He had sold his original land and mines, planning to seek out brand new opportunities in Backlund. He had a certain level of interest in obtaining an aristocratic title, but he didn't have the abundant wealth to do so. He had to first expand his social circle and begin making some investments.

The benefits of this identity was that it was clearly different from the characters Klein had previously acted as. It allowed him to very naturally interact with people from the middle-upper class, especially members of the military officers club and the Backlund diocese bishops of the Church of the Evernight Goddess. It made it convenient for Klein to continue his investigations into the Great Smog of Backlund while gathering intel before he made detailed plans to steal the Antigonus family's notebook.

There were obvious disadvantages as well. Such a mysterious tycoon would definitely catch the notice of the Nighthawks and Mandated Punishers, so there was a certain level of background checks that he would have to undergo.

According to Klein's experience, such an investigation would be done by the official Beyonder organizations under the premise that nothing important had happened. It could also be handed over to the police department, but in summary, not too much effort would be put into it, as it would be considered a routine check.

Therefore, Klein, who was considered quite an expert at disguises, had prepared a second layer to his identity as Dwayne Dantès to his designs, so as to deal with the background inspection.

This second layer to his identity was that Dwayne Dantès was a person who had adventured in the Southern Continent's East and West Balam for some particular reason. He had used a nickname, and he spent more than ten years in that rather dangerous land filled with opportunity in order to amass a great deal of wealth.

Since the origin of his wealth wasn't overboard, he had secretly returned to Desi Bay, and he forged a new identity. He had planned on beginning a new life in Backlund and gradually legalize his wealth.

It wasn't rare to see such people in Loen. Their stories were acceptable and imaginable for an investigation. For this identity layer, Klein had left some inconspicuous clues in Conant City so as to indirectly reveal the "truth."

These clues included but were not limited to the stubs of his scalped tickets from East Balam to Conant City, habits as a result of living in the Southern Continent for extended periods of time, as well as his wealth of unknown origins.

Klein believed that as long as Dwayne Dantès didn't involve himself in any serious Beyonder matters, preparations such as this were enough to fool

most routine background inspections.

And if he encountered an extremely dedicated official Beyonder who investigated it all the way and was even willing to seek the help of colleagues from the Southern Continent, then Dwayne Dantès had a third identity layer. It was that he was a cheat who had anti-divination measures to a certain degree. He disguised himself as a mysterious tycoon and spent large amounts of money in investments for this final scam.

This identity was enough to get Dwayne Dantès arrested, but the level of attention placed on him wouldn't be too great. This allowed Klein to exit the stage without much trouble.

Compared to my first time in Backlund, the creation of a three-layered identity shows how I've really matured significantly… Klein slowly walked to the middle of the room as he cast his gaze on a full-body mirror in the corner.

His reflection had black hair and some strands of gray hair. His eyes were deep, but his experiences had left indelible marks on his face. He was a charming middle-aged man with a mature bearing.

The design of Dwayne Dantès's identity wasn't difficult for the present Klein. However, stealing the Antigonus family's notebook from behind Saint Samuel Cathedral's Chanis Gate was practically an impossible task for any external Beyonder. Even a King of Angels couldn't guarantee success.

Of course, unlike other Beyonders, Klein had two advantages. First, he was once a Nighthawk. He had quite a good understanding of the internal procedures they followed, and he knew which matters he could exploit. Therefore, the first solution he eliminated was to become a particular Nighthawk, infiltrate it, and find a chance to pass through Chanis Gate.

There was a problem that existed in this. Nighthawks weren't able to randomly enter Chanis Gate, even for the captains and deacons. Something had to happen first before they received the corresponding authority.

Furthermore, Chanis Gate had its Keepers inside. Randomly entering or taking things would result in an attack on him, causing a battle to break out. Klein didn't wish for his theft to result in any deaths or injury to the members of the Church of the Goddess.

After careful consideration, he placed his sights on the Keepers.

These elders were retired Nighthawks who volunteered to enter Chanis Gate. They were in charge of watching the Sealed Artifacts, and they were from a different department from the Nighthawks. They entered and exited using the underground passageway through the cathedral, and they never interfered with the Nighthawks' work, nor would they be disturbed by the Nighthawks.

Perhaps a result of staying behind Chanis Gate for extended periods of time, these Keepers all had certain traits. They had cold auras and had deadpan expressions. Their skin was pale, and they resembled monsters from the deep darkness who were on the border of life and death. Klein believed that it wasn't difficult for him to locate his target if he met one.

His initial plan was to rent a place in North Borough near Saint Samuel Cathedral. He would hire a butler, a valet, a maidservant, a gardener, a chef, and a carriage driver to have a front as a tycoon. Then, he would often head to the cathedral to pray piously, participate in Mass, donate money, and familiarize himself with the bishops and priests.

During this process, he would work hard to find suspected Keepers. He would choose two or three targets and observe their habits. When the opportunity arises, he would imprison one of them, change into his appearance or directly possess him, pass through Chanis Gate, and attempt to flip through or take the Antigonus family's notebook away.

This was a very crude plan that was merely a train of thought. It needed to be perfected according to the intelligence Klein would slowly acquire.

For this matter, Klein's second advantage was the Tarot Club. He had assistants that the Church of the Evernight Goddess and the Nighthawks would never think of. Furthermore, he could consider extending the recruitment of a Backlund diocese Nighthawk or Keeper into the Gathering. He could then complete the theft through this traitor, just like how Emperor Roselle was used to obtain the Antigonus family's notebook by Zaratul.

*I've got to frequently head to the cathedral. Only by doing so can I find a target… *Klein faced the mirror as he silently nodded.

It had to be said that he felt conflicted. If a true Nighthawk or Keeper were to betray the Church to serve Mr. Fool, his first thought was to unleash divine punishment to get rid of this despicable traitor!

After exhaling, he gave a self-deprecating laugh. He wore his double-breasted frock coat and hat, walked out the room, and reached the streets.

With an umbrella, he circled to another street. Taking advantage of the distant street lamp and the drizzle, he suddenly changed back into Sherlock Moriarty.

Glancing at his wrinkled trousers, Klein stopped a carriage and planned on heading to Isengard Stanton's house in Hillston Borough.

Half an hour later, the somewhat ancient and dark building appeared before Klein's eyes.

He paid 2 soli for his ride as he walked steadily around the puddles amidst the drizzle that refracted the yellowish light of dusk before coming to the famous detective's doorstep.

Putting away his umbrella, he reached out to ring the doorbell and waited for a moment before seeing a man with a wide face open the door.

The man had a head of malt-colored hair, grayish-blue eyes, and high cheekbones. He had the traits of someone from Lenburg or Masin.

*Mr. Isengard Stanton's new assistant? Someone from the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom? *Klein took off his hat and said with a smile, "Good evening, is Mr. Isengard Stanton home?"

"He is. He just had his dinner after a busy day at work," the malt-colored lad replied politely. "May I know who you are?"

Klein chortled and said, "Tell the good detective that a friend of his has returned from his vacation."

The young man was taken aback as he blurted out, "Mr. Sherlock Moriarty?"

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CHAPTER 734
OLD FRIENDS

You actually know me? This means that Mr. Isengard Stanton often mentions me as a friend, or does it mean that the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom knows that I was embroiled in the Great Smog of Backlund? Klein smiled as he nodded in an unperturbed manner.

"Yes, I'm Sherlock Moriarty."

The grayish-blue-eyed lad immediately gave way as he warmly gestured him in.

"Mr. Stanton has been worried about you all this time. He was afraid that you met with trouble. He can now be at peace."

Klein handed him his umbrella as he took off his hat and coat while walking in. At this moment, Isengard Stanton, who had sensed something, had put down his papers and pipe, and he left his reclining chair to take a look.

"Oh my, Sherlock, you're finally back. It's been so long, my friend." The thin Isengard with grayed sides revealed a smile as he came over with welcoming arms in an attempt to give him a greeting hug.

Klein wasn't used to such a custom, so he forced himself to reciprocate it and smile.

"Mr. Stanton, this isn't something a believer of Wisdom would do."

The bishops and priests of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom had their pride, and they seldom gave greeting hugs.

But in fact, apart from the boorish Feysac Empire and the liberal Intis Kingdom, such a manner of etiquette was rare in other countries and regions. It only happened among very familiar friends.

Isengard took two steps back and chuckled.

"No, Sherlock. We're never stingy with respect and friendliness towards intelligent friends.

"In my heart, you're one of the top five detectives in all of Backlund."

*I like that! *Klein smiled inwardly as he retorted in jest, "So you're one of the top three detectives?"

To be praised as having true wisdom by a Sequence 7 believer of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom was really delighting.

"I wish that you share the same thoughts as myself," Isengard skillfully and gently replied. Then, he invited him to the living room and to the sofa.

He leaned into a reclining chair and picked up his pipe. With a deep breath, he exhaled.

"I'm very happy that nothing bad happened to you. You seem especially fine, both in body and mind.

"How was it? Was Desi Bay fun?"

Klein had already prepared an excuse as he calmly smiled.

"In fact, I didn't go to Desi Bay. I ended up going to Constant. Heh heh, I was previously embroiled in some trouble in Backlund, so I could only find a place to hide."

Sherlock Moriarty was a gentleman from Midseashire who had a slight accent. It was a very normal choice to return to his hometown after causing

trouble. Constant was Midseashire's capital.

"I know," Isengard replied heavily.

He didn't inquire about the trouble which Sherlock had involved himself in. Instead, he said with a smile, "In short, welcome back to Backlund. Come to me if you need any help."

Klein didn't stand on ceremony as he immediately said, "The purpose of my visit was first because it's really has been a while since we last met, and second, I wish that you can sell my shares in the Backlund Bike Company on my behalf. Heh heh, all the documents are in place, and there's no need to carry out any other procedures."

In order to act as a mysterious tycoon and to repay Miss Messenger with the 10,000 gold coins, not only did he plan on selling items he had little use for, but he also planned on letting go of the last 10% of his shares in the Backlund Bike Company. After all, Sherlock Moriarty wasn't able to appear in a legitimate fashion for a long period of time.

"Are you really going to sell it?" Isengard stroked his pipe and said, "Although I've never been a businessman, I can tell that the bike is a product that's of great value and something that can be promoted on a large scale. Its commercial future is like the newly-risen sun, and it has yet to reach its limits. You'll be losing plenty of money by selling it now."

"That's why a buyer will be very willing to raise the price significantly because of this expected value." Klein chuckled. "I believe the people who can tell the value of the bike and its future aren't in the minority. And Framis and Leppard are definitely unwilling to reduce any part of their holdings at this stage. There shouldn't be a problem selling my 10% shares at twice or thrice the normal price. Isengard, the pricing of shares isn't about the present, but about its future."

*To illustrate an alluring story for the buyer and investor, and drawing a beautiful future is very necessary! Of course, the value and future of the

bike don't require additional input from me. Anyone with any business sense can tell. The only problem stems in the rubber production… *Klein silently added inwardly.

"The pricing of shares isn't about the present, but about its future…" Isengard softly repeated Klein's words, and after a moment he sincerely sighed. "Sherlock, perhaps you should be involved in the business world. However, there will always be many accidents present."

"To dare to take risks is equivalent to chivalry in business. Oh well, I admit that I've recently been in dire need of large sums of cash," Klein replied with a smile.

Isengard picked up his pipe as he gave it a satisfactory suck.

"You've convinced me.

"I will specially hire a lawyer and accountant to confirm the market value of Backlund Bike Company. Then, I'll add on an estimate of the expected profits and sell that 10% of yours. The corresponding fees and taxes will be deducted from the amount received.

"Oh… How should I contact you? It seems like your rental contract for the house at Minsk Street has lapsed."

Klein obviously wouldn't expose his present identity. He said, having prepared for it, "You can post news on the Tussock Times, Backlund Daily Tribune, and other newspapers about the sale of the shares to make more people know. Only when there's competition would there be better price negotiations. When it's sold, you can publish a notice to indicate that the deal has been closed and that further inquiries won't be entertained.

"And when I see that notice, I'll come visit you."

Isengard was no stranger when it came to communicating over published notices in the newspapers. He nodded and said, "No problem. Of course, all

expenses will be deducted from the final sum received."

With his main goal accomplished, Klein stood up and reached out his hand.

"Thank you for your help, Isengard.

"I need to leave. We can talk in the future."

Isengard didn't hold him back as he sent him straight out the door.

Klein circled to a nearby street and took a carriage to the Bravehearts Bar as he admired Bravehearts Bar's night view in the drizzle.

He planned on reestablishing all the news and resource channels which Sherlock Moriarty used to have!

After entering the noisy bar, he didn't head for the bar counter to order some beer and make inquiries. Instead, he circled around the boxing ring in preparation to leave, so that he could wait for Miss Sharron to appear on the carriage outside.

At this moment, the door to a billiard room creaked open. Ian, with an old coat, walked out with newspapers in hand.

His red eyes did a cursory sweep when he suddenly noticed a familiar figure. He gaped his mouth, but he didn't say his name. He greeted in pleasant surprise, "Good evening, sir. Is there anything I can help you with?"

"Not for now. I'm only here to visit an old friend." Klein smiled warmly.

As he spoke, he noticed that the papers in Ian's hand was News at Sea. On it was a striking headline: "Shocking! Crazy adventurer made a fugitive!"

Crazy adventurer… Klein intuitively believed that it had nothing to do with him.

Ian noticed his gaze and raised the newspapers with a smile.

"This is one of the rare up-to-date reports from News at Sea because the bounties have already appeared in various places.

"The crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, plotted to bring harm on the City of Generosity, and he has been proven to be a member of a cult. In this incident, thanks to the Church of Storms and the military, no one from Bayam was injured. But Admiral of Blood Senor, who was involved in the matter, vanished as a result. It's suspected that he has been killed by Gehrman Sparrow.

"Guess how much of a bounty they are offering for Gehrman Sparrow.

"50,000 pounds!

"It has exceeded Admiral of Blood's, and it's almost reached that of Admiral Hell's!"

*50,000 pounds… *Klein's heart stirred.

He calmed the palpitations in his heart as he replied with a smile, "Unfortunately, few people can claim such a bounty."

He pointed at the bar's entrance and said, "I'll come to look for you again when I have the time."

"Alright." Ian didn't ask further as he mentioned in passing, "Is Mr. White from the Harvest Church your friend?"

That fellow, Emlyn, is finally willing to get out of the house? For those Primordial Moon believers? Klein nodded.

"That's right."

After saying that, he squeezed through the crowd and pushed open the door to leave the Bravehearts Bar.

After getting onto a rental carriage, Klein cast his gaze outside, awaiting Miss Sharron's appearance.

Of course, he wasn't certain that she was here. Months had passed, so it was very possible that this lady and Maric had switched their area of activity.

Silently, Klein's spiritual perception was triggered as he turned to look at the window. On the glass which could reflect the night view, a young lady in a black bonnet and gothic-styled black dress clearly appeared.

Turning his head, Klein saw Miss Sharron sitting opposite him. Her pale blonde hair, blue eyes, and pale expression didn't seem any different from before.

"Good evening." Klein, who no longer needed to act as Gehrman Sparrow, greeted first.

Sharron got up a little and curtsied.

Realizing that she might've read News at Sea, he was momentarily unable to find a topic for small talk. He cleared his throat and directly said, "I killed Senor."

"Okay." Sharron nodded slightly, indicating that she was aware.

Klein smiled as he continued, "If Maric still needs the Beyonder characteristic of a Wraith, he can wait and prepare the money needed. Once I find a replacement, I'll sell Senor to him."

Sharron didn't ask what "replacement" meant as she replied, "After seeing that piece of news, he has been awaiting your return."

"Very good." Klein chuckled. He reached out for his collar, pulled out a silver necklace and said, "Senor's lucky item. You should know about it, right?"

Sharron tersely answered as she waited for Klein to continue.

"I plan to sell either this or the Biological Poison Bottle. Would you, or people from your circle, be interested?" Klein took the initiative to ask.

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CHAPTER 735
ANOTHER VISIT

Sharron was silent for two seconds before she said, "I'll help ask."

It means you need to consider it? That's right. The negative effects of Scales of Luck does leave one hesitant. However, Biological Poison Bottle is really compatible with a Wraith. If it wasn't because I'm short on money, and how it lowers my immunity, making me easily fall sick, I wouldn't be willing to sell it. It's rather effective in an ambush! Klein vaguely grasped Sharron's intentions as he stuffed the silver necklace back into his collar.

He asked after some thought, "Which power of a High-Sequence Prisoner pathway Beyonder makes all surrounding lifeless items attack one's target?"

"Puppet," Sharron succinctly replied.

It's the power of a Sequence 4 Puppet? Turning themselves into a lifeless puppet, so that they are able to control all lifeless objects in a certain range? Advancing further, will they be able to directly influence the mystical items of an enemy? Klein nodded in enlightenment and asked, "Then, do you know that demigod?"

He immediately described in detail the appearance of the elder who had attacked him outside Bayam.

"Shanks," Sharron calmly said a name.

I actually wished that you could share with me more about him… Klein knew Miss Sharron's style as he said with an exasperated smile, "Then, do you know Zatwen?"

He was the mentor of the Naturism Sect's leader in Oravi Island.

"The demigod who was pursuing us," Sharron answered without hiding anything or any emotions, like a doll.

That's the one who made me feel like the chairs, tables, and curtains wished to kill me… What a coincidence… However, it wasn't arranged. It just proves that as a secret organization, the Rose School of Thought, with a history of over a thousand years, doesn't have that many demigods… Perhaps it has about the same number as the Aurora Order. The number of saints number around five, and the number of angels and Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts number about two to three… Of course, this is also because they were suppressed by the seven major Churches, reducing their headquarters to colonies. At the height of their powers, they might've had far more than these… Klein thought and asked again, "Then, do you know the Rose School of Thought member that is able to make an entire mountain tremble with just one arm?"

He planned on describing the arm's traits, but he realized that he hadn't dared to look straight at it.

Sharron listened quietly as her eyes darted around as though they came to life. She asked with a clear voice, "What did you encounter?"

A saint, an angel, as well as Sea King, an Aurora Order demigod, a monster byproduct from the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death… Klein silently made a self-deprecating comment as he said with a wry smile, "I got on the bad side with the Mother Tree of Desire, and I suffered an ambush from the Rose School of Thought. Thankfully, I was in Bayam, allowing the Church of Storms and the kingdom's military to take action. I also threw out an item corrupted with the True Creator's aura, as well as something related to the Numinous Episcopate. In short, it was chaos, and I took the opportunity to escape."

He replied frankly, apart from hiding the existence of Miss Messenger and Mr. Azik. As for the matter of the True Creator, he believed that Miss

Sharron had long known that he wasn't affected by the ravings. This could be explained by a timely psychological intervention or psychic treatment.

"Mother Tree of Desire…" Sharron murmured the name as rare emotional upheavals slowly appeared in her eyes.

Klein didn't have the interpretation abilities of a Spectator, and he was unable to tell what was exactly on Sharron's mind. He could only sense that she felt a little fear and loathing.

Sharron quickly restrained her abnormal reaction, turning back into an extremely exquisite "doll."

She looked at Sherlock Moriarty and said, "You are very lucky and very mysterious."

Klein smiled without a word, neither lying nor explaining.

Sharron didn't inquire as she said, "You might've met Suah. 'He' is an Abomination born 922 years ago and claims to be the son of the Chained God. 'He' is also the present leader of the Rose School of Thought."

*No way. The Rose School of Thought sent its leader and a demigod to deal with me… I'm just a mere Sequence 5! If not for Orange Light Hilarion's warning, I might've already been captured by the Rose School of Thought… *Klein felt a chill run down his back again as he asked, "Is Abomination the name of the Prisoner pathway's Sequence 2 or Sequence 1?"

"Probably," Sharron didn't give an affirmative answer.

At this moment, without waiting for Klein's response, she said, "Williams Street has been destroyed."

Klein had pondered what kind of reaction he should have when Miss Sharron raised the topic, so he immediately frowned.

"By who? When did it happen?"

"The Nighthawks and Machinery Hivemind. About two months ago." Sharron had clearly gathered the corresponding intelligence.

Klein nodded solemnly and, after some deep thought, said, "Perhaps we've neglected something. That evil spirit didn't need us to rescue it. It was still controlling Baronet Pound!

"Could it be that something happened to that gentleman, incurring the notice of the Nighthawks and Machinery Hiveminds?" Klein offered a guess filled with half-truths without utmost confidence.

Sharron nodded.

"Baronet Pound died during one of his revelries."

That's it? That's the end to Alista Tudor's final bloodline? Klein thought and said, "How's the situation with Williams Street at the moment?"

"Some high-rise buildings are being built," Sharron described without much of an expression. "People monitored it in secret at the beginning, but the surveillance decreased with time, diminishing to zero early last month."

Klein pondered for a few seconds and said, "Have you gone down to explore it?"

Sharron's eyes swept his face.

"No."

*This is her remembering our unwritten agreement—to explore it together because we found it together? What a noble-hearted lady. The Rose School of Thought's temperance faction is infinitely times better than the indulgence faction! *Klein probed, "Shall we go now?"

"Alright," Sharron succinctly expressed her stance.

Klein immediately instructed the carriage driver, and he changed the destination to Williams Street at the intersection of West Borough and Empress Borough.

Along the way, he casually mentioned what he heard and saw at sea, as well as the experiences that didn't involve his secrets. Although Sharron didn't answer him, she listened attentively, seemingly interested.

This made Klein recall the time when he first got to know her as Miss Bodyguard. She sat on the illusory high-back chair in the oriel window's glass. Her right hand held her cheek as she seriously listened to his conversation with Ian. She had great potential in being a Spectator.

The carriage passed through the silent streets in the drizzle before finally arriving near Williams Street.

Without approaching the area, Klein and Sharron discovered that the area had become a huge worksite.

After circling to the region that matched the underground ruins, they stood behind a huge tree with a lush canopy. Klein said to Sharron, who wasn't drenched by the rain despite not holding an umbrella, "Let's head down."

As the rain fell, they passed through Sharron's blonde hair and body before hitting the ground.

"Alright." Sharron didn't ask how Sherlock Moriarty was planning on heading down with her.

Klein reached his hand into his pocket and easily removed the wall of spirituality, and he opened the iron cigar case.

Beside him, a figure suddenly appeared. It was none other than Admiral of Blood Senor who wore a dark red coat and an old triangular hat.

"He will head down in my stead," Klein said with a smile.

Immediately following that, he controlled his marionette in a composed manner.

Senor immediately pressed his hand to his chest and bowed at Sharron.

"Good evening. I'm honored to work with you."

Sharron swept her gaze across Klein and Senor, and without a word, her body sank into the soil.

Uh, Miss Sharron seems to detest Senor quite significantly… Klein curled his lips and made Admiral of Blood rapidly turn into a Wraith and sink.

As for himself, he leaned on a tree, half-closed his eyes as he seriously controlled the marionette. There wasn't anyone around him, and the drizzle was light and the streetlights dim.

Slowly, Klein found the feeling of being a Marionettist.

His vision and Senor's vision overlapped with one another as he saw black-brown soil, squirming worms, and miscellaneous items in between the rocks.

As they passed through layers of obstacles, they arrived at the region where the ruin once was. The dome ceiling had collapsed and the stone columns had snapped. The area was filled with soil and rubble, looking nothing like it once was.

Such a scene made Klein believe that the humanoid statues of the six deities had been completely destroyed.

To his joy, their location was relatively close to the room which sealed the evil spirit. That meant that he didn't need to worry that any subsequent

exploration would exceed the hundred-meter range for the control of his marionette.

Amidst the smell of soil and rot, they soon entered the previously menacing room; however, between the rubble and soil, there were only a few signs of crushed bone and rotting clothes. The dark gold and deep blue light from before had all vanished.

The Beyonder characteristics have been taken away by the Nighthawks and Machinery Hivemind… Senor's expression twitched as it perfectly reflected Klein's mood.

Sharron turned around in the dark solid environment and gently shook her head.

"They didn't send anyone in. There are no traces of living creatures existing in here."

That's right. If a living person had entered and exited this room over the past half year, a Wraith should be able to sense it… Besides, the deity statues obviously cannot be seen by the Nighthawks and Machinery Hivemind… Where did those Beyonder characteristics go? As Klein frowned, Senor had a similar reaction.

Could it be that the evil spirit wasn't completely obliterated? It had long escaped? Klein thought about it when he suddenly came to an alarming conclusion.

He held back his emotions and made Senor pass through the soil and rubble-filled room with Sharron, and they arrived at the spot where the bloody door previously stood. And at that moment, only a few splinters proved that it existed before.

After proceeding forward a few meters, the two truly entered the room where the evil spirit was sealed.

It had likewise been destroyed and buried. Klein used Senor's body and eyes to look for clues as he flew about.

"There should be a black high-back chair here." Sharron stopped and pointed at the splinters above two rocks.

Klein instantly recalled the scene he had once seen in the dream—the young man suspected of being Medici had sat on a high-back chair, his head drooped low as though dead.

Sharron didn't pause. She continued proceeding in the compressed soil in search for any traces. Suddenly, she spoke again.

"There should be one here."

Another one? A second black high-back chair? "Klein" floated over in surprise.

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CHAPTER 736
THIRD CHAIR

Senor, in his Wraith form, passed through the thick soil and rocks under Klein's control, arriving beside Sharron. He saw a damaged armrest which had asymmetrical patterns buried there, looking rather similar, but also different from the splinters they discovered moments ago.

The armrest wasn't pure black in color. Their patterns exuded a dark red color, as though it was an intersection of iron and blood.

Recalling the scene from his nightmare, Klein determined that this wasn't the high-back chair that the entity suspected to be Medici sat on.

This was the second chair!

The room that sealed the evil spirit had at least two high-back chairs!

"Klein" and Sharron didn't say a word as they circled around in different directions to search for other clues.

Before long, they discovered the evidence of a third high-back chair!

It was the leg of a chair, mainly dark red in color with pure black patterns. It was completely different from the other two kinds of splinters.

"Perhaps it's a problem caused by the asymmetrical trait of the Fourth Epoch…" Klein knew Sharron's style, volunteering to speak and saying something even he couldn't believe.

In the nightmare that resulted from the evil spirit's influence, the colors of the high-back chairs were, at the very least, uniform!

Sharron shook her head slightly.

"Three has more of a ritualistic feel."

She was implying that the innocent victims of Blood Emperor Alista Tudor weren't just one person back then. Perhaps a ritual had been held in the room that sealed the evil spirit.

Klein was taken aback by what he heard as a scene flashed through his mind.

In a spacious and dark room, three high-back chairs of different styles were placed around a particular point in the center. And sitting on each chair was a breathless humanoid creature with a drooping head. Among them included Red Angel Medici.

The scene became clearer as Klein instantly connected two additional matters together.

The main ingredients of the Sequence 0 Black Emperor's potion is the Uniqueness and two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics (excluding one's own Beyonder characteristic);

Blood Emperor Alista Tudor had apparently forcefully jumped from the Black Emperor pathway's Sequence 1 Prince of Disorder to the Red Priest Sequence 0, which wasn't a neighboring pathway. As a result, he became a half-crazy true god!

As his thoughts whirred, Klein quickly had a theory.

This room had once held a Sequence 0 advancement ritual needed for a true god!

Of course, according to the complicated ritual needed by a Black Emperor, this was only part of the requirement. The pathway that represented war had clearly required the entire continent to be in chaos and at war to match in scale.

And Blood Emperor Alista Tudor doesn't have the corresponding Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, so his Red Priest potion requires three Sequence 1 angels or Sealed Artifacts to provide "Him" with the Beyonder characteristics. There happens to be three high-back chairs here!

Yes, the evil spirit suspected to be Red Angel Medici said that to help it escape its seal, one should find direct descendants of the Sauron, Einhorn, and Medici family, and then extract 10 ml of blood and mix them with holy water… Sauron and Einhorn wield the Hunter pathway and are also angel families of the Red Priest Beyonder pathway. They've existed since the Fourth Epoch to this day. One of them has already waned, only capable of controlling the spy network and a military faction in Intis, while the other remains the royal family of Feysac… Thoughts flashed through Klein's mind as he had a new belief regarding what had happened in the room, as well as the true identity of the evil spirit.

On the other two high-back chairs sat the ancestors of the Sauron and Einhorn families, Sequence 1 angels!

Together with War Angel Medici, who very likely possessed the pathway's Uniqueness, all the main ingredients of the Red Priest potion were gathered!

And that evil spirit is highly likely to not be the pure Red Angel Medici. It might include the remnant psyche and hatred of the Sauron and Einhorn family's ancestors!

Man, this place once sacrificed three Sequence 1 angels! Before "They" died, their curses and the ritual itself left effects, making this room become abnormally horrifying, as well as sealing it? Thankfully I reported this to the Churches ahead of time to let them deal with it. Otherwise, we might

have died here if we relied on ourselves. It would be the same even if Miss Sharron and I advanced to Sequence 4. We would become food for the evil spirit.… Klein felt a sense of fear and joy.

Meanwhile, he began to understand the reason why the Red Priest card had landed in the hands of the evil spirit. After all, the former highest-ranking members of a pathway were buried here in this underground ruin, the convergence of Beyonder characteristics would naturally lure Beyonders of the same pathway over without any deviations.

Furthermore, as Roselle once said—whatever separates will definitely converge, and whatever converges will definitely separate—after Blood Emperor Alista Tudor perished, the true god characteristic he possessed, which is the Sequence 0 characteristic, will likely split into four pieces.

One is the Uniqueness, an abstract item or concept, while the remaining three are three sets of Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics. If it wasn't because of that, the corresponding Beyonder pathway wouldn't have anymore Sequence 1s when someone becomes a god.…

Could one or two of these Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics be attracted, entering the sealed room? This is likely one of the reasons why the Card of Blasphemy was lured over! The more Klein thought, the more he felt that he had previously underestimated the evil spirit.

*They live up to being angels who advanced from Conspirers… *Standing under the tree, Klein controlled Senor to say, "Perhaps it really is a ritual.

"It's related to Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. The scale and level involved must be great."

Sharron added after silently listening, "Sauron, Einhorn, Medici…”

Miss Sharron is also suspecting if the three high-back chairs once belonged to different angels from the details requested by the evil spirit… Klein thought for a moment, and he divulged something through Senor.

"Blood Emperor Alista Tudor is likely a true god from the Hunter pathway; the Card of Blasphemy is represented by the Red Priest."

Sharron remained silent for a few seconds as though she came to a realization regarding certain matters as she said, "That card is gone."

She was referring to the Red Priest card which the evil spirit had formerly shown them.

"Perhaps that evil spirit had long escaped before the Nighthawks and Machinery Hivemind destroyed this place." Klein shared his theory. "And it had taken away all the Beyonder characteristics and that Red Priest card."

Sharron silently surveyed the area and said, "It's very crafty. It wouldn't leave behind any obvious clues."

*That's right. The Beyonder characteristics outside the sealed room are clearly not at Sequence 4. To an evil spirit who was once a King of Angels, they don't have any allure. Likewise for the Red Priest card… It can be understood that it took away the things in the room, but why didn't it leave anything? It's like telling others something like "Haha, I've fooled you. I've already successfully escaped. Catch me if you can"…Wait, perhaps that's exactly what it wishes to convey! *As Klein thought, he suddenly found it amusing as he made Senor speak.

"No, being crafty doesn't necessarily equate to not leaving clues.

"The Sequence 8 of the Hunter pathway is Provoker."

At that moment, the Red Angel that surfaced in his mind had the picture of Anderson Hood over it.

Sharron listened silently as she gaped her mouth slightly, but she didn't say a word.

Similarly, Klein was speechless. He felt that the Beyonders of the Hunter pathway truly had a crystal clear style.

In comparison, the red-haired Helene didn't appear anything like someone from the Sauron family.

However, she was rather talented at provoking Vice Admiral Ailment… Yes, back then, the Sauron family members also infuriated Roselle terribly… Klein silently exhaled as he lampooned.

The silent mood was soon broken by Klein. Senor looked around and said a joke, "Perhaps that's the reason why they were captured and brought here."

"Who was helping Alista Tudor?" Sharron's translucent figure asked, but she didn't seem to look forward to the answer.

"Perhaps it's the six deities…" "Klein" recalled the six deity statues in the hall.

However, he had second thoughts.

"However, the seven deities supported the Trunsoest Empire. The Sauron and Einhorn families were powerful aristocrats of the empire.

"Of course, it cannot be ruled out that they first supported Tudor, and later had a falling out after 'He' went mad."

If it's not the six deities, does it mean that there are other deities supporting Alista Tudor? Who would it be? Klein thought in silence.

Sharron didn't stay any longer as she floated up to the surface, returning to the tree.

Klein stored away Senor's Wraith, allowing it to enter the gold coin inside the iron cigar case. Then, he asked in passing, "Actually, I've always been

curious. Where do the powers of pure evil spirits and wraiths who do not have Beyonder characteristics come from?"

"The spirit world," Sharron answered simply.

The conservation of Beyonder characteristics, but the source of Beyonder powers isn't necessarily the same? Yes, perhaps the spirit world itself is the product of some Beyonder characteristics… Klein nodded and looked at the soil beneath his feet.

"I'll continue investigating the whereabouts of the evil spirit. I'll inform you if there's anything."

He planned on asking Arrodes later.

With that said, he took out a pen and paper, scribbled down the method to summoning his messenger, and handed it over.

"You can write to me if there's anything."

Sharron received the piece of paper and seriously looked at it.

"I'll be in the Bravehearts Bar.

"Letters can be mailed to 126 Garde Street, Hillston Borough. Address it to Ma'am Maryam."

"Alright." Klein stuffed his pen into his pocket. In front of Sharron, he used a ritualistic dagger to create a wall of spirituality and resealed the iron cigar case.

Following that, he crossed the street to stop a carriage like a gentleman, sending Sharron all the way back to the Backlund bridge area.

After doing this, he returned to the high-end hotel in Hillston Borough. Midway, he changed his appearance and switched carriages.

…

Bayam. Inside the Seaweed Bar.

Danitz, who had spent some time drifting at sea, once again stepped back into the City of Generosity. He planned on helping the Resistance handle some matters.

He pressed down on his cap, sat at the corner of the bar counter, and prepared to first hear about the recent news. He didn't wish to become a bounty reward due to untimely or inaccurate intelligence.

At this moment, he heard an adventurer beside him say to his companion, "Hey, do you think Gehrman Sparrow will get someone to claim Admiral of Blood's bounty on his behalf?"

Ah? Danitz subconsciously looked up, looking at the speaker with a blank, confused look.

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CHAPTER 737
OFFICIAL APPEARANCE

Why would the madman, Gehrman Sparrow, need to find someone to claim Admiral of Blood's bounty on his behalf? That's not right. Why would he be able to claim the bounty? Danitz suddenly snapped out of his confusion and grasped the crux of the matter.

He immediately lowered his head to prevent himself from exposing his shock and confusion.

The adventurers beside him continued their conversation.

"How would that be possible? No one would dare to claim it on his behalf!"

"That's right—unless they wish to bear the wrath of the Church of Storms or selling out Gehrman Sparrow!"

"42,000 pounds… If I can receive that sum of money, I'll immediately head to Backlund to be a tycoon!"

"Haha, wouldn't you be enjoying yourself in the Red Theater for half a year first?"

"Perhaps Gehrman Sparrow can claim it from Intis, Feysac, or Feynapotter. Although it wouldn't be as much as 42,000 pounds, it's definitely in no way a low amount…”

…

As the adventurers conversed, they began imagining their lives after obtaining 42,000 pounds. They even had a conflict of opinions and began arguing with flushed faces.

No way… Are they implying that Gehrman has finished off Admiral of Blood? No, although that madman always had the intention of doing so, he lacks the required support that he needs. He needs to work with Captain… Anderson Hood? Danitz stood up, pressed down his cap, and kept his head down. He rushed towards the billiard and card rooms where there were newspapers placed there.

Just as he left, the few adventurers from before looked at his back and spoke in hushed tones.

"Do you recognize him? It's obvious that something is wrong with how he was acting so suspiciously!"

"I didn't get a good look, but I think he's a pirate who's here to gather intel."

"Shall we…" An adventurer gestured, slicing his hand across his throat.

"Perhaps it's someone we can't afford to offend. Let's wait and see." Another adventurer stopped his companion's actions.

Danitz entered an empty billiard room, came to the corner, and picked up a stack of newspapers. He quickly flipped through them, and slowly, his expression twisted.

What did that madman do? He really finished off Admiral of Blood? It's only been a few months, and his strength has risen to such a level? Furthermore, the papers didn't even mention Anderson Hood… Danitz was alarmed and thankful that he wisely chose to submit in front of Gehrman Sparrow. Otherwise, people would've long seen the news of him being hunted in exchange for bounty money.

No, no. Back then, my death wouldn't have been published… Man, Gehrman Sparrow is really a member of a cult… As he thought, Danitz suddenly froze like a statue.

That was because he was apparently, probably, likely a member of that cult…

Haha, the Church and military often likes to exaggerate. Yes, it's a secret organization, not a cult! Danitz consoled himself before having the feeling that the organization backing Gehrman Sparrow was surprisingly mysterious and abnormally powerful.

The successful hunting of Senor, one of the Seven Pirate Admirals, was evidence!

Phew… Danitz exhaled as he apprehensively praised The Fool inwardly, expressing his desires to handle matters seriously.

…

In a small building near the governor-general's office, Elland and Oz Kent walked out.

"It's finally over…" Elland sighed as he wore his captain's hat.

Oz Kent rubbed his red brandy nose and added with a sigh, "That's right."

They had been interrogated while separated for two full days because of Gehrman Sparrow. They were faced with Interrogators who were best at such matters.

Thankfully, Elland had never hidden anything from the beginning. He had reported to his superiors that Gehrman Sparrow was of unknown origins, but that he was friendly to the military. It had nothing to do with him since the decision of making this crazy adventurer an informant while having his background investigated was made by the higher-ups.

As for Oz Kent, there weren't any problems at all. He had followed regular protocol when claiming the bounty for Gehrman Sparrow.

As they slowly walked towards the entrance in the middle of the garden, Elland said with a sigh, "Who knew that Gehrman Sparrow was that crazy and powerful…”

According to the little information that they knew, finishing off Admiral of Blood was just one of the most ordinary and trivial matters that Gehrman Sparrow had done that day.

And such a crazy person had made the choice of entering the dangerous Bansy to save a few passengers and crew members who had merely expressed their friendship to him.

Elland later learned that the dangers lurking in Bansy had far exceeded his imagination. The Church of Storms had directly destroyed the entire place!

If I had told the Interrogators that Gehrman Sparrow has a soft and kind heart, they will definitely think I'm lying… Humans are really a mass of contradictions… Elland silently shook his head.

After hearing Elland's poignant remark, Oz Kent replied with a wry smile, "Back then, I thought you introduced me to a relatively strong adventurer. But in the end, he even finished off Admiral of Blood! Damn it. I even think he has the strength to become the fifth king. You wouldn't doubt what I say if you look at the forest and those nearby mountains!

"That place, it's like… it's like…”

Elland glanced at Oz Kent and finished his sentence for him: "It's like it was blasted by the coastal defenses more than a hundred times over."

"That's right!" Oz Kent agreed with Elland's description.

By then, the two had walked out the main entrance.

Elland looked at the night sky with twinkling stars and the dark crimson moon. After a few seconds of silence, he adjusted his collar and said, "Let's hope he doesn't return to the sea again…”

…

Bayam. 6 Sfere Street.

Dressed in children's clothes, Denton ran up to the study and said to his elder sister who was practicing her sketching, "Donna, th-they say that Uncle Sparrow is a bad guy, a cultist, and a murder!

"Th-they even showed me the newspapers!"

Donna turned her head as she wrinkled her nose.

"No way!

"Uncle Sparrow is a righteous, brave, and kind adventurer. We saw it with our own eyes. These are definitely more reliable than the papers!"

She hesitated for a moment before eloquently saying, "Al-although he had a very terrifying and ugly appearance, it was the price for his dreams and the power to protect! Denton, remember, the papers often like to fabricate content based on rumors or hearsay."

"Yeah!" Denton nodded heavily. "I've already cursed them!"

Donna praised her brother and subconsciously looked out. She saw that the street lamps had cast their light into their garden. It was tranquil, serene, and gentle.

…

Hillston Borough, inside a high-class inn.

Klein folded a white handkerchief and placed it in his left breast pocket, and he raised his hand to retrieve his half top hat.

Today was the day for the mysterious tycoon, Dwayne Dantès, to officially appear in public!

He didn't wait for the sale of the bike company shares or the mystical items, and he planned on first using the remaining 2,962 pounds he had to cover his initial expenses.

This was sufficient, as it was equivalent to six to seven years of an upper-middle class family's income!

Arrodes didn't enter my dream last night. This means that he's unable to sense my return to Backlund without any close contact. That's a good thing. Yes, I'll contact it with the radio transceiver tonight to inquire about the evil spirit. I won't need to go through this hassle in the future, Klein mumbled inwardly as he held his cane and walked out of the hotel.

At that moment, the sun was shining through the thin mist, elating the moods of the pedestrians. Klein got onto a carriage, and he went straight for Cherwood Borough's City Family Servant Assistance Association at 9 Canylowell Street. He planned on hiring an experienced butler, and get him to organize the servants needed for a villa.

In the City Family Servant Assistance Association, Baylin ended a conversation with a male colleague that came to talk to her. She lowered her head to clean up the two drops of black tea on her lotus leaf-colored dress.

At that moment, she heard a mellow and heavy voice that time had left its mark on.

"Good morning, Ma'am."

Baylin hurriedly looked up and towards the reception. She saw a gentleman in his forties, wearing a tailcoat made of silk and carrying a gold-inlaid

cane. Apart from the three buttons on his clothes, there was a golden chain that extended into his pocket.

This gentleman had a pair of deep blue eyes, and he was good looking. Even the tiny white patches on the side of his hair had added to the air he exuded. Just a smile from him made Baylin feel her cheeks turn warm.

"Sir, h-how many I be of service? Ah, right. How may I address you?" Baylin hurriedly got up and said.

"Dwayne Dantès," Klein warmly replied with a smile. "I wish to hire a butler, a good one."

"Mr. Dantès, please wait a moment. Have a seat." Baylin hurriedly led Klein to the guest area, and she reached out to point at a cloth sofa.

Klein held a smile without rushing or nagging her. He very patiently sat down and awaited the staff to provide him with a list of names of the butlers.

What a gentleman… Oh no, I forgot to ask him what requirements he has! Baylin raised her hand to touch her cheeks and said, "Mr. Dantès, what kind of butlers are you looking for?"

Klein was already prepared as he replied with a mellow voice, "It's best if they have served in a noble family before."

This aided Dantès in widening his social circle.

Baylin gradually grasped her professional knowledge as she said in detail, "Such butlers are rare. As you know, nobles seldom change their butlers unless they're unable to provide an effective service. Furthermore, even if they aren't able to be a butler, they're able to fill other positions in a noble household.

"In addition, the wealthy often have a considerable desire towards such butlers, and they're willing to offer salaries with a premium. Mr. Dantès, we do have the kinds you are looking for, but their annual salaries are above 100 pounds."

That makes the weekly salary to be about 2 pounds and up… An ordinary butler's annual salary is 40 to 80 pounds, which is 15 soli to 1 pound 10 soli a week. That appears to be at the level of a technical worker's salary, but the master will provide room, food, clothes, charcoal, and other necessities. A butler practically has zero expenditure… An annual salary of 100 pounds and above is really expensive… Klein quickly did the math as he replied as though he didn't take much notice, "No problem. As long as they're good butlers."

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CHAPTER 738
LIFE OF A TYCOON

"Please wait a moment. Would you like coffee or tea?" Baylin asked warmly.

Klein laughed and replied, "I enjoyed coffee when I was younger, the rich and fragrant kind, but now, I prefer black tea."

"I prefer black tea as well. Then… a cup of marquis black tea?" Baylin suggested with a smile.

The coffee and tea provided to guests at the City Family Servant Assistance Association were ordinary in quality, ranging from low- to medium-quality. Marquis black tea was tea that Baylin had brought from home for her own enjoyment.

Klein wasn't a simpleton, and he was great at observing. Just as he walked into the door, he would take in everything about his surroundings without anyone noticing. He discovered that the coffee and tea container placed in the display case were very ordinary, and he believed that the quality was definitely lacking. Therefore, he believed that marquis black tea was likely reserved by the association for VIPs, or it belonged to the lady before him. Regardless, it expressed how sincere she was.

He didn't expose her as he smiled.

"Thank you, you leave me unable to reject your suggestion.

"How may I address you, ma'am?"

"Baylin, just call me Baylin," Baylin said with a smile which resembled a blooming flower.

She immediately briskly walked inside, and she selected suitable candidates from her colleague. Then, she returned to the reception counter, picked up a tin container, and skillfully brewed a cup of black tea.

*Sigh, with a good-looking face and a good disposition while being dressed in a way that speaks volumes of my status, I can still sense the friendliness from a beautiful girl even though I'm middle-aged… *Klein was having such an experience for the first time as he couldn't help but sigh.

This made him further understand the importance of the Faceless principle of ultimately "being yourself."

If he didn't keep this in mind and lost himself to the benefits brought about by his appearance, he would keep maintaining the corresponding appearance, resulting in him forgetting or even rejecting his former self, and he would gradually lose his identity!

Soon, Baylin carried a white gold-rimmed porcelain teacup and placed it in front of Dwayne Dantès. She said with a smile, "It still needs some time to cool down."

Klein looked down at the cup, and he said half-jokingly, "Perfect, this gives me the time to adjust my mood to more formally face this cup of black tea."

His compliments and gratitude made Baylin feel even better. She found him a true gentleman, one who knew his way with words.

He's definitely not a believer of the Lord of Storms… Baylin combed her slightly curly brown hair, and she returned to the room to hurry her colleague.

Before long, she came over with a stack of documents and sat on the single-seater beside him.

"After the screening, we have three suitable butlers. I'll briefly introduce them to you.

"The first person is Mr. Asnia, age 55. He once served Viscount Yorkville, but after this viscount had a failed mining prospect investment, his family fell into a particular financial situation, and he had to sell its land and manors while terminating many of its servants. In the past decade, he was hired by two tycoons, and he has contributed significantly to the management of their households."

As she spoke, Baylin's brown eyes sparkled like two stars hid in them. She exuded the unique vibes of a teenage girl.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "Then why did he leave the two tycoons?"

Baylin replied with a smile, "The first tycoon invested greatly in East Balam, and his whole family had moved there. Mr. Asnia wasn't willing to leave Backlund, so he offered to resign. The second tycoon's health isn't too good, and he had handed the family business to his son who has a butler he trusts more.

"Mr. Asnia is a believer of the Evernight Goddess, and his political inclinations is with the Conservative Party. He expects an annual salary of 130 pounds."

"May Goddess bless him." Klein tapped four spots in a clockwise manner on his chest, forming the sign of the crimson moon.

Baylin's eyes lit up as she asked, "Mr. Dantès, are you a believer of the Goddess?"

"Of course." Klein nodded with a smile without explaining further.

It's no wonder he's so gentle! Baylin praised inwardly as she continued introducing, "Mr. Rebach, age 48. He once served the Negan family, and he

was the deputy butler for a long period of time, as well as an assistant to the butler. Later, after a transaction, he became Baron Syndras's butler.

"Shortly after Duke Negan was assassinated, Mr. Rebach, whose contract came to an end, didn't receive a new contract from the baron, so he had no choice but to seek our help.

"He's not a staunch believer of the Lord of Storms, and his personality is without problems. His political inclination is with the Conservative Party. He expects an annual salary of 120 pounds."

Klein listened silently, nodding from time to time as a response, but he didn't cut off Baylin's description.

Baylin flipped through the documents and took a few glances and spoke again.

"The third person is Mr. Walter, age 42. He had been the land steward and assistant butler at Viscount Conrad's household. Due to certain matters, he had a conflict with the butler, and he chose to leave. He expects an annual salary of 115 pounds.

"He's a believer of the Evernight Goddess, and his political inclination is with the New Party."

Oravi Island's new governor-general is a member of Viscount Conrad's family. This family pledges loyalty to the royal family… The relevant information quickly flashed through Klein's mind.

After the introduction, Baylin handed over the stack of documents.

"Mr. Dantès, who do you wish to choose?"

Klein fell silent for a few seconds before saying with a smile, "Let's do this. Let the three of them come to where I live tomorrow at 9 a.m. I'll meet them and have a chat with them to make the final decision."

He knew that such associations didn't provide lodging, and it was purely an agency. Even if he made the selection right there and then, he still had to wait until the afternoon or tomorrow to see his butler. Therefore, he decided to have a small interview to select the person that matched his intentions the best.

"No problem," Baylin said with a smile. "May I know your address?"

Klein sipped the black tea, picked up a pen and paper from the table, and wrote down the location and name of the hotel he was staying in.

"You just came to Backlund?" Baylin blurted out a question when she saw it.

Only then did she realize that Mr. Dwayne Dantès's skin was slightly darker than normal. It was slightly bronze-colored, seemingly a result of tanning. It gave him quite a rugged flavor.

Yes, he doesn't have a Backlund accent… Baylin slowly recalled more details.

Klein smiled.

"I came from Desi Bay. I'm waiting for an excellent butler to help me seek out a suitable house and servants."

After handing over a 3-pound deposit, he politely drank another sip of black tea and got up to bid farewell.

Baylin sent him all the way out of the door and watched him board the carriage.

*Mr. Dantès also seems to be a tycoon… Compared to that, his bearing and gentlemanliness are even more charming… *Baylin stood in her spot as she casually thought.

On the carriage, Klein half-closed his eyes as he leaned against the wall, and he couldn't help but calculate the subsequent expenditures awaiting him.

The butler will cost around 120 pounds. Taking into account the average cost, a valet will cost 35 pounds, a chef 30 pounds, a gardener 25 pounds, a carriage driver 25 pounds, a nursery governess 20 pounds, three ordinary lady's maid 15 pounds, and three maidservants 10 pounds. This way, just the servants alone would cost 330 pounds a year. It's equivalent to 6 pounds 7 soli a week. This already exceeds my salary back in Tingen.

Furthermore, I'll need to have a carriage which costs about 100 pounds. I need a garden and house, and the weekly rental fee is about 2 pounds. With all the food, clothes, and charcoal expenditure for all these people, the overall cost is ridiculous.

Is this the life of a tycoon…

Klein suddenly felt a little regret over choosing such a persona.

He exhaled as he tried hard to ignore the matter. He took a carriage to Phelps Street in North Borough.

There was a pure-black cathedral here, with a clock tower on each side, producing a symmetrical beauty. This was none other than the headquarters of the Backlund diocese of the Church of the Evernight Goddess, Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Klein adjusted the handkerchief on his left pocket, held a gold-inlaid cane, and strode into the cathedral and walked down the quiet aisle. Under the sunlight which penetrated the colored glass panes, he came to the main prayer hall.

It was very dark, making one's mood automatically turn peaceful. Klein casually found a spot, leaned his cane, and took off his hat. He then closed his eyes and prayed.

Time passed, and after listening to the preaching, he slowly got up, walked to the altar, and bowed at the bishop with short, black hair. Then, he walked to the donation box by the side.

Exhaling silently, Klein took out two 10-pound notes, six 5-pound notes and stuffed it inside.

The bishop caught this sight through the corner of his eye as his expression couldn't help but turn soft.

Typically, unless they specially solicited for donations or received donations from a deceased's will, the cathedral's donation box received tens of pounds at most.

This meant that the person was a tycoon, a rich person!

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CHAPTER 739
THE ENCOUNTERED AND THE YET-TO-BE-ENCOUNTERED

In the main prayer hall of Saint Samuel Cathedral.

The black-haired bishop retracted his gaze and stopped looking at the middle-aged gentleman in front of the donation box, nor did he have any intention of chatting with him.

Here, before the holy altar, he represented the Church, and he was under the Goddess's sight. He couldn't show more warmth towards anyone because of their generous donations.

However, he remembered the gentleman's good looks and mature, refined disposition. He planned on attempting to get to know him when the opportunity arose in the future.

Seeing the final note slip into the donation box, Klein closed his eyes and turned to leave.

When passing the preaching bishop, he deliberately glanced at the clergyman and smiled with a nod.

The bishop returned with a warm smile as he tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

Klein wasn't in a hurry to make contact with the relevant personnel. He needed his actions to adhere to logic, and not to have any jarring actions that would incur suspicion. He silently and coolly turned to the side to give

way to another devotee, and he made way down the aisle back to his seat. He then picked up his hat and cane before walking out of the cathedral.

At that moment, with the preaching done, the devotees either went forward to the donation box to express their sincerity, or they got up to leave without feeling that there was anything wrong. After all, it wasn't compulsory.

Even a devotee who passionately donated was unable to donate money every time. It usually depended on the family's exact situation, doing it once or twice every one to two weeks.

At the level of a commoner, each donation was in the form of pennies, while middle-class devotees ranged from three to five soli. The wealthy and nobles used pounds, but they didn't exceed 100 pounds.

This was under ordinary circumstances. During the Evernight Goddess's holy memorial day every year, which was the Winter Gifts Day, the amount donated would increase several times. The commoners with a little bit more cash to spare would choose two to three soli, while the middle-class donated around 5 pounds. As for the members of high society, they directly donated to the diocese bishop or Church's charitable organizations, ranging from several hundred pounds to a few thousand pounds.

Winter Gifts Day was the day in a year when the night was longest. It was believed to be the birthday of the Evernight Goddess.

…

After leaving the cathedral, Klein stood at the square outside. He watched idly as pigeons flew up, circled around, and landed.

He even bought some food from a nearby street hawker. He leisurely fed the pigeons, and he had no plans on flipping through the advertisements in the newspapers to find a suitable residence in North Borough since it was the butler's mission.

An excellent butler that had resided in Backlund for many years had ought to know the different nobles and tycoons, as well as the best middle-class individuals who could provide their masters with help. He would know which streets to live in and, from there, purposefully choose a residence.

The interaction between neighbors was the first step for a newcomer to enter the relevant circles!

Be it the Carleton Club where members of the Conservative Party gather, the Club of the Free of the New Party, or the various in-service and veteran clubs for the military, they also require a recommendation before any contact can be made… Sigh, this is also the so-called club politics in the kingdom. Klein reined in his thoughts as he considered what he should do after he was done setting up the pigeon-feeding persona he created.

After careful consideration, he discovered that there was really nothing that needed his immediate attention. This was because his plans were stuck on the surface.

Hence, he planned on enjoying an expensive and sumptuous lunch. This was an action Dwayne Dantès ought to have, and it was also a result of Klein's own curiosity.

In the months when he was in Backlund, he didn't manage to muster the courage to head to the most famous restaurants in the big city to broaden his horizons. He kept choosing one of the four—his own dining hall, the buffet cafeteria of the Quelaag Club, the ordinary restaurants by the streets, and Lawyer Jurgen's dining hall. Otherwise, he would head to East Borough and settle his breakfast and lunch in what seemed like a very oily coffee shop.

Laborie Restaurant? Their head chef is said to be from Earl Hall's family. He has provided tycoons, successful lawyers, high-ranking government officials with usually hard to come by flavors… Earl Hall had apparently invested in this restaurant and holds quite a major stake in it… Hmm, this restaurant mainly serves local Backlund cuisine. It's very famous for its desserts, but its price is horrendous…

Intis Srenzo Restaurant. It serves the most authentic Intis cuisine. Heh heh, many of the specialty dishes use Roselle's name, claiming that it originated from the emperor's palace dishes… Besides, it's not like most of the restaurants of the same class where they only offer a few main dishes every day. It has a wide variety… Klein recalled the information of the top restaurants he had read from the papers and magazines, and he finally decided on trying out the emperor's palace dishes.

He didn't stay any longer as he got on a horse carriage and headed for the Intis Srenzo Restaurant in West Borough.

At the entrance, Klein handed his coat, hat, and cane to a red-vested waiter as he asked, "Are there still any available seats? I didn't make a reservation."

"Yes, sir." The red-vested waiter didn't show any abnormal behavior as he humbly asked, "Sir, is this your first time here? Are you alone?"

Klein nodded frankly and smiled.

"Yes."

"Then, may I have the honor of introducing you to some of our most unique dishes and fine wine that our restaurant has to offer?" As the waiter spoke, he led the guest in.

"That's exactly what I need." Klein passed through the beautifully decorated door, and he saw walls that nearly reflected golden light.

Instantly, he felt as though he was in a gold vault.

Then, he noticed oil paintings hung on the walls, marble statues that were placed at suitable locations, as well as golden objects that were embedded or adorned in different spots.

"Please watch your step," the attendant warned him as he led Klein to a spot by the window. Violin music played in the background of the restaurant.

The waiter brought him a food menu and a wine menu as he flipped it open and introduced, "These are our most famous dishes—red-braised Tagia beef short ribs, black truffle porcini mushrooms, Intis-styled foie gras. I would like to point out that our foie gras comes directly from the Bonas farm in Champagne province in the Intis Kingdom…"

As Klein listened to the waiter's introduction, he browsed through the menu written in ancient Feysac, as the prices caught his eyes.

After introducing the main dishes, starters, and desserts, the waiter began explaining how the wines should be matched. Finally, he said, "The champagne, red wine, and white wine we have all come from a famous brewery from Champagne province. We even have Aurmir red wine from 1330. Its price is 126 pounds. If you wish to purchase it, you can take it along with you or store it with us, drinking a cup every time you come."

126 pounds… I can already hire an excellent butler with that… Heh heh… Klein smiled with great grace.

"Your dishes and wine are excellent. It's really difficult to choose."

The red-vested waiter gave a hospitable smile.

"You can choose the chef's recommendations for the day. It will be an authentic and delicious Intis meal arranged by our main chef. There are three choices—15 pounds, 10 pounds, and 8 pounds."

I don't want any of them… Klein leaned back slightly as he smiled.

"I'll have the 15-pound set meal."

"Alright." The red-vested waiter took away the menus, and he walked towards the kitchen.

Klein drew a breath and slowly exhaled as he casually observed the area before him.

Suddenly, he saw a familiar figure. It was a lady wearing an olive-green dress.

She was tall, with an excellent figure. She wore a black, out-of-fashion bonnet, with a fishnet veil hanging down and concealing her face.

As a Faceless, Klein had a strong ability to discern the external characteristics of humans. He immediately identified the lady.

Queen Mystic, Emperor Roselle's eldest daughter, Bernadette Gustav!

He wasn't in a rush to look away as he naturally moved his gaze to the side. Bernadette didn't seem to notice anything abnormal as she disappeared around the stairwell.

*Why would she appear here? Right, this restaurant's specialty is Emperor Roselle's palace dishes. Heh, it's nothing like the Chinese cuisine I thought it would be. He probably doesn't know how to cook and at best, is able to describe the concept. There are stir-fried dishes here… Hmm, could the owner behind the scenes actually be her? Why is she here in Backlund instead of floating out at sea? Hasn't she found Hero Bandit Black Emperor? *Klein sat down with a calm expression as questions arose in his mind.

…

Meanwhile, on the streets, a carriage was driving towards the Intis Srenzo Restaurant.

Sitting in the carriage was Aaron Ceres's family. This famous surgeon was a member of the Quelaag Club, a good friend of Sherlock Moriarty. He had once sought out the detective to handle Will Auceptin's matter.

Ever since his wife became pregnant, he found his luck had become rather good. His business was improving by the day, and his income was rising by the month. He recently successfully completed Baron Syndras's surgery, and he received the commendation of this newly promoted noble. He was invited to the Srenzo Restaurant to have lunch with him.

"It's said that the ice-cream is pretty good," Aaron smiled as he said to his wife.

His wife was a black-haired beauty, and she was already obviously pregnant. She smiled demurely and said, "I'm more looking forward to Emperor Roselle's palace dishes."

Aaron tersely acknowledged as he looked out the window.

"We're almost there."

Just as he said that, his wife held her tummy and frowned.

"It hurts a little."

Aaron, who wasn't a first-time father, immediately checked on her and didn't discover any problems, but his wife was feeling greater discomfort. The child in her womb seemed to be pulling a tantrum.

"I-I think I won't go over there. I wish to return home to rest," Aaron's wife suggested.

Aaron thought for a while and said, "I'll accompany you home."

He immediately ordered his valet, "Get down here and head to the restaurant to apologize to Baron Syndras on my behalf."

After the carriage began its return, the discomfort that Aaron's wife suffered was relieved. By the time she walked through the doorstep, everything was normal.

She pointed at her tummy, exasperated.

"It appears like he doesn't want to eat ice-cream."

Achoo! In the Intis Srenzo Restaurant, Klein, who hadn't spared any dish, felt the pinch but began enjoying his ice-cream in satisfaction. Midway, he found his nose itchy as he sneezed into a piece of tissue paper he pulled out.

…

West Borough. In a dark house.

Fors, who had already advanced to Astrologer, participated in all kinds of Beyonder gatherings, in search of the possibility to earn money.

She owed Xio 220 pounds, and she was even suspected by her good friend of being involved in illegal gambling.

I can't even afford to buy my essential crystal ball… As her thoughts wandered, Fors suddenly heard a member at the gathering say, "I wish to sell a Moon Puppet."

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CHAPTER 740
SELF-RECOMMENDATION

Moon Puppet… Fors's heart palpitated as she refocused and looked at the gathering participant who had just spoken.

The man in a black iron mask had already taken out a small puppet and showed it to everyone.

"I have a friend who discovered a series of graves deep in the Southern Continent's Paz Valley. This puppet was stuck in the deceased's right eye socket.

Fors observed the puppet seriously just like the other gathering participants. She discovered that it was slender, and its entire body resembled a tiny wooden piece that had been engraved with crescent-like eyes and a mouth. Embedded in it were dried grass and flowers.

Doesn't look like anything special… Fors mumbled inwardly. Her spiritual perception didn't sense anything as her pen-wielding hand continued hovering over a bronze-green notebook.

The man in the iron mask continued the introduction:

"My friend and I are unable to determine what use this puppet has, and we can only suspect that it's not simple. It might also hide quite a secret.

"60 pounds. For just 60 pounds, you can have it. This price is very fair. Even if it has nothing to do with mysticism, it's not a bad antique worth forty to fifty pounds.

"That is to say you'll be spending 10 pounds to have a chance of a pleasant surprise. To you, this is a small sum of money."

A very tempting explanation. This gentleman is likely a successful salesman. However, I don't even have 10 pounds… As Fors engaged in a self-deprecating laugh, she didn't believe that anyone would buy the so-called Moon Puppet of unknown origins and usage.

Just as she had that thought, she heard a female voice which was deliberately suppressed.

"50 pounds."

Is she too rich, or is she willing to try her luck? Fors subconsciously turned her head to look at the speaking person, only to see the lady wearing a hooded long robe. Her face was hidden in the shadows.

At that moment, the owner of the Moon Puppet laughed.

"I'll be more inclined to keep it for myself. Perhaps, there might come a time when I discover what's so special about it."

As he spoke, he realized that no one was offering a better price. He immediately said, "Of course, as a gentleman, I'll satisfy your wish since you have expressed your desire and have given a reasonable price."

"Deal," the hooded woman replied with a deep voice.

Soon, the gathering's attendant helped them complete the transaction. Fors noticed that the lady's hand was trembling slightly after she received the Moon Puppet.

She places great importance on the item… She might actually know what's so special about the puppet… Moon Puppet… Moon… From the Southern Continent… Fors suddenly made connections and recalled the few Primordial Moon believers who Mr. Moon was searching for. She began

having a suspicion that the hooded lady was one of them, or that she had a connection with them.

Of course, she had zero evidence. She didn't even have much of a compelling reason to have such a guess.

Phew… Fors silently exhaled as she decided to find a way to verify her theory.

She casually moved the hard-covered notebook in her hand, making a yellowish-brown goatskin appear.

On the piece of paper were all kinds of patterns that formed an ancient, mysterious picture of unknown intent.

This was one of the pages of Leymano's Travels, and it recorded a particular Beyonder power.

It wasn't a recorded power which Fors had gathered herself, but one of the five original pages when she received it.

Fors looked up, and she pretended to observe the transactions of the others while fully taking in the hooded lady's situation.

She discovered that there was a mosquito with dark brown spots on a nearby wall and unknown worms that were slowly squirming on the ground.

Fors's finger naturally slid across the yellowish-brown goatskin's pattern as a complicated symbol quickly formed in her mind.

Silently and without showing any odd signs, she felt that she had "understood" the brown pattern, as her thoughts connected with the other party's.

The brown-spotted mosquito flew at a low height.

It circled beneath the hooded lady and carefully clung to her front.

The mosquito's vision was different from a human's since an incomprehensible scene appeared in Fors's mind. But it soon disintegrated and reformed into a rather normal scene.

The hooded lady had a rather curved outline with dark skin. Her brows were thin and the corners of her mouth drooped significantly.

Fors immediately recognized her. She was none other than the Primordial Moon believer, Windsor Behring, who Mr. Moon was searching for!

An effective clue is worth 100 pounds, and directly finding her means 500 pounds! Fors recalled the reward as she immediately became flustered.

Her first reaction was to drive the mosquito to bite Windsor Behring and suck her blood. That way, she could later use astromancy to directly lock onto her location.

However, she gave up the idea after struggling for a moment. That was extremely taboo in a Beyonder gathering. If she were discovered, she would definitely be attacked by all the participants of the gathering.

And the host of the gathering often had significant strength. Going too overboard made it easily detectable!

Hmm, I'll just get the 100 pounds. If there's another chance, I'll consider how to lock onto her directly… I have to leave this gathering early and smear my blood over Leymano's Travels to prevent myself from getting lost. That would be dangerous… Fors repressed her disappointment as she made her final decision.

In fact, her actions were already out of line; hence, she didn't wish to stay another second longer.

…

Hillston Borough, inside a high-class hotel.

Klein stood behind an oriel window as he silently took in the crimson moon and thin clouds in the sky.

Some time later, he combed the white hair around his temples and reached out to draw the curtains.

Then, he went through the hassle of moving the radio transceiver back to the real world and spent the time "airing" out most of its "smell."

This time, he only waited about ten seconds when he felt the room turn dark and eerie. He heard the radio transceiver begin to producing clicking sounds.

Klein approached and saw a piece of illusory paper spew out. On the paper were words composed of Loenese: "Great Master, please look right!"

Right… Klein turned his head in amusement and curiosity to his side.

He saw a full-body mirror, which had already turned dark, as though it was smeared with a layer of ink.

Just as a thought flashed in his mind, the full-body mirror lit up. Illusory fireworks began shooting inside the mirror as it burst and scattered down in a beautiful and dazzling display.

Meanwhile, the full-body mirror produced a line of golden Loenese words.

"Welcome back, Great Master!"

At that moment, although Arrodes didn't produce any sound, Klein had the baffling feeling that it was hysterically shouting.

As the fireworks came to an end, the golden text distorted and formed a new line of text:

"Great Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, wishes to ask you how I might be of service to you?"

Klein was already very accustomed to this as he said in a practiced manner, "Answer my questions."

The golden line of text reformed again.

"Thank you for your answer. You may ask."

Prepared, Klein said, "Where did the evil spirit in Williams Street go to?"

The full-body mirror's golden text froze for a few seconds before they slowly disappeared. As for the blooming fireworks in the background, they first blurred before a new scene became clear.

It was that of an abandoned chapel where withered vines crawled over its walls, and gray stones were strewn everywhere.

Klein found it rather familiar. It was where he and Sharron had once conversed with the evil spirit.

The scene drew close as Klein saw that in a corner of the collapsed chapel was a tiny pit that wasn't too deep. There were clear signs of it being dug up with one's fingers.

Miss Magician mentioned it before… As Klein's thoughts surfaced, the scene produced a cold voice that hid a smile:

"It's a pleasure working with you!"

As those words came out of the soil, the scene immediately turned distorted like a water surface being stirred before the scene completely shattered.

Pleasure working with you… Who did the evil spirit speak to?

To make an angel from the Hunter pathway use such a tone, the person opposite it mustn't be someone of a lower level. That person might even be an angel. However, why would "He" use his hands to dig? "He" should have a much easier method that didn't waste that much time…

The angel is also restricted in a certain sense? Hmm, just like that Grandpa in Leonard's body? Right, Leonard was in Backlund back then! This is a clue, but there are other possibilities. Something at the level of an angel doesn't equate to being an angel…

The evil spirit controlled Baronet Pound to contact someone? From the looks of it, the Intis and Feysac spies were just a smokescreen that was deliberately set up by the evil spirit. As expected of a Conspirer… Thoughts ran through Klein's mind as he said to Arrodes, "Second question: I have three butlers to choose from. Who do you think is the most suitable?"

Golden Loenese words appeared one after another:

"If you choose Rebach and Walter, there might be an additional development. Asnia is the most professional, but he's also the most ordinary."

Hmm… the two who were formerly under the service of Duke Negan and Viscount Conrad do allow for additional development… Klein nodded in thought.

"It's your turn to ask."

At this moment, a bunch of golden text appeared:

"Great Master, what do you make of me being your butler? As long as you bring me out of the Church of Steam, I can become the best butler in the world!"

"…”

Klein hesitated for a second as he replied, mincing his words, "It's not suitable at the moment."

The golden text in the full-body mirror darked instantly before it lit up again, reforming the words:

"Alright.

"Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, will patiently await the day."

Immediately following that, the full-body mirror produced a complicated picture with some footnotes.

"This is a rune formed with the corresponding symbols and magical labels. Great Master, as long as you are in Backlund, writing it on some paper is equivalent to summoning me."

A mixture of secrecy and mystery prying symbols… Klein identified the rune and said, "Okay."

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CHAPTER 741
BUTLER

9 a.m., Hillston Borough, inside a high-class hotel.

Klein picked up a bottle of exquisitely packaged white wine as he handed it over to the elder opposite him.

"Mr. Asnia, thank you for coming. This is a gift of mine. Please accept it.

"At the latest, I'll make my decision by tomorrow. When the time comes, I might come and visit you in person."

He was using such a euphemistic manner to inform the man that he had failed to be selected.

To be frank, he was actually rather pleased with Mr. Asnia. He perfectly met his image of a butler—stern, well-mannered, professional, a high level of mental understanding, and is good at handling all kinds of thorny issues.

As the oldest candidate who lived the furthest away, he had arrived half an hour ahead of time. He had been patiently waiting outside while Rebach and Walter were only fifteen minutes early.

If not for Arrodes mentioning that the latter two allowed for additional developments, Klein felt that he would've chosen this old gentleman. After all, his main goal was to use the butler's social connections to more easily enter high society so as to make contact with the corresponding targets.

The white wine was specially bought from the Intis Srenzo Restaurant, costing him two pounds since he knew someone was destined to be

disappointed while wasting money to travel to and fro by carriage.

This could effectively accentuate how generous Dwayne Dantès was and how gentlemanly he was as a mysterious tycoon.

In addition, he didn't think it was right to belittle a butler from a noble family. Such people definitely knew plenty of people in high society, many professional butlers, and countless servants due to their past professional experiences. They covered the entire spectrum of people, and they could affect a gentleman's image, and this was a necessary consideration for entering even higher social circles.

At present, the fifty-five-year-old Asnia had plenty of white hair. His blue eyes were ingrained with the wisdom that time had given him, so he didn't reject Dwayne Dantès's gift. He received it and glanced at it before bowing.

"I love white wine from Garrod. Thank you for your kindness. Your grace is admirable."

Garrod? Yes, the waiter yesterday mentioned that it's a brewery in Intis's Champagne province. It's well known for producing high-end grape wine. Some of the wine of certain vintage years are considered top-notch. Sigh, a butler knows more about wine than me. That's right. Mr. Asnia had mentioned that wine cellars are directly under the charge of the butler or a butler assistant among nobles and the rich… Does this mean that I need to have a wine cellar in the future? Wine costing two pounds is at the bottom of the totem pole, while even Aurmir red wine from 1330 which costs 126 pounds isn't even considered the best… How much would such a wine cellar cost… As he thought it over, Klein felt heavy in the chest. He began to suspect that the 2,888 pounds he had set aside from the gold coins weren't going to last long.

If not for the training he had during his time as a Clown, he definitely would've lost his cool and not reply with a smile.

"Your fondness for it is the greatest form of praise for me. Mr. Asnia, please invite Mr. Rebach who's at the coffee house below up."

Asnia didn't hesitate to agree to it. Less than five minutes later, Rebach knocked on the door and entered the living room.

This gentleman had his blond hair combed neatly. The edges of his eyes and mouth had some wrinkles which weren't too distinct. He had a ruddy complexion and a masculine bearing. It was obvious that he was a butler who could accompany his master hunting or even fend off enemies.

After exchanging greetings, Klein invited him in to take a seat while smiling. He went directly to the point.

"Forgive me for being honest. I don't understand why you would become the butler of Baron Syndras. Your father was the assistant butler to the Negan family, and your grandfather was the land steward of the same family. Many of your ancestors served the duke and his relatives until they returned to the arms of god. You should have had such a life trajectory as well."

Due to Emperor Roselle's influence, the various countries in the Northern Continent went from using their fief and aristocratic title to indicate their nobility to just their names and aristocratic titles. Only under special formal occasions would they use the former. Of course, there were a few nobles whose names stemmed from their fiefs.

Rebach gave a standard smile and answered, "Baron Syndras is a newly promoted noble, an old friend of the late duke. Therefore, I was sent to his family to help him and his family get accustomed to noble life and grasp the corresponding etiquettes."

The late duke he was talking about was the present Duke Negan's father, the Pallas Negan who had been assassinated the previous year.

"Then, why did you leave the baron's family later?" Klein deliberated and asked.

Rebach answered honestly, "Although Baron Syndras obtained his aristocratic title via the Conservative Party, he is one of the most famous bankers, investors, and enterprise owners in the kingdom. He was one of the earliest multi-millionaires, and he had a strong penchant for the New Party. He was willing to provide a certain degree of support to them, creating friction between him and the Conservative Party nobles, including the younger duke.

"Therefore, to prevent the baron from being put in a difficult position, I offered to leave. He actually tried to keep me, and he was an excellent employer."

Klein nodded and asked, "You believe in the Lord of Storms?"

Rebach seriously replied, "Yes, the Lord gives us courage, zeal, and a sense of responsibility."

Klein asked a few more matters about butlers and received a detailed response. Then, he said with a smile, "Might I trouble you to invite Mr. Walter who's at the coffee house up?

"After I'm done chatting with him, I'll make the decision. You can wait in the coffee house for about ten minutes."

"Alright." Rebach didn't harp on the matter and immediately got up to bow. After bidding farewell, he left in a manner that exuded the air of a military man.

As he watched him leave and close the door, Klein sat back down, picked up his black tea, and took a sip. He muttered silently, *If I were to choose him, I'll likely establish certain connections with the present Duke Negan and the Conservative Party. The additional development might include the situation before the assassination…*

Before long, Walter arrived and entered after knocking on the door.

Klein first exchanged some pleasantries before asking, "What conflict did you have with Viscount Conrad's butler? You should understand that I need to understand the situation. I cannot afford to risk offending a noble."

Walter had a broad forehead with raven-black hair and brown stern eyes, but he wasn't a person who appeared taciturn. He thought for a few seconds and said, "As a butler assistant, I was responsible for the viscount's children. During this process, due to certain matters, I was appreciated by a particular important figure. As such, I won the recognition of the viscount, which made the butler wary against me.

"Later, that important figure passed away due to an accident, and as a result, the viscount's attitude towards me changed. The butler treated me even worse, making me believe that it was pointless waiting for things to improve."

*In charge of the viscount's children, and he got to know an important figure… Hmm, Talim also got to know Prince Edessak from teaching Viscount Conrad's youngest son. And the prince passed away a few months ago because of the Great Smog of Backlund… This matches Walter's explanation… From the looks of it, this butler was one of the peripheral victims of that matter… He's rather cautious and professional. He didn't expose his former employer's negatives or reveal the matter about the prince, nor did he speak ill of the viscount's butler… If I select him, the additional development is something to look forward to… *Klein listened silently as he made some connections.

He then switched to asking some professional questions, expressing his desire to enter high society. After receiving a satisfactory answer, he straightened his clothes, got up and smiled.

"Let me introduce myself again. I'll be your employer, Dwayne Dantès."

Walter immediately bowed and said, "Sir, how may I be of service?"

He kept maintaining a stern, old-fashioned, and unperturbed demeanor, as though these were the professional traits of a butler.

"Two matters," Klein replied with a chuckle. "First, help me hand this bottle of white wine to Mr. Rebach who's waiting at the coffee house. Please express my apologies and gratitude to him. Second, hire a solicitor to write up a professional contract that will include you and the other servants."

"Alright, sir." Walter bowed once again.

As Klein handed the white wine over, he asked, "Walter, how many servants do you think I need to hire in order to not appear improper?"

While Walter received the bottle of Garrod white wine, he replied without any hesitation, "You should first determine where you will be living. Only then can you know how many servants you actually need."

"Oh, do you have suggestions? My requirements are simple. I wish to live in North Borough, as I'm a pious believer of the Goddess." Klein drew the crimson moon on his chest in passing.

*According to the information I read on the papers and magazines, a gardened villa in a high-end district has to be at least 3 pounds a week. That makes it 156 pounds a year… Although there are no direct numbers, I can infer that the suburb's best gardened villas cost about 2 pounds a week. A high-end apartment with a few rooms and halls would cost about the same. It's been mentioned that that's relatively extravagant, a place where only the richest of the middle-class can afford to rent. Yes, from that, I can preliminary estimate the rent of a tycoon's house… *

It's expensive just thinking about it. Back in Tingen, Benson, Melissa, and I spent 13 soli a week on a gardenless terrace house. There was an additional 5 pence for the use of furniture. In the house I lived in Minsk Street, it didn't even reach 1 pound…

Sigh, so be it; even if it's 3 pounds. I have 2,888 pounds. It shouldn't be a problem renting a slightly better one… No problem at all… While awaiting Walter's answer, Klein silently recalled the information regarding rental costs. He began calculating how much he needed to pay every week and every year.

Walter considered it for two seconds before replying in a serious manner, "Sir, you can choose 32 Böklund Street. It's close to Saint Samuel Cathedral, and it's a three-story manor with more than ten rooms. It comes with a stable, a servants' quarters, and a rather large garden. Living nearby are baronets, House of Commons members of parliament, and senior lawyers…

"The interior design is especially tasteful. There are plenty of famous paintings and antiques. All the furniture and wares are enough to accentuate your identity. You can rent it for a year first. If you find it satisfactory, you can consider buying it entirely."

Sounds pretty good… Klein asked with a smile, "How much is it to rent for a year?"

Walter sternly and skillfully reported the number, "Including the use of furniture, 1,260 1 pounds a year."

"…”

Klein was glad that he wasn't drinking any tea, or else he would've spewed it all across his butler's face.

He mustered nearly all of a Clown's control in order to prevent any abnormalities from showing on his face.

Footnotes:

Ch 741 Footnote 1

Author's note: The rental prices of houses are referenced from "Money in the Past - on the Economic Life of People in Beijing, Paris, and London in the 19th Century" and "British study of Victorian middle-class marriage and family life". A house costing 1,260 pounds is an embassy rented during the Qin dynasty. As for whether there was a premium to it, I've no idea.

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CHAPTER 742
DECIDED

After a brief moment of silence, Klein raised the black tea and took a sip. He said with a smile, "It's something that can be considered, but Emperor Roselle once said to never be in a rush to make a decision. Only after repeated comparison will one receive the best answer.

"Are there any other options?"

Walter, who wore a white glove, replied without any abnormality to his expression, "Phelps Street would also satisfy your request. I recall that Unit 9 is available for rent. It's a two-story villa with more than ten rooms. It comes with a stable, the servants' quarters, and a small garden. The furniture and wares are relatively old, but they're considered decent. The annual rent is 220 pounds."

That's quite a reasonable price… Reasonable… However, Phelps Street means that it's less than 100 meters away from Saint Samuel Cathedral. Although this does help in being right under their noses, many of the pedestrians will be Nighthawks. It would be very inconvenient for me to leave and return, making it easy to make mistakes… Klein, who originally had a budget of about 160 pounds, suddenly felt 220 pounds was a pretty good price after undergoing the catharsis of the gardened manor's price.

This made him suspect whether Butler Walter had deliberately offered him an expensive choice at the very beginning.

Klein pondered for a few seconds and said, "Any others?"

Walter replied without showing any signs of impatience, "160 Böklund Street is also available for rent. It's a three-story house which also comes with a garden, a stable, servants' quarters. There are more than ten rooms, but its location isn't as good as Unit 32. The decorations, furniture, and wares can be considered decent. It has an annual rent of 315 pounds."

315 pounds… The rental fee flashed past Klein's slightly numb mind. He asked in thought, "What do you suggest?"

At that moment, he had already decided on an answer, but as an employer, he wasn't in a rush to express his decision. This was because he would easily be belittled if his decision had a slip up in common knowledge.

Walter seriously thought and said, "160 Böklund Street.

"In comparison, the neighbors here will be more helpful in entering high society. As for Unit 32, it's overly extravagant. To rent it immediately will make your surrounding neighbors believe that you lack the necessary self-restraint, making it seem inappropriate."

*To put it simply, to rent a house costing 1,260 pounds a year so easily will make neighbors define me as an ostentatious nouveau riche… To a tycoon who's trying to enter high society, such a reputation will be terrible… *Klein sipped his black tea and asked with a smile, "Then, why did you offer me the selection of 32 Böklund Street?"

Walter unhurriedly bowed and said, "Honorable sir, I'm only a butler. My responsibility isn't to decide, but to present all suitable options and give you certain suggestions for your consideration.

"In a situation where I'm unaware of your exact preferences, I have to do my best to provide you with all possible options."

Very professional… He's likely worried that Dwayne Dantès is a nouveau riche who enjoys flaunting his wealth, so he first gave the choice of 32 Böklund Street as a way to probe me, so as to adjust his suggestions and

management style… Klein smiled and said, "Let's eliminate Unit 32. We shall choose one of the two.

"Before I make the decision, I'm accustomed to paying a visit. Let's head off after lunch."

"Yes, sir." Walter continued wearing that stern, old-fashioned expression.

…

South of the Bridge, Harvest Church.

Emlyn White was wiping the silver candle stands as he was mulling over the clues provided by Miss Magician.

A secret Beyonder gathering… That's equivalent to providing no clues. It will be rather difficult to pursue the matter. And I won't be able to participate in the gathering in short notice… Emlyn observed himself in the silver stand's surface as he combed his hair.

Then, he put down the wiping cloth, retreated to the first pew in the cathedral, and sat down as he watched Bishop Utravsky praying seriously before the altar with his gaze unfocused.

Thoughts came to his mind as they occasionally created sparks. Emlyn suddenly grasped a detail.

Why would a puppet that garners the Primordial Moon believer's immense interest happen to appear?

Moon Puppet… This feels like it's bait. C-could it be a trap designed by Rus Báthory and the others? Emlyn's eyes lit up as he suddenly stood up.

Rus Báthory was a Sanguine Baron who was participating in the hunting competition. He was viewed by Emlyn as his strongest competitor.

The more Emlyn thought about it, the more he found it as a possibility. This was because he knew that Báthory was an antique enthusiast, one who especially enjoyed collecting all sorts of strange trinkets from the Southern Continent!

After pacing back and forth a few times, he curled the corners of his lips and chuckled. He silently said, *I have no way of entering the Beyonder gathering to seek out the location of Windsor, but I can monitor Rus Báthory and finish off the target before he does!*

Haha, I look forward to his expression when that happens.

Yes, Miss Magician's clue is indeed worth 100 pounds.

Just as Emlyn was feeling abnormally excited, Father Utravsky ended his prayers, walked over, and looked down at him. He said with a gentle voice, "Our piousness is not in our language, but in every detail of our body language. You were not being focused enough today.

"Wipe the candle stand again."

"A-alright," Emlyn replied, suddenly feeling ashamed.

After the priest turned to walk to the confessional, he snapped to his senses as he muttered, amused and incensed, *I'm not pious at all. I don't have to appear pious!*

…

Rows of straight Intis parasol trees lined both ends of the street, making the streets appear beautiful and tranquil. With his gold-inlaid cane in hand, Klein slowly walked out of Unit 160.

He silently drew a breath and turned to look at Walter.

"Tell the owner that I'm very satisfied.

"I'll temporarily rent it for a year. We might move to a better place later, such as Empress Borough."

His words hinted at his ambition to obtain an aristocratic title, as Empress Borough was a place where the nobles gathered.

As for why he didn't rent half a year to save on money, it was because such high-end estates only accepted long-term contracts. One year was the minimum.

To be frank, if money wasn't an issue, Klein had quite a liking for the house. Its lawn was clean, and the garden was beautiful. The furnishing was befitting, and the wares were exquisite. There were plenty of bedrooms, sufficient furniture, and many washrooms on every floor. Even the stables and servants' quarters at the back weren't shoddy work. It was the best residence Klein could've ever imagined in the past.

Walter immediately replied, "I'll hire a solicitor in a while.

"Sir, what specific requests do you have regarding servants?"

Klein strolled underneath the Intis parasol trees and smiled.

"I'd first like to hear your suggestions."

Walter thought for a moment before saying, "Sir, you will need a housekeeper regardless."

During the interview, Klein had mentioned that Dwayne Dantès wasn't married and had no children, nor did he have any mistresses in Backlund; therefore, he didn't need a lady's maid.

Dwayne Dantès nodded gently without expressing any intentions. Walter continued, "Her duties would be to manage the female servants and the expenses of the household. Sir, you can't leave everything to me or the same person. Balance is an art in politics, and it's also a good method when

managing a household. Emperor Roselle once said that absolute power definitely corrupts.

"I'm confident in myself before money, but it's only confidence."

Hmm, very honest… A housekeeper is needed. She'll cost about thirty to forty pounds a year… Klein nodded.

"Okay."

At that moment, Walter was walking behind Klein to his side. He extended his hand to stop a rental carriage.

On the carriage, he continued, "I will get the Family Servant Assistance Association to produce a name list for the selection of the housekeeper. You shall choose her personally, and I won't provide any suggestions.

"Based on the current residential situation, you will also need a steward who can be male or female. You will need a valet, a lady's maid in charge of the bedrooms, and two chambermaids who will be in charge of the living room and activity room. Two footmen to valet guests, a parlor maid, a scullery maid, two laundresses, and two handymen.

"Apart from those, you will need a cook, two gardeners, two coachmen or one coachman and an assistant coachman. If necessary, you can have an additional attendant, a steward's boy, a nursery governess, and a second cook.

"You currently do not have any carriages, but you'll definitely have two in the future. A four-wheeled carriage costs about 300 pounds. A two-wheeled one costs about 100 pounds…"

As he listened to his butler introduce the required servants in detail, Klein's mind went numb. He didn't wish to do the accounts on how much he needed to spend. After all, it was paid on a weekly or monthly basis, and not an annual basis.

Ignoring the attendant, steward's boy, nursery governess, and second cook, there will be ten to eleven male servants, and the female servants with the housekeeper will number about nine to ten… It's basically several times what I calculated. Each week's expenses will exceed 10 pounds… This can only be determined after all of them are hired and their salaries are negotiated… There's also the carriage… Klein's mind couldn't help but drift when he saw Walter's mouth moving nonstop.

Seeing the staid and extremely dignified Mr. Dwayne Dantès nodding from time to time, Walter subconsciously broadened the topic.

"In the future, you will also need to rent a manor in the suburbs to entertain friends to have a wonderful weekend over there. There's no rush. It can wait until you hold several dances and banquets at Unit 160…

"Sir, do not mention housemaids in front of the neighbors of this street. Only those with salaries below 500 pounds a year will hire housemaids because they're unable to hire enough female servants to handle the different parts of the household…"

"…"

Klein listened numbly as he reflexively wore a warm smile.

Back at the hotel, he watched Walter leave before he sat back down, his expression collapsing.

When it was twenty minutes to three, Klein rubbed his temples and slowly got up. He went into his bedroom and prepared to begin this week's Tarot Gathering.

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CHAPTER 743
A DIARY PAGE

Above the gray fog, in the palace with the towering dome.

The Fool Klein glanced at The Sun, who had been pulled up ahead of time, as well as The World who had been conjured in advance. Emanating a little bit of his spirituality, he made contact with the crimson star representing Justice, The Hanged Man, The Magician, The Moon, and The Hermit.

Beams of light rose up as relatively blurry figures appeared on the two sides of the long bronze table.

Justice Audrey, who had just returned from a tree farm leading to the castle, had already changed into a dress. Her sleeves were layered in laces that were filled with lustrous pearls.

Like clockwork, she stood up, lifting the corners of her skirt as she curtsied.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Klein instantly felt better as he nodded with a smile in response.

Meanwhile, he couldn't help but sigh.

To act like a tycoon costs so much money. I wonder how huge the expenditures are for a noble like Miss Justice…

After all the members exchanged greeting nods, he looked at The Hermit, as he knew that this pirate admiral would likely provide him with new Roselle diary entries.

As he had expected, Cattleya spoke out:

"Mr. Fool, I only managed to find one page of Roselle's diary."

*Just one page? Shouldn't Queen Mystic be able to produce an entire book anytime she wants? *Klein, who had been met with repeated tribulations recently, remained composed as he nodded.

"That won't be a problem."

Cattleya immediately conjured a yellowish-brown diary page. It then seemed to tear through the spirit world and enter Mr. Fool's hands.

Klein deliberately looked down, and he was surprised to discover that the beginning of the diary entry didn't have a date.

That means that it's a second page from another diary page… Why didn't Bernadette give me the first page? She should be able to figure out dates. After all, Old Neil succeeded… Did she not? Or were the diary pages thrown into a mess, and she wasn't able to restore them to the correct order? Does this mean that Emperor Roselle's belongings were vied for by various factions after his death? Some were lost, and at that time, Bernadette was unable to stop them. Only when she became Queen Mystic did she have the ability to get involved… As Klein guessed, he quickly began reading the content on the piece of paper.

"How surprising. The Fourth Epoch history divulged by Mr. Door is getting more and more interesting.

"This unlucky b*stard who's trapped amidst the storm and lost to the depths of darkness told me that the Black Emperor died once and had revived again.

"Surprisingly, this matches what was said in that ancient secret organization. Back during that gathering, they said that the nine secret

mausoleums of the Black Emperor weren't all destroyed. Even if this deity who walked the land were to perish, 'He' could resurrect.

"Even if all nine mausoleums were destroyed, as long as the order left behind by the Black Emperor remained, 'He' had the ability to strangely resurrect. Only with the birth of a new Black Emperor would he be completely obliterated, never to appear again.

"According to Mr. Door's description, the Black Emperor had three stages in the process of 'His' resurrection. First is that the Uniqueness leaves the person possessing it, turning into an abstract concept. Second is when the subjects of the Black Emperor hear 'His' mighty voice again. The third is that, when fused with the Uniqueness, the Black Emperor would reappear in the astral world. The three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics would automatically be returned into the emperor's hands. This is an order that other true deities are unable to distort or prevent.

"This way, the Sequence 1 Prince of Disorder of this pathway, Blood Emperor, and Night Emperor would be in a rather awkward situation. They might instantly perish, falling back to Sequence 2. Mr. Door said that back then, the Lord of Storms and the Evernight Goddess had chosen the Night Emperor. They helped 'Him' switch to a neighboring pathway—the Judgment pathway. As such, the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire fractured.

"And Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, who was pushed into a corner, made a crazy decision. It was to switch to a non-neighboring Beyonder pathway. He paid the cost of losing his reasoning, becoming a lunatic so as to forcefully advance and become a true god.

"I have to say that this decision is filled with irrationality. It's almost impossible for it to happen, but Mr. Door told me that Alista Tudor eventually succeeded. The craziest true god was born!

"It's truly fascinating, but Mr. Door didn't go into the details since he kept it from me.

"I asked him which was worse—lunacy or death. 'He' said that it was an obvious choice, death, because as long as one was alive, it wasn't impossible to recover even if one was completely mad.

"'He' laughed and gave an example. A crazy true god could use 'His' instinct to mate with all kinds of living beings, giving birth to all kinds of descendants. Through this process, if 'He' was lucky enough, the conflicting Beyonder characteristics would be purged. The lunacy would slowly disappear with time as 'He' improves bit by bit.

"Mr. Door deliberately didn't say if there would be any remnant problems, nor did he explain why almost no one made such a choice, but I could tell that there was definitely some huge hidden risks.

"I have to say, Mr. Door's understanding of true gods far exceeds my imagination. Before 'He' was exiled, 'He' might've made an attempt to reach Sequence 0… It's no wonder 'He' shows such contempt to Zaratul, and he has zero respect for the various true gods.

"This only makes me more unwilling to let 'Him' return to the real world."

There's plenty of information… It's no wonder that Bernadette deliberately chose this diary page… Wait, why did she choose this page? What important meaning is there behind it? Did problems begin to slowly happen to Emperor Roselle from that day until he eventually went mad? Mad…

Could it be… No way… Roselle's situation back then was similar to Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. His pathway was severed, and the neighboring pathways were blocked by either people or items, making it difficult to reach them… C-could it be that under the immense stress, he made an irrational choice like Blood Emperor, and he had attempted to switch to a non-neighboring pathway?

This way, the craziness in his later years was a result of him truly losing his reasoning, not a result of the defamation from others. It's no wonder Bernadette hated and betrayed him but is also trying to figure out the

truth… From this angle, certain things have become very interesting. Roselle forcefully ascended to the throne and declared himself emperor, his declaration of the Civil Code, using the order from Earth's 18th and 19th century to replace the existing order. He wantonly spread his speeches and promoted his sense of aesthetics…

Heh heh, I really belittled this "senior" of mine. I always thought he was cosplaying Napoleon or Caesar for his own entertainment. So it was him making preparations to become the Black Emperor… No, I saw a few pages of his diary back then. His thought processes were clear, and his emotions were stable. He could even communicate with various noblewomen of different ages…

Hmm, he might not have made the final decision back then but was subconsciously leaving a way out for himself?

The Civil Code probably wasn't deliberate. As a usurper to the throne, declaring new laws is necessary, and from what he could use for reference, the Civil Code was what matched the situation and flow of history…

The actions of him declaring himself emperor later on must be something Bernadette found incomprehensible. She found it difficult to accept… As Roselle's most beloved child, she probably noticed certain abnormalities with her father before he declared himself king. Hence, she chose the longest diary page during that period of the emperor's life to give to Admiral of Stars… Klein couldn't help but make connections, as though the heavy history hidden deep in the fog was being turned over to reveal a page filled with blood and iron.

This made him curious about the final trigger that made Roselle go mad.

Meanwhile, he also resolved some of his puzzlement.

So the resurrection of the Black Emperor is done this way. It's very similar to my previous guess…

In the Fourth Epoch, there was actually a Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire which was supported by the six deities like the Lord of Storms and the Evernight Goddess… The two thrones in the ruins in Williams Street can be explained then, as it belonged to the United Empire…

According to Mr. Door, the six deities chose the Night Emperor, resulting in the United Empire fracturing. Then, who helped the Blood Emperor capture or kill the three Sequence 1 Hunters? Among them, Red Angel Medici was likely stronger than the Blood Emperor from back then… Primordial Demoness? Death? Primordial Moon? Dark Side of the Universe? Mother Tree of Desire?

Klein tried listing possibilities for his guesses, but he had nowhere to begin.

He quickly made the diary disappear as he smiled at The Hermit.

"What's your request?"

Cattleya frankly answered without holding back, "Is there someone else apart from Emperor Roselle mentioned in this diary entry?"

This question made Audrey turn to look at Mr. Fool. Her eyes sparkled as they were filled with curiosity. Even her ears seemed to prick up.

Alger was also very interested in the matter. That person definitely wouldn't be an ordinary person to be mentioned in Emperor Roselle's diary!

Klein could guess at their thoughts as he couldn't help but lampoon inwardly.

It's only because this diary entry was specially selected by Bernadette. If it were any other entries, I'd have to tell you that the other people mentioned are Demoness A, Demoness B, Hunter A, Hunter B, some aristocratic ma'am, some aristocratic lady…

After two seconds of consideration, Klein, who was leisurely leaning back into his chair, replied with a smile, "Mr. Door."

*Mr. Door… To be addressed by Mr. Fool in such a manner, it must be an existence that's close to a god, right? *Audrey figured out Mr. Door's status from the tone and words used as she obtained an affirmative answer.

Cattleya and company also had similar ideas, but no one knew who Mr. Door was. They looked at each other only to be met with the shaking of heads.

Seeing Fors and the other members have a uniform reaction, Klein deliberately looked at the lady and chuckled.

"You shouldn't be a stranger towards 'Him.'"

"Ah?" Fors wore a confounded look.

She didn't feel like she knew a so-called Mr. Door.

This person seemed to be of a very high level!

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CHAPTER 744
SALE

I'm no stranger to Mr. Door? Apart from Mr. Fool, the only one I'm no stranger to will be the seven deities. Furthermore, I've only been to the cathedral of the God of Steam and Machinery… As Fors was feeling puzzled, she quickly recalled which high-level existence she could have made contact with.

Since there weren't many, she quickly eliminated all the other possibilities. Her eyes lit up as she made the connection with the contents of what Mr. Fool had originally said to her.

She looked at the end of the bronze table that was enveloped in gray fog. Her voice trembled as she asked, "Is 'He' the one who created those ravings during the full moon?"

Klein chuckled with a nod.

"That's right."

Ravings during the full moon… What's that? Audrey and company exchanged looks as though they were ordinary people who had just entered the mysterious world.

They had never heard of any so-called "full moon ravings."

As expected, Miss Magician isn't simple. She actually knows about Mr. Door, and she's aware of the corresponding matters. My initial judgment wasn't wrong… Although the Beyonder ingredients she needs are relatively low, there are too many possibilities… Cattleya nodded her head

indiscernibly, planning to ask more about Mr. Door during the free exchange. She was also willing to pay a certain price for it.

An existence who could be seriously mentioned by Emperor Roselle and addressed by Mr. Fool in a rather formal manner, had to have many secrets involved. It was definitely nothing simple!

At that moment, Fors silently exhaled. She felt that she was one step closer to removing her curse.

At the very least, I now know who's producing the full moon ravings… She lowered her gaze and sincerely said to Mr. Fool, "Thank you for your reminder."

Klein didn't speak further, nor did he point out that Mr. Door was suspected to be the ancestor of the Abraham family, Bethel. After surveying around the table, he said with a casual tone, "You may begin."

With that said, he immediately controlled The World to say with a hoarse voice, "I have two mystical items for sale."

Two mystical items… Mr. World has recently been able to produce something of great value at every gathering… He lives up to being Mr. Fool's Blessed… Audrey poignantly sighed in amazement as she cast her eyes towards the other end of the long bronze table. Clearly, she was looking forward to The World's explanation of the powers of the item.

Alger was tempted, as he knew that the mystical items The World sold were definitely up to mark. However, thinking back to his lack of savings, with the secret to the primitive island already given to him, all he could do was silently sigh, feeling depressed.

He still had five hours before arriving at Pasu Island, and he was yearning to immediately fly over and complete his report. Then, he could leave the area, find an Obninsk to advance to Ocean Songster.

Once he did that, he could explore that primitive island with The World, obtaining the relevant rewards, so as to ease his financial situation!

As for Derrick, Emlyn, and Fors, although they were somewhat curious about the mystical item, they lacked the desire to actually purchase it.

One of them could submit an application to the six-member council to select one mystical item which the City of Silver had for becoming a Sequence 6. The other wished to receive the rewards from the hunting competition, and he wasn't certain what the rewards would be; therefore, blindly purchasing items made it easy for redundancy and wastage to happen. Furthermore, he only had the two to three thousand pounds needed for the reward for clues. As for the last one, she didn't even have the money to purchase it.

Cattleya looked at Gehrman Sparrow with piqued interest as she considered the possible origins of the mystical item.

If it was suitable, without clashing with the two mystical items she had, she didn't mind buying it.

Seeing how the two major clients appeared interested, The World gave a deep chortle.

"One of them is Scales of Luck. It's what I named it…”

As he spoke, he requested Mr. Fool to conjure the silver necklace that had an ancient coin dangling from it.

After introducing its mystical effects and negative effects, he glanced at Audrey and specially gave a warning, "I suggest that Beyonders lacking in combat strength don't purchase it. Although it can allow one to avoid a fatal blow, the subsequent backlash is equally dangerous. One needs to have sufficient combat strength and sharp reactions to have a chance of surviving the backlash."

Thinking back to how she took on more of a support role, one that leaned towards control and influence, as well as her lack of combat experience, Audrey nodded with slight disappointment. It was an indication that Mr. World was right.

Mr. World is pretty nice to me and the Tarot Club members. He's willing to give such a warning. This would've prevented him from selling it… Audrey adjusted her understanding of The World.

The Hermit found the description extremely familiar. She had apparently heard of the effects of the Scales of Luck.

Scenes quickly flashed through her mind before finally being fixed onto a few particular scenes. Cattleya's eyes constricted as she blurted out in surprise, "Senor?"

It's likely Admiral of Blood Senor's necklace! It looks similar, and the effects are identical! Where did Gehrman Sparrow obtain it? What did he do this time? Did I miss some important news over the past few days while the Future was out at sea? Cattleya instinctively suspected that The World had stirred up something massive again!

Klein thought about it and controlled The World to laugh deeply.

"He's already dead."

He wasn't against letting Miss Justice and company realize that Gehrman Sparrow was equivalent to The World. After all, there were already two people who knew, and he didn't plan on using this identity frequently in the future.

A powerful member who often took action made the rest of the Tarot Club feel a greater sense of belonging.

He's already dead… Gehrman Senor killed Senor? In the previous battle, I only held a slight advantage over him… Cattleya discovered that she was

increasingly unsure of The World's strength.

Although Admiral of Blood's bounty was higher than hers, it was mainly because he did more evil deeds. In terms of her strength and mystical items, Cattleya was slightly stronger.

It wasn't as if she had never had any conflict with Senor. She had held the advantage several times, but she had failed to mortally wound him.

As for Gehrman Sparrow, she believed that he was inferior to her when they met on the Future. he was even unlikely to defeat Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy in her optimum state.

Only when this crazy adventurer completed his advancement and hunted Slaughterer Kircheis did she determine that he truly had the strength of a pirate admiral and was someone at her level.

However, a week had just passed, and Gehrman Sparrow had completed another hunt. He had finished off Admiral of Blood Senor who was one of the top three pirate admirals!

Cattleya knew that she herself was incapable of doing so!

He's dead? Admiral of Blood Senor is dead? Gehrman Sparrow did it? He's killing one Sequence 5 a week? Furthermore, each one of them is stronger than the last… Even if he's Mr. Fool's Blessed, isn't such strength too ridiculous? Especially when he hasn't become a demigod… Was it done with the help of the other Blessed? The Church should have the relevant records, but at my present position, I won't be able to read them… Alger was secretly alarmed as he automatically began to consider a reasonable explanation.

Audrey was still in her family castle in East Chester County. All she read was a few newspapers and magazines that involved the entire nation, so she wasn't aware of what happened at sea. However, from Ma'am Hermit's tone

and words, she could tell that Mr. World had done something incredible again!

Senor… Mr. Hanged Man had apparently mentioned it before. It's Admiral of Blood's name… Mr. World finished off this pirate admiral and obtained his mystical item? How amazing. That's practically what I dreamt of! Back when I had heard of the Seven Pirate Admirals, I had imagined myself becoming a powerful Beyonder to adventure out into the sea to capture all of them and hand them over to the kingdom… So our Tarot Club is already this powerful!

Hmm, I have to investigate who killed Admiral of Blood. That way, I'll be able to figure out Mr. World's real identity… But would he be unhappy about that? No, he mentioned it himself, so he's likely willing to let himself be known… Audrey thought in glee.

Fors, who needed to read various newspapers to obtain material, instantly recalled a piece of news that she had recently read:

Admiral of Blood Senor was suspected to have been killed by the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow!

C-could it be that Mr. World is the crazy adventurer worth, no—is the crazy adventurer with a bounty of 50,000 pounds!? Fors felt respect. She began to believe that he had the ability to help her finish off the Aurora Order Oracle, the suspected Traveler, Lewis Wien!

Emlyn shared similar feelings as Audrey. This was because he seldom read minor newspapers. His area of activity didn't include any information gathering grounds. As for Derrick, he wasn't one bit surprised. He had long confirmed that Mr. World was extremely powerful. Even though Mr. Hanged Man had once mentioned that Admiral of Blood Senor was very powerful, he believed that Senor was inferior to Mr. World due to a lack of any direct impression of him.

Cattleya said after a few seconds of silence, "How much do you plan on selling it for, or what item would you like to trade it with?

"If the price is suitable, I can consider it."

Great! There's finally someone who's interested! Klein, who was burdened with immense financial pressure controlled The World to say, "12,000 gold pounds."

He was afraid Cattleya would be frightened away by such a price, so he quickly added, "You can choose to pay a portion with gold coins. That way, all you will need is 11,000 pounds."

Klein believed that Admiral of Stars, who had plundered gold-carrying ships from various nations, definitely had some gold reserves. Even if she didn't have much, she could exchange for them from other pirates. This would allow him to make his first payment to Miss Messenger.

As for fishing up sunken ships, due to the existence of the Church of Storms, Klein believed that any easily discoverable ships would've long been found by the irascible Storm bros.

Sea King isn't weaker than Sea God, and there had to be a handful of people at the level of Sea King inside the Church of Storms!

Cattleya did a silent calculation and said, "4,000 pounds worth of gold coins and 6,500 pounds in cash. We can close the deal if you are agreeable."

The money wasn't easy to raise, even for her, but she had the Moses Ascetic Order backing her. Spending about 10,000 pounds to obtain the Scales of Luck was something that no secret organization would object to.

As expected of a pirate admiral… Unfortunately, I have to avoid the Rose School of Thought, and I can't clean out Admiral of Blood's ship… Klein made The World carefully consider it before saying, "Deal."

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CHAPTER 745
KNOWLEDGE IS MONEY

Finally… At the instant that they reached a deal, Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He felt the pressure on him significantly decrease.

Although Miss Messenger had said that the 10,000 Loen gold coins could be paid in installments, and she hadn't specified when it would begin, Klein didn't wish to drag out payment for too long, afraid that he would incur the wrath of Reinette Tinekerr.

After all, she was a spirit world creature at the demigod level. If she really ended up mad, she had the means to make things difficult for her "employer" even if she was restricted by the contract!

Besides, the cost of acting as a tycoon is just too high. The salary of twenty plus servants and the corresponding costs is only just a tiny portion. There's still the carriage, horses, wine, gifts for neighbors, banquets, and investments to conceal my status, each of them more expensive than the last. If I don't save up enough cash, I'm afraid I'll go bankrupt and be unable to continue…

Sigh, 6,500 pounds with the cash I already have should be able to last until I confirm my target, right? No, the experiences from the past two days have proven to me that I should never use my own understanding to imagine a tycoon's life. I probably still need another five to six thousand pounds to barely maintain it… Klein wished to raise his hand to rub his temples, but he ultimately held back.

He soothed his mind and made The World look around again before saying with a hoarse laugh, "The second item is Biological Poison Bottle…”

He used a relatively succinct description to describe the conjured brownish translucent bottle. He emphasized the few poisonous traits it had, how long it took, how to prevent the effects ahead of time, and any negative effects it gave while carrying it.

Audrey felt a chill down her spine as she felt a little embarrassed. She felt the former because of the terrifying poison that made one rip off their skin and flesh, while the latter was a result of the strange aphrodisiac effects it had on a wide area.

This is truly a crazy mystical item… Hmm, it's the type that needs to be prepared ahead of time to show its full effects. It's quite useless against an ordinary Spectator because observation and reading minds can help the Low-Sequence Beyonders of this pathway detect the danger ahead of time and make the necessary actions… However, there's no need for me to do so. If I were to detect danger ahead of time, I can directly cry out for my guards… B-besides, I don't like such effects! It will easily harm myself! Audrey, you're already a mature and rational Beyonder. You can't buy everything you see! Audrey seriously considered it for a few seconds before giving up on asking the price.

Seeing Miss Justice not ask for the price, Klein couldn't help but let The World add, "5,200 pounds."

Audrey bit down on her inner lips as she politely shook her head.

"I wish to obtain a mystical item that's more offensive in nature."

Spectator was a pathway that lacked any direct attacks in the early stages, one that was only effective at affecting or controlling their targets.

"5,200 pounds." Alger, Fors, and Emlyn repeated the price softly in unison before they shirked all thoughts about it.

"5,200 pounds…" Cattleya suddenly seemed to recall something as she paused obviously. She then quickly added, "It's not necessary for me."

Ma'am Hermit seems to be afraid of something… Audrey acutely read her emotions.

For a split second, Cattleya felt that the Biological Poison Bottle had a lot of synergy with Poison Expert Frank Lee. Furthermore, their powers didn't overlap too significantly, and they even complemented one another. She was wondering if she should purchase it for her first mate since he had saved up quite a bit of money, but considering how Frank Lee might come up with terrifying experiments after obtaining the Biological Poison Bottle, she trembled and gave up on the idea.

She didn't wish to see the deck of the Future produce the children of the crew, the kind that mooed.

After the gathering is over, I'll write to Miss Sharron and tell her that Admiral of Blood's necklace has been sold. All that's left is the Biological Poison Bottle… Klein hid his disappointment, and after some thought, made The World speak, "I have a Book of Secrets. It's a book on mysticism left behind by the Southern Continent's Shaman King Klarman. It's suitable for Mid-Sequence Beyonders who have pretty good foundations.

"The price is 1,000 pounds."

Knowledge is money!

Having undergone the teachings of Mr. Fool, Mr. Hanged Man and the other members of the Psychology Alchemists, Audrey was tempted.

She now had an extremely solid foundation in mysticism, and she had a desire to improve further.

*The Psychology Alchemists will likely teach me some mysticism knowledge of a higher level in the future, but it will definitely not be all-encompassing and will be limited to the domain of the mind… *Audrey easily convinced herself as she nodded.

"This is exactly what I want."

Fors was equally interested, but the thought of how much money she had made her close her mouth. As for the other members, they didn't lack such knowledge.

As expected of Miss Justice. She doesn't bargain at all. My bottom line was actually 800 pounds. No, I don't have one at all. It's not like knowledge can only be sold once.… Klein happily made The World chuckle.

"Deal.

"However, I have to remind you not to pray to the Primordial Moon. It will make you become a lump of squirming flesh that only knows to wildly mate with different creatures to produce all kinds of children. Of course, you cannot pray to other secret existences. It will be equally dangerous."

Audrey was terrified by what she heard as she couldn't help but change her seating posture.

She then calmed down, turning to look at the end of the long bronze table. She said firmly, "I'll only pray to Mr. Fool when holding a secret ritual."

She had spoken with utmost sincerity and without any hypocrisy.

Miss Justice really worships and trusts The Fool.… Klein felt touched and a little ashamed. This was because the Sea God Scepter's domain didn't overlap with the Primordial Moon. He was unable to provide an effective response in certain rituals. All he could do was attempt to use some of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog as feedback.

Following that, as The Fool, he expressed his attitude on the matter:

"Very good."

Meanwhile, having achieved his goal, he made The World say, "I have an Interrogator Beyonder characteristic here for just 1,200 pounds."

…*How many items does he have…* Fors was dumbfounded.

Considering how Xio was still lacking in money and lacked the corresponding formula, all she could do was retract her gaze and pretend as though she hadn't heard him.

As for the Interrogator Beyonder characteristic which was in the hands of Mr. Fool's subordinate, she didn't believe that he would keep it that long for her.

Seeing no one respond, The World coughed and said, "I'm done."

Just as he said that, Alger, who had been waiting all this time, looked at Cattleya and said, "I wish to know where Obninsk sea monsters that do not belong to the Church of Storms are."

Obninsk sea monsters that don't belong to the Church of Storms? The Hanged Man really isn't a member of the Church of Storms? Cattleya frowned a little before easing them.

"I'll help you ask. We'll talk about the price when I have actual clues."

"Alright." Alger silently sighed.

A few seconds prevailed before Emlyn said to Fors, "I'll pay you the 100 pounds for the clue today."

"Thank you," Fors said without a delightful expression.

Mr. World's transactions were all in the thousands or more. It made her feel a little numb to such a pittance.

Emlyn then looked towards Derrick.

"The crystallized roots of the Tree of Elders and supplementary ingredients you need have been acquired.

"Hand me the list of resources and monsters around the City of Silver, and I'll choose a few items of equal value.

"Oh, they cost me a total of 2,000 pounds. Adding my payment of 200 pounds, it will be a total of 2,200 pounds."

Emlyn only wished to obtain things that he could quickly sell; otherwise, he wouldn't have much money.

"Alright. Eh, thank you, Mr. Moon." Derrick was delighted for he suddenly felt that Mr. Moon wasn't that irritating after all.

He quickly conjured the corresponding list and handed it over to Emlyn.

Emlyn casually flipped through the piece of paper and suddenly felt that it wasn't right.

This was because just this piece of information had extremely high value. It presented the detailed information and corresponding resources around the City of Silver!

I remember that they didn't pay to see this list… Emlyn couldn't help but glance at The Hanged Man Alger and The Hermit Cattleya.

At that instant, he seemed to understand something.

When he looked at The Sun again, Emlyn had a newfound sense of superiority, as well as a sense of guilt he couldn't get rid of. He cleared his throat and said, "This, this, also this…”

Derrick seriously memorized what was said, and he indicated that there was no need for him to return to the City of Silver, as those could be gathered around Afternoon Town.

Following that, Audrey inquired about clues to the fruit of an Illusory Chime Tree, but she received a disappointing answer.

When the transactions came to an end, it didn't need The Fool to announce it, as they automatically entered a free exchange.

Alger looked towards Little Sun and said, "Are you still in Afternoon Town?"

"Yes, but we will be returning to the City of Silver soon. The new expedition team arrived today." Derrick not only answered Mr. Hanged Man's question seriously, but he even offered a tidbit. "I've already told the Chief that while clearing out the Afternoon Town monsters, I obtained the potion formula for Notary."

The Hanged Man nodded slightly and said, "What was his attitude?"

"He only said 'very good,'" Derrick carefully recalled what had happened.

Alger chuckled when he heard that.

"You can be at ease. Your Chief is very happy to see you grow. In contrast, he will be more wary of the Elder Council's Shepherd."

He didn't continue on the topic as he informed all the members of a piece of news:

"Recently, many pirates have been heading to Bansy Harbor. They discovered that it has already been completely destroyed. Even if it's rebuilt, it would take several years."

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CHAPTER 746
SAME NIGHT

After hearing The Hanged Man's description, Klein couldn't help but recall Red Angel Medici and the evil spirit found in the underground ruin.

However, he didn't share the discoveries of his exploration this time. Firstly, there wasn't a need to, and secondly, it involved Miss Sharron.

As for the other members, they had already learned that Bansy Harbor had been destroyed. And since The Hanged Man hadn't revealed any new information, there was no need for them to reply to the matter.

Realizing that no one was saying anything, Alger glanced at The World before looking back. He said calmly, "That's all from me."

The Hermit immediately turned to look at Fors.

"Ma'am, what do you know about Mr. Door? I can pay for the corresponding piece of information."

Fors, who didn't wish to expose her problems, suddenly hesitated when she heard the latter half of the sentence. She was momentarily tempted.

Payment. I wonder how much Ma'am Hermit can pay me… I don't really know much about Mr. Door either… Furthermore, some of the knowledge stems from Mr. Fool's words… Fors looked to the end of the long bronze table once again and asked, "Honorable Mr. Fool, can I tell her?"

As he met her every full moon, Klein knew that Miss Magician's financial situation wasn't in the best of states, so he smiled with a nod.

"Yes."

Fors silently heaved a sigh of relief, turned to Cattleya, and said, "500 pounds. You can request for a private exchange."

Cattleya didn't bargain. After some thought, she said, "There's no need. Just say it directly."

She wished to see if the other members would be able to figure out more about Mr. Door from Miss Magician's description.

Fors nodded and deliberated over her words.

"I once obtained a mystical item that helped me traverse the spirit world. But after using it, I would hear strange ravings every full moon or Blood Moon. It would inflict an excruciating pain upon me that puts me on the verge of losing control.

"And according to Mr. Fool, these ravings come from Mr. Door."

She paused and added, "'He' might be asking for help."

So Fors has been silently suffering such pain… She usually doesn't show it, acting as though she greatly enjoys life… As Audrey subconsciously pitied her friend, she began wondering how she hadn't discovered anything abnormal about Fors with her Spectator powers.

Mystical item that can traverse the spirit world… Ravings during the full moon… Suspected to be asking for help… Cattleya repeated Miss Magician's key points as she nodded with satisfaction.

"Thank you for your description."

She then swept her gaze at the other members, regretfully realizing that no one else had any additional reaction.

The free exchange continued and soon came to an end.

Watching the other members leave and helping them complete a few transactions, Klein returned to the real world as he sat in his reclining chair, feeling relaxed as he rested for a while.

Following that, he walked to his desk, and he picked up a pen and paper to write to Sharron. He told her that the Scales of Luck had been sold, leaving only the Biological Poison Bottle for sale, as well as the Lunatic Beyonder characteristic.

After folding the letter, he wrote the information such as "126 Garde Street, Hillston," and "Ma'am Maryam." Then, he opened his iron cigar case and made Admiral of Blood Senor silently appear beside him.

This Wraith acted like a valet as he humbly picked up the letter on the table before vanishing from the room.

A few streets away, a letter appeared out of nowhere in a mailbox as it fell inside.

…

East Chester County, the Hall Family Manor.

Audrey looked at the mirror with her unfocused green eyes as the contents of the Book of Secrets filled her mind.

This knowledge formed an illusory book that appeared upon being recalled. She could then flip to the corresponding page simply by willing it.

This was a result of Klein directly using a portion of the powers from the mysterious space above the gray fog to create a product that was a fusion of information bestowment and the Seer's dreamscape ability to recall it. It could last a week or two.

And this was sufficient for Audrey to finish reading the Book of Secrets. If she had anything she couldn't recall in the future, she could always request for a bestowment.

Mr. Fool's condition seems to be improving… Audrey thought in delight as a twinkle gradually returned to her eyes.

She stood up, walked to the door, and said to the bored golden retriever who was sprawled on the ground outside, "Susie, you don't look lady-like enough this way."

Susie looked around warily and twitched her nose before saying, "This is the most standard action during hound training."

But you aren't a qualified hound… Audrey lampooned as she said with a smile, "I thought you would reply: 'Audrey, I'm only a dog~'"

Susie replied in a serious manner, "An excessive use of repeated words makes it easy for others to grasp your personal habits and mental gymnastics.

"Audrey, that's what that book on psychology wrote."

"…”

Audrey was momentarily at a loss for words. At that moment, she saw her father, Earl Hall, with his valet and attendant walking up the castle's staircase.

Even though it was sunny outside, this place remained dark and gloomy. There were even candle stands that had been lit. They were embedded in the walls as they illuminated the stairs.

"This castle is just too old. I think it needs a major renovation," Earl Hall casually grumbled to his daughter.

Audrey nodded in a demure manner and said, "Yes, my dear earl. This is precisely why I dislike this place. It makes me feel like I'm slowly rotting away."

"But I'm actually spending 13,000 pounds a year to repair this place," Earl Hall said with a regretful chuckle.

Audrey glanced at Susie and smiled at her father.

"Father, is there something for me?"

Earl Hall pointed at the papers in his attendant's hands.

"A telegram from Backlund. Someone is selling 10% of the Backlund Bike Company. Are you interested? I think this industry has a very bright future. And it's currently far from reaching its lowest estimated prospects."

"Bike?" Audrey found the word rather unfamiliar as her eyes darted around, her expression slightly confused.

Earl Hall smiled at his daughter.

"It's a kind of machinery with two wheels that allows a person to ride on it. You can understand it as a carriage for the ordinary person."

"In Loen and Backlund, the majority of the population doesn't mostly comprise of the nobles or businessmen, but the ordinary people who engage in labor work. Next would be the type of people with some technical skill and standing. This is the target audience of the bike. They have absolute numbers, as well as the required ability to purchase it. Even if 10% of them are willing to buy a bike, it will lead to quite a wonderful development for this company.

"Yes, they hold the corresponding patents."

Audrey trusted her father's foresight, and she could understand the prospects as described by him. She nodded gently and said, "How much would the 10% shares cost?"

"According to preliminary estimates, the Backlund Bike Company is currently valued at 50,000 pounds. This is because the product's advertising and sales campaign still needs time to develop further. Therefore, you can't naively believe that the 10% shares are only worth 5,000 pounds. I suggest that you bid 8,000 pounds in the first round of bidding, with a bottom-line price of 15,000 pounds. I will send people to help you in this matter," Earl Hall answered succinctly.

About 10,000 pounds… I've mostly used up the cash for this month… Clearly a little embarrassed, Audrey said, "Father, I won't be able to produce that much money on such short notice. And selling my shares, estate, collections, or await their profits will require some time."

Earl Hall laughed out loud.

"There's no need to go through so much hassle. You can mortgage your shares in the Backlund Munitions Corporation or Pritz Commercial Marine Company to the bank for a short period of time to obtain the cash. Once the matter is complete, you can mortgage the shares in the Backlund Bike Company for a longer period of time, using the mortgage loan to pay off the first loan.

"This way, you'll only need to pay about a week to two weeks of relatively high interest to complete the trade. And the bike company's dividends a year would be enough to cover the interest of the long-term loan. You'll then be able to patiently wait for its value be recognized, and that's a high-probability event."

Although Audrey had never received a complete education in commercial finance, she wasn't too unfamiliar with such matters with a major banker as her father. Some thought had allowed her to understand the entire process as

she asked as a form of confirmation, "That's to say, I only need to pay about two to three hundred pounds to obtain 10% of the bike company's shares?"

"Or lower," Earl Hall said with a smile.

Audrey understood her father. As the largest shareholder of the Varvat Bank, as well as the fourth-largest shareholder of the Backlund Bank, he had the ability to help his daughter to obtain the most reasonable interest for a short-term loan.

"Thank you, my dear earl." Audrey smiled as she curtsied.

…

Under the moonlight, with the dark-blue seawater nearing the color of black, Alger Wilson stood at the bow of the ship as he watched the silent outline of Pasu Island.

This was the headquarters of the Church of Storms, a land where a true god's grace was showered.

As a middle-ranking member of the Church, Alger recalled himself coming here only three times. The first was him finding the Blue Avenger and after advancing to Seafarer. The second was his report last year, and this time. And very long ago, as a mixed-blood with dark blue hair, he had been selected to enter the headquarters to be a member of the children's choir, but without any talent in singing, he was soon dismissed. He returned to the chapel on the island where he was born to be a servant. And the priest there was an extremely violent superior to his subordinates.

Every time he recalled that piece of history, his expression would turn extremely livid, fortifying his thirst to become a high-ranking member of the Church.

Amidst the wind, the Blue Avenger silently cruised forward into the harbor.

…

In Backlund, which had also ushered in the night, Emlyn White, who was dressed in a starched formal suit and top hat, infiltrated the residence of another Sanguine Baron, Rus Báthory.

He believed that Rus would be taking action soon to reel in his bait. And for a Sanguine, a night with the crimson moon was very suitable for hunting.

After an unknown period of time, Emlyn's eyes suddenly lit up. He saw a figure leap from a window facing the house's rear before landing silently on the ground.

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CHAPTER 747
FIRST BLOOD

Under the crimson but gloomy moonlight, Emlyn took out a metal bottle, twisted its lid, and downed it.

Then, he seemed to transform into a shadow as he drifted over the surface of the wall, quickly and silently following Rus Báthory.

Sanguine were always known for their speed. The two Barons ran through the sides of the dark alleys and streets, one after another, spending more than half an hour to arrive at the messy and dirty East Borough where they stopped in front of an old apartment.

Seeing Rus Báthory choose to climb the pipe, and using the most stealthy approach to head for the third story, Emlyn slowed down his pace and didn't rush to follow behind him, as he would be easily discovered.

After two seconds of serious consideration, he picked up a translucent perfume bottle, twisted it open, and pressed down on it, scattering the liquid inside it onto his body.

This potion only had one use—eliminate his smell to make it identical to his surroundings!

After putting down the bottle in his hand, Emlyn raised the brass bottle and downed the liquid inside.

A Potions Professor sure is troublesome… he mumbled, looking down as his hands became transparent. The brass bottle seemed to be floating in front of his sleeve.

After Emlyn stuffed the tiny bottle away, all that was left was a formal suit, a top hat, and a pair of leather shoes without any buttons or laces. They formed a human shape as they moved about.

Another completely transparent bottle resembling a perfume bottle flew over and floated in midair as it pressed itself, spurting the potion inside onto the clothes.

Following that, the suit, top hat, and shoes turned faint and completely disappeared.

After completing his "invisibility," Emlyn glanced at the apartment where Rus Báthory had entered. He silently climbed a pipe, and he chased after him with extreme speed.

While the window was still ajar, he floated inside like a transparent cloud, without causing so much as a stir. He hid in the corner as he watched the thin-faced but charming Rus Báthory search for the target.

The latter slowly frowned since the place was empty. There wasn't even a mosquito, much less a person, despite the former becoming active in the past week.

And this Sanguine Baron had already confirmed that the Moon Puppet was here.

Suddenly, a creaking sound broke the frozen silence.

The apartment's main door opened as a woman in a black dress leisurely walked in. When she saw Rus Báthory, she asked with an ethereal voice, "Who are you looking for…”

Emlyn looked in the direction of the sound, and he saw a dark-skinned, long-browed face with soft outlines and a drooping mouth. It was none other than his target Windsor.

However, in Emlyn's eyes, this Primordial Moon's devout believer had certain differences from her portrait. He discovered that her eyes, eyebrows, and mouth were curved up, like they were mimicking the crimson moon.

And her forehead, cheeks, neck, and every layer of skin that she exposed had patches of withered grass and flowers.

…Man, what did Rus Báthory sell to her? Why would she become like this? Emlyn jumped in fright as he felt the hair on his back stand up.

Meanwhile, withered grass mixed with dried flowers grew from the floor, walls, door, and ceiling in swaths.

They began to isolate the room from the outside world, creating an extremely strange scene.

Once Rus Báthory caught the smell of danger, he didn't attempt to converse with her. Without any hesitation, he took out a metal bottle and downed the liquid inside.

Pa!

He threw the bottle as his body dragged out afterimages as he pounced towards the mutated Windsor. His fingernails extended as they swirled with black gases.

The withered grass and dry flowers that were embedded in Windsor's face made her look like a huge doll. She met him at an equally fast speed, clawing at Rus Báthory without any aversion to being injured.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

After a series of collisions, Rus Báthory was sent flying back as he slammed into the wall.

His sleeves were ripped apart, revealing the bone-deep scratches on his skin.

And in the midst of his flesh, the withered grass and dried flowers slowly grew from the inside out!

What a monster… This was the first time Emlyn was encountering such an enemy. He huddled in a corner and nearly forgot to help his kinsman.

He didn't rashly appear as all kinds of thoughts flashed through his mind. As he observed the battle between Rus Báthory and Windsor, he considered how he should deal with the situation.

*The strangest of all is the withered grass and dried flowers… Withered grass and dried flowers… They're likely afraid of fire! *Emlyn's heart stirred as he immediately abandoned his invisibility, took out another metal bottle, twisted its lid, and downed it.

He then spewed out all the liquid in his mouth.

The grayish-red liquid ignited upon contact with air, extending its scorching flames to the side.

The flames stacked upon each other as the fire extended. Instantly, they engulfed the room in a scarlet ocean of fire!

Amidst crackling sounds, the withered grass and flowers were ignited one after another as they rapidly spread the flames to their own kind.

In just a few seconds, the sealed environment was on the brink of destruction. As for the grass and flowers on Windsor's body, they were also turning aflame.

At this moment, Rus Báthory had a gaping hole dug through his chest, making him lose a great portion of his combat strength. He was relying on the Sanguine's extraordinary recovery ability to barely hold up.

Seeing his enemy as a flaming torch, Emlyn acutely noticed that her aura was weakening. He didn't hesitate to lunge forward, circle around Windsor, and deliver several clawing swipes.

Beneath his feet, wisps of black gas rose and swirled around the Primordial Moon believer like chains that bound her vitality.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Intense and short bursts sounded as the two figures suddenly closed the distance.

All movement within the scene had vanished in the end as Emlyn's grabbed Windsor's throat with his left hand, raising her up.

After hesitating for a second, he saw her hideous appearance and snapped her neck.

Pa!

A thin, miniature wooden puppet embedded with withered grass and dried flowers fell from Windsor's body as the flames in the apartment gradually died out.

Emlyn yanked Windsor's mutated head, turned around, and faced the heaving Rus Báthory. He then pressed his free right hand to his chest, and he bowed with a smile.

"Thank you for your help."

Seeing Rus Báthory instantly turn furious and helpless, Emlyn added in great delight, "Remember to hand over the puppet and the Beyonder characteristic to Lord Nibbs. They might be problematic."

After saying that, black gases coagulated behind him, turning into two illusory bat wings.

With a whoosh, Emlyn flapped these wings as he turned to fly out the window and land in the dark, nearby alley.

When he landed, he quickly converged the black gases and turned to look around.

Seeing that Rus Báthory hadn't followed him, Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief as he pressed his fist to his mouth. As he coughed, he mumbled, "I hate fire. I hate smoke!"

He was just about to leave East Borough when he felt a chill run down his back.

Emlyn's mind instantly tensed up as he held onto Windsor's mutated head, slowly turned around, and looked at the shadows in the corner.

He first saw a very tiny figure before identifying it.

The body was thin and long, akin to a wooden pole. Its eyes and mouth were curved like a crescent, and its surface was embedded with plenty of withered grass and dried flowers. It was none other than the Moon Puppet from before!

It's targeting me… What the hell is this… I'm still very far from where Lord Nibbs stays… It's really dangerous outside… Thoughts surfaced in Emlyn's mind as he felt his spine turn cold and his muscles turn tense.

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, he suddenly had an idea. He stared at the Moon Puppet, and he murmured in ancient Hermes, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck…”

…

"Can't a man have some sleep in the middle of the night!?" Klein sat up as he rubbed his temples in fury.

He quickly left his bed, took four steps counterclockwise, and he entered the space above the gray fog. He then took his seat that belonged to The Fool.

It's that fellow, Emlyn White? Klein gave a glance as he curiously emanated his spirituality, touching the crimson star that represented The Moon.

He then saw a stiffened Emlyn, and he saw the thin, strange puppet looking straight at him.

The puppet was cloaked in a rich but illusory crimson moonlight. They were undulating like a tidal wave, making a connection with something high in the sky.

At this moment, the crimson moonlight was spreading silently, enveloping Emlyn White within.

There's a problem… There's something wrong with this puppet… Klein, who could see more with the gray fog's aid, didn't hesitate to summon the Sea God Scepter from the junk pile into his hand.

The blue gems on the end of the bone scepter lit up one after another, emitting a blinding luster.

…

After chanting Mr. Fool's honorific name and seeking "His" assistance, Emlyn felt his already cold blood turn colder. It felt like it would slowly freeze into ice.

This made his body rapidly turn stiff as he watched the Moon Puppet stumble and swagger towards him.

At this moment, a silver bolt streaked down into the alley, causing all the gloom and darkness to scatter.

Pa!

The lightning bolts sizzled into a ball of lightning and landed on the Moon Puppet, drowning it in a swath of silver.

The burst of light dissipated immediately as the strange puppet was left charred black. It lost its decorations as it collapsed. As for Emlyn, his blood no longer froze as it resumed its flow.

With him quickly recovering from the stiffness, he knew that Mr. Fool was watching. He hurriedly asked softly, "Do you need, no—what can I sacrifice to you?"

He always believed that Mr. Fool adhered to the principle of equivalent exchange. Therefore, he believed that he needed to pay a corresponding price for requesting 'His' assistance.

After a brief silence, he saw the boundless gray fog and the faint figure behind it. He then heard a lofty and magnificent voice:

"That puppet."

"Alright." Emlyn took two steps forward, bent down to pick up the puppet and cleared up the scene before quickly leaving East Borough.

As for Klein, he cautiously used a Paper Angel to disrupt any divination before returning to the real world.

Just as he was planning to head back to bed, he suddenly discovered the moonlight brighten outside as it seemed stained with blood.

Eh… Klein walked to the window in puzzlement. When he looked out, he saw that the crescent had turned full at some point in time; it was scarlet red

like blood.

Another Blood Moon.

…

*Blood Moon? *Alger Wilson looked up at the sky as he steadily walked into the Lightning Cathedral ahead of him. This was the place he would be giving his report tomorrow.

And in the middle of the island, at the peak of the towering mountain, there was another cathedral named the Chasm of Storm. It was the headquarters of the Church of Storms's headquarters, the holiest of holy temples.

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CHAPTER 748
A DUET

Inside the Lightning Cathedral, the high and spacious dome arched continuously. There wasn't any blank space, with gold and blue as the main colors. It made anyone who walked beneath it subconsciously feel that the place was sacred and solemn; thus, making them bow their heads.

Alger Wilson often made contact with a secret existence, and he often gathered in the palace of a deity's residence. As a result, he no longer had a longing for this. He wasn't as respectful as before, but he still had to put on an act. Like the other sailors around him, he kept his head down as he lightened his footsteps without even daring to breathe clearly.

In the silent atmosphere, they were led by the priest all the way to the clergymen's quarters at the back of the cathedral, with each of them getting a room.

After closing the door, Alger saw the sanguine moonlight shine into the window. It made the environment turn cold and sinister, as though countless wraiths seemed to be observing the real world through a thin curtain.

Every time the Blood Moon appeared, one's spirituality would be enhanced. Powers that stemmed from spirituality and hell would receive a significant boost, while the negative emotions of living beings reached an explosive state. The higher the Sequence, the more obvious it would be.

Faintly, Alger heard sobbing, low shouts, and whispering. This was completely different from the solemnity he previously felt in the Lightning Cathedral.

Illusory arms appeared before his eyes as they reached outwards from the walls, floor, and ceiling, like a three-dimensional pale forest.

Alger knew of the abnormalities of the Blood Moon, so he removed his captain's hat without panicking at all. He entered the bathroom and washed his face.

During this process, he suddenly heard a distant singing voice.

The singing voice was indistinct, as though it came from the middle of the island. It kept echoing endlessly as though it was right beside Alger. It didn't make him feel horrified, for it was akin to a woman who was away from her family and loved ones, singing slowly and sadly as she looked at the surging tides.

Alger pulled at a towel and wiped his face before cocking his head to listen.

He gradually frowned as he took out a small iron box from his priest robe's inner robe and placed it close to his ear.

In it was the Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristic he had purchased from The World. He suspected that the residual mental imprint on it was temporarily enhanced by the Blood Moon.

As the metal box came close, the singing by Alger's ears instantly became partially clear, melancholic, sorrowful, wistful, and painful.

But apart from that, there was still the ethereal and ancient voice sounding from it, forming a clear boundary with the clear singing as though they were in a duet!

Whose voice is that? It sounds like an elf's… An item in the Church that stems from the elves? This Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristic on me comes from an elf? Alger nodded as he came up with a theory.

Due to them sharing the same Sailor pathway, the Church of Storms had always been in search of elvish relics. They were used to concoct potions, made into Sealed Artifacts, or isolated underground. Those with relatively fewer negative effects were rewarded to clergymen; therefore, it wasn't odd that something similar would be stimulated on the night of the Blood Moon.

If it's a mystical item, there wouldn't be a problem. If it's a Sealed Artifact, it means it's definitely not simple if the voice can penetrate the isolation barrier… Alger reined in his thoughts, brushed his teeth, and went to bed.

He soon fell asleep and had a dream.

After an unknown period of time, Alger suddenly felt a little lucid, vaguely aware that he was having a dream, but he automatically sized up his surroundings.

He discovered that above him was rippling dark blue seawater which was stacked up layer after layer and blocked the view of the sky. Ahead of him was a beautiful palace made of coral. It was tall, spectacular, dark, and gloomy.

Alger subconsciously walked towards the palace, walking into the open doors.

Inside were columns of coral that held up an exaggerated dome. The walls and dome were filled with murals depicting the terror of a storm.

Over a hundred meters away, there was a throne embedded with sapphires, emeralds, and lustrous pearls above a nine-stepped staircase that was extremely striking.

Alger looked over and saw a woman in a complicated ancient dress sitting on it. Her hair was black and held up into a bun. Her facial outline was soft, and her features were exquisite. She had a beauty that seemed timeless.

The woman's expression was core and her ears sharp. Her deep brown eyes looked down at Alger from a commanding position.

In her hand was a golden wine cup with complicated patterns.

Alger was just about to say something when her eyes emitted silver light resembling the bright flash of lightning, tearing through the dream.

Phew… Alger sat up and subconsciously gasped for breath. He found the dream both blurry and clear at the same time.

The woman's appearance was blurry, as well as the details of the murals and coral palace, but her eyes that contained lightning and her sharp ears were clear.

A high-ranking elf? Under the effects of the Blood Moon, her relics resonated with the Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristic I have, resulting in it influencing my dream? As Alger guessed, he wondered which item it would be.

Due to his limited standing, the number of Sealed Artifacts and mystical items he knew were limited. However, he knew certain knowledge that others didn't know, so he quickly thought of a possible target.

Calamity Cohinem?

The Book of Calamity "She" left behind has likely been sent to Pasu Island…

After making the report and departing, I'll seek Mr. Fool's advice and see if there will be any unexpected influences regarding this matter…

Alger didn't dare recite The Fool's honorific name in the Church of Storms's headquarters.

After daybreak, he didn't show any signs of abnormality. Under the servant's lead, he entered a room with a long table, and he was questioned by three Mandated Punisher deacons.

Among these three deacons, only one of them possessed dark blue hair. This was because this wasn't a necessary change that would happen from consuming the Sailor pathway potion. However, this trait would quite stubbornly be passed down, just like the elves. Many of them with black hair would end up with blue hair. Nowadays, mixed-bloods with elvish blood mostly had blue hair.

Alger sat at the end of the long table as he systematically answered the deacons' questions. He mentioned what he had done at sea, what he had planned to do, and what he had succeeded, as well as his failures.

And this would be compared to the description from his crew to prevent anyone from lying.

Towards the end of his report, the deacon with dark blue hair glanced at Alger. He asked with a hoarse voice, "Do you know Admiral of Stars Cattleya?"

Not only do I know her… Alger was nearly taken aback as he answered after some thought, "I met her at the pirate convention."

The deacon didn't harp on the question as he directly said, "Think of means to get to know her. Try to investigate Gehrman Sparrow's situation from her."

So that's how it is… It's because Gehrman hunted Admiral of Blood? Alger deliberately asked, feigning his ignorance, "What did Gehrman Sparrow do again?"

The dark blue-haired deacon said in a peeved manner, "He nearly destroyed Bayam! Alright, this isn't something you should know. In summary, remember. Gehrman Sparrow is a very dangerous person. There's a secret

cult backing him. That organization has a demigod that's at odds with the Rose School of Thought!"

Nearly destroyed Bayam? A demigod in the organization? At odds with the Rose School of Thought? Alger deliberately didn't hide his shock.

He originally imagined that a focus was placed on Gehrman because of his hunting of Admiral of Blood Senor, but who knew that the reason was far more complicated and ludicrous than he had imagined!

*What did Gehrman Sparrow do? When I pass by Bayam, I should find the actual spot to take a look… Also, isn't our Tarot Club's archenemy the Aurora Order? Isn't Mr. Fool always targeting the True Creator? Why did it change, no—why is there the additional Rose School of Thought? *Alger muttered to himself inwardly.

As for the Tarot Club having a demigod, he wasn't surprised. He even found it logical. How could an ancient existence not have a demigod under "Him?"

Besides, back when Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos died silently in a strange manner, he was already convinced that Mr. Fool had a High-Sequence Blessed!

Thankfully, my meeting with Gehrman was very secretive; otherwise, things would be troublesome… Alger listened in silence without asking any questions. Like before, he accepted the missions and got up to leave the room.

…

Backlund's North Borough, outside 160 Böklund Street. Servants stood in two rows to welcome their master's arrival.

With white hair at his temples and deep blue eyes, Dwayne Dantès wore a tailcoat and a top hat with an inlaid gold cane. Together with Butler Walter

and Valet Richardson, he walked in between his servants and arrived at the entrance of the three-story building.

Waiting there was Housekeeper Taneja who he had long selected.

She was in her early forties, and her hair was tied neatly. She had ordinary looks but wore an experienced demeanor. She wore gold-rimmed glasses and a black-and-white dress which was different from the other maidservants.

From the information received and the interview, Klein knew that this lady was born in East Borough. She was a believer of the Evernight Goddess, and she had chosen to be trained by a charitable organization by the Church at the age of fifteen, making her become a qualified maidservant.

After more than ten years of hard work, as well as the free lessons from the night schools, she was promoted from the lowest-ranking maidservant in a tycoon's household to a lady's maid. She later followed the tycoon's daughter when she got married, and she became a housekeeper until the family met with a financial crisis, forcing her to leave. She was extremely experienced when it came to managing a household.

After this lady signed the contract, she received 1,000 pounds from Dwayne Dantès as petty cash for the month before entering an argument with Butler Walter on whether they should purchase or rent a carriage.

From her point of view, since Mr. Dantès's goal was to enter high society and move into West Borough, or even Empress Borough, a carriage needed to be custom made to not appear inadequate. Before that, they could rent a high-end carriage for a year and wait until there was hope of him becoming a noble before they had one custom made. It was a more reasonable choice that didn't waste money or appear inadequate.

She convinced Walter, and of course Klein. This was because renting a high-end carriage with the horse costs only 88 pounds, and a two-wheeled carriage costs only 42 pounds.

Of course, someone who controls the household's expenditures needs to be someone who's good at accounting… Klein felt poignant as he smiled at Taneja before stepping through the three-story house's door.

This was the stage for which the tycoon, Dwayne Dantès, would be acting on.

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CHAPTER 749
THE MOON'S AUTHORITY

Upon entering the house, the first thing Klein saw was the foyer. It was very spacious here, with several chairs and umbrellas placed there. Furthermore, the furnishing was elegant, and the decorations were befitting of his status. If he hadn't known of the structure ahead of time from his inspection, Klein might've imagined it to be the living room.

After passing through a second main door, the sight before his eyes opened up—it was a huge hall that could accommodate dozens of dancing guests.

In the middle of the hall was a brightly colored, thick, and plush carpet. Surrounding it were spaces covered with bright marble tiles, with a piano, stone sculptures, and other decorations decorating the hall. There were also stone columns that held up the second floor with inlaid ornaments.

To the left was a series of floor-to-ceiling windows, and beyond them was a lush, green lawn and blooming garden. To the right were walls, wooden doors, and a corridor that led to the lounges, storerooms, washrooms, kitchen, and butler's room, etc.

The hall was two stories high, and there was a crystal chandelier hanging down from the ceiling. It instantly made one imagine what it would look like when night fell.

Ahead of him were two staircases that led to the second floor.

The winding corridor here was square in shape, and the emptied-out section in the middle happened to be where the carpeted hall was. All Klein needed

to do was hold a cup of wine and stand behind the railings of the second floor, and he could leisurely take in the sights of a ball below.

There were many rooms on the second floor. There was a living room, an activity room, a dining room, washrooms, a billiard room, and many bedrooms. If any guests needed to stay for the night, they would stay there.

Similarly, on the second floor, there were two staircases that led to the third floor. That was where Dwayne Dantès stayed. There was an exaggerated master bedroom, with a bar counter-equipped open room that allowed one to sunbathe and enjoy the scenery. There was a study which could be deemed as a miniature library, as well as two changing rooms and small bedrooms for the valet and the maid on night duty. There were also rooms meant for the household members and bathrooms, but Klein was currently a single man.

As for the other servants, they lived in a terrace house behind the main mansion. In another direction was the stable.

The mansion's underground area was equally spacious with a huge storeroom and wine cellar.

Taking off his coat, Klein stood on the balcony in the half-open room on the third floor with his back straight. He took in the sights of the surrounding streets and couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

There really is a reason why it's so expensive. The rent of 315 pounds really can't be considered a waste…

He had already paid a year's rent yesterday afternoon, and he could only force himself to enjoy this place that he rented.

Meanwhile, he had also directly paid Walter a year's salary of 115 pounds. As it was very possible that he would flee once he obtained the Antigonus family's notebook, he didn't want to affect his butler's livelihood.

By the same logic, he had long paid Housekeeper Taneja her annual salary of 42 pounds. It allowed this lady to realize how generous Mr. Dwayne Dantès was, as well as how mannered he was.

Through the two head servants' negotiations and hard work, they hired all the servants. The annual salary of a male steward was 30 pounds; his valet, Richardson, was 35 pounds; the two footmen in charge of valeting guests and serving at the dining table each received 30 pounds; the two lady's maids were 18 pounds each; the two chambermaids were 12 pounds each; and the two handymen were 12 pounds each.

Apart from them, the cook was 30 pounds; the assistant cook was 15 pounds; the scullery maid was 13 pounds; the parlormaid was 11 pounds; the nursery governess was 25 pounds, the steward's boy was 10 pounds, the two coachmen were 25 pounds each; the two gardeners were 20 pounds each; the two laundresses were 10 pounds each—all for a total of 413 pounds. It cost about 8 pounds a week.

Together with the two head servants' annual salary, Klein needed to pay 570 pounds a year, making it approximately 11 pounds a week. This was still without including the expenditures for food, clothes, and all kinds of daily necessities.

I'll pay ten to twenty pounds a week without any income the moment I open my eyes… Klein did a mental calculation as he forced himself to cast his gaze onto the garden.

In the afternoon, he had paid off the rental fee for the two carriages and servants' first week's salary. Together with him giving Housekeeper Taneja 1,000 pounds for the daily expenses, he only had 1,286 pounds and 18 gold coins left. However, he would receive the payments from Miss Justice and Ma'am Hermit within the week.

I wonder how long that 1,000 pounds can last Taneja. Just to store up the required alcoholic beverages for the balls would cost a few hundred

pounds… The rich Mr. Dwayne Dantès fell into deep thought and could hardly extricate himself from it.

To calm his emotions, he decided to head above the gray fog while the butler and servants were busy with handling the household chores. He wanted to study the strange puppet which Emlyn White and sacrificed.

After the Blood Moon happened, Klein had no choice but to return to the mysterious world and pull Fors into it. He resisted the urge to sleep as he listened to her drone on about her daily life in Backlund. After everything was over, he was just too tired. He accepted Emlyn's sacrifice, and after confirming that there wasn't anything weird, he returned to the real world and collapsed into bed.

After straightening his stylish dark-colored vest, Klein walked to the door and said to the awaiting valet, Richardson, "I have a habit of sleeping in the afternoon for forty-five minutes. I don't want anyone disturbing me."

"Yes, sir," Richardson answered humbly.

He was an illegitimate son with mixed blood. His father was Loenese, a supervisor at a manor, while his mother was a native from East Balam who was a slave in the same manor. After he was born, he was met with discrimination and bullying. This resulted in a weak and submissive character, and because he was good-looking, he was suitable for valeting guests. He was selected by the manor's master to be a valet before being brought to Backlund.

After both Houses of the Loen Kingdom had abolished slavery, he found himself out of a job. All he could do was seek the help of the City Family Servant Assistance Association.

Before Klein, he had served two households and committed some mistakes, but he did build up a wealth of experience. He caught Butler Walter's notice, and he became Dwayne Dantès's valet.

After looking at Richardson, who stood straight and tall, with a height that was almost identical to himself, Klein indiscernibly shook his head and sighed.

This guy that can clearly be a celebrity with his looks can only be a servant in this day and age. Furthermore, he's such a tall man, but he appears cowardly and weak. However, this can also be considered an advantage. He's obedient, silent, and submissive. He does whatever his master instructs him to do, and he will absolutely not dare to make his own decisions…

If I only have a valet with me requiring him to handle all kinds of matters, Richardson will definitely not be up to mark. However, I still have Butler Walter and so many other servants. He can handle the other matters with his experience and capabilities.

Without musing further, Klein locked the door and returned to the side of the reclining chair. He took four steps counterclockwise and entered above the gray fog.

He sat at the seat of The Fool, and he beckoned with his hand to make the charred Moon Puppet fly over and land before him.

After scrutinizing it, Klein didn't discover anything odd about it. Hence, he conjured a pen and paper and wrote the divination statement: "Its origins."

Putting down his fountain pen, Klein waited a few seconds before picking up the piece of paper and leaning back against his chair.

Hmm, my spiritual intuition didn't stop me from making the divination statement. It means that the latent danger of the Moon Puppet isn't as bad as the Rose School of Thought Beyonder characteristic… Klein mumbled as he skillfully recited the divination statement.

In the gray, hazy world, he saw an altar with a circle of fiery torches around it.

On the altar, there was what he suspected to be human skin with traces of blood everywhere. In the middle were three candles and a few puppets that resembled thin wooden poles.

These miniature puppets had curved eyes and mouths, as though they corresponded to the crimson crescent in the sky.

Therefore, they continued hanging their creepy smiles as withered grass and dried flowers remained embedded in their bodies.

A priest in a dark red robe was circling the altar with heavy steps, as though he was dancing a dance created by an epileptic patient.

At some point in time, moonlight gathered and shone on the puppet as it increased in brightness. Towards the end, it resembled the gentle ebbing of water waves.

The ritual quickly came to an end as the priest picked up a thin puppet and walked to the human body bound to a frame beside him. Instantly, he stabbed it through the body's eye socket.

Amidst tragic cries, the scene quickly changed. The dead man with the Moon Puppet in his eye socket was buried somewhere in an orderly manner.

The scene once again skipped and showed further development. Every full moon or Blood Moon, the moon's glow would scatter over the grave, seeping into it like water as the surrounding darkness turned gloomy.

Klein opened his eyes and adjusted his seating posture. He had a general idea of the Moon Puppet's origins.

It came from a prayer ritual to the Primordial Moon. It was a ritual lasting for centuries!

Over the past few centuries, they had absorbed the powers of the crimson moon, mutating bit by bit until they were exhumed by the colonists.

They usually didn't exhibit any oddity, and something only happened when a Primordial Moon believer activated them with the correct method. As for what would happen, Klein had no idea.

*In a particular sense, these primitives are equivalent to the Primordial Moon's Chosen ones… Last night, after I smote one to death, that evil god was enraged; thus, causing the Blood Moon? *Klein gently tapped the mottled table's edge as he came to a preliminary judgment.

Hmm, the Primordial Moon's wrath directly changed the moon's phenomena, making it a Blood Moon… If this theory is right, it means that in the domain of the crimson moon, the Goddess is inferior to the Primordial Moon. "She" might only have the title in name as "She" grasps a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact… Klein nodded slightly as he attempted to divine the weaknesses of the Moon Puppet.

This time, he saw sunlight and lightning.

This means that the Beyonder powers in the Sun domain and lightning from the Storm domain are best at dealing with it… As Klein interpreted the information, he threw the Moon Puppet into the junk pile and returned to the real world.

An hour later, Walter, who was wearing a starched suit and white gloves, knocked on the door. He bowed and said, "Sir, I'll be printing your name card in a while. They will be sent to the neighbors along with some gifts.

"They will take a few days to observe to determine your situation. If they're willing to accept you, they would send gifts and invite you to be their guests.

"Does your name card need a title added?"

Title… The Fool that doesn't belong to this era? Klein lampooned as he replied with a smile, "Merchant Dwayne Dantès from Desi would suffice."

Walter nodded and said, "Based on your wishes, I'll immediately arrange for you to have etiquette lessons. The focus will be on dancing, and I've hired a professional teacher."

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CHAPTER 750
ATTRACTION?

Having read many magazines, Klein knew that the social life he wanted to enter had many balls, so he wasn't surprised by Walter's suggestion. He said with a nod, "Okay."

With that said, he looked sideways at his valet, Richardson.

"Prepare the carriage. I'll be heading over to Saint Samuel Cathedral."

Klein vividly remembered that his main goal was to act as a devout believer of the Evernight Goddess in order to get to know the corresponding clergymen, and from there he would find a way to sneak into Chanis Gate. Therefore, he planned to pray at the cathedral whenever he had the time to express his sincerity and get to know the members of the clergy.

"Yes, sir," Richardson answered politely.

Before long, Klein boarded his rented luxurious four-wheeled carriage, decked out in a coat and a top hat. As he enjoyed the scenery on his journey, he sampled the black tea that was adorned with a slice of lemon.

In fact, there was a tiny bar counter in the carriage, and in it, Butler Walter had specially prepared Golden Lanti, Winter Black Rand, and other distilled liquor, as well as all kinds of red and white wine that came from Intis.

However, Klein wasn't someone who enjoyed drinking. As a Beyonder, he didn't like the feeling of being tipsy. It made him recall the feeling of losing control; therefore, he used the excuse of him heading to the cathedral, so as to get his valet, Richardson, to prepare a pot of marquis black tea.

"If it's possible, I would actually like a cup of sweet ice tea. It's something from the south," Klein said half-jokingly to Richardson.

"I will prepare it next time," Richardson immediately replied.

Klein chuckled and shook his head.

"No, there's no need. That wouldn't appear decent.

"Once I'm more familiar with the neighbors, and have hosted a Desi-styled banquet, we can prepare some sweet ice tea. Heh heh, I believe their children will like it."

When Richardson realized that he had mistaken his employer's intentions, he hurriedly said in a fluster, "I will keep it in mind."

It only took twenty minutes to go from 160 Böklund Street to the Saint Samuel Cathedral at Phelps Street on foot. If it wasn't because he needed to hire a coachman and rent a carriage to project an image befitting his status, Klein would rather walk over to digest his food and strengthen his body.

Soon, the carriage stopped along the square outside the cathedral. Klein held his gold-inlaid cane, got out of the carriage, and stopped there to enjoy the pigeons' dance.

After entering the cathedral and coming to the main prayer hall, he passed his top hat and cane to Richardson. He found a seat near the aisle and sat down. He lowered his head, clasped his hands, and seriously and silently prayed.

Richardson sat behind him to his side, putting the items in place as he glanced at the Dark Sacred Emblem on the altar. He then closed his eyes.

In the serene atmosphere, Klein felt his spirituality lightly scatter. He wasn't too surprised by this, because the praying masses in the cathedral would encounter something similar. The tiny bits of spirituality that carried pious

beliefs gathered together to provide power to the Chanis Gate's seals underground.

After an unknown period of time, his spiritual perception triggered as he opened his eyes and looked diagonally across him.

Standing there was an elder dressed in a black clergyman robe. His hair was sparse, and his face looked pale. He resembled a dead man.

From afar, he had a cold aura with a lacking expression. He blended in with the prayer hall's dark environment to a certain extent.

A Keeper… Klein made a judgment from a single glance. He closed his eyes again and continued praying. Of course, he had already remembered the man's facial features.

Big nose, grayish-blue eyes, loose facial skin, and no facial hair.

The elder dressed as a clergyman had sat down as well. He focused on praying to the Goddess. Inside the prayer hall, the wall in front had a few holes. Pure light shone in from them like resplendent stars. It made the dark environment appear gentle and holy.

Time ticked by as Klein felt his spiritual perception trigger again.

He carefully opened his eyes and saw that the black-robed Keeper had left his seat and entered a passageway to the side.

That should lead to the back of the cathedral… The Keepers stay inside the cathedral? They have no family and don't have their own residences? From their conditions, it's not that surprising either. Furthermore, the Keepers of Chanis Gate are monitored by the bishops, so it's a normal precaution… This means that I have to become friends with the priests and bishops of Saint Samuel Cathedral to obtain the freedom to enter the area at the back of the cathedral… Klein didn't sneak anymore glances as he closed his eyes and considered various problems.

After some time, he slowly got up and walked to the altar. Standing in front of the donation box, he took out fifty pounds in cash and devoutly threw it in.

This made the bishop and priest on duty look over. Their gaze turned friendly as they remembered his appearance.

After doing that, Klein nodded gently at the clergymen, turned around, and walked down the aisle towards the exit. Richardson held his hat and cane and followed closely behind.

Once out the prayer hall, he walked towards the main entrance alongside a series of intricate murals and colored-pane windows that lined the top.

At this point, a few figures walked in. Leading them was a middle-aged man with long sideburns and soft facial features. He wore a black trench coat without any gloves, nor did he carry a cane.

Behind him was a young man dressed in a similar trench coat. He had black hair and green eyes, and he looked handsome with his randomly styled hair. He looked like he hadn't combed it after waking up in the morning.

Klein was especially familiar with his looks and figure. It felt as though they hadn't seen each other for years.

Leonard Mitchell!

Klein's pupils constricted a little, but he didn't stop at all. He maintained his pace and stride, and he walked towards the few Nighthawks in black trench coats.

Yes, Klein was certain that they were Nighthawks!

When they met, he casually swept a gaze at Leonard and company before passing them and walking towards the main entrance.

The main entrance was open, and the clouds outside were thin. There was plenty of sunlight and pigeons were flying.

Leonard Mitchell glanced at the believers who walked past him out of boredom, and he retracted his gaze. He said with a sigh, "I hope we can stay in Backlund for a few days this time to have a good rest. The case this time wasn't only dangerous and thrilling, but it also required us to be tense the entire time.

His team of Red Gloves had just cracked a human skin-donning Devil case, and they had captured two targets.

This seemed easy on the surface, but it wasn't simple at all. They went through plenty of setbacks and tribulations before completing the mission with great difficulty. Every member was exhausted both in mind and body.

Captain Soest shook his head with a smile.

"This is the life of us Red Gloves. You should've known that this would be how it would be back when you chose to join.

"However, congratulations on advancing to Soul Assurer."

Leonard Mitchell curled his lips into a smile.

"It's slower than I had expected. Also, Captain Soest, you've finally reached Sequence 5."

"This isn't a problem with the Church. If I could've endured it better, I could've become a Spirit Warlock earlier." Soest wiped his smile away as he walked into the prayer hall's corridor. "Pray to the Goddess. It will effectively eliminate your mental stress, allowing you to recover."

As he spoke, the team of Red Gloves entered the dark and serene hall as they found a spot to sit down.

Leonard was just about to focus on praying when he suddenly heard a slightly aged voice ring in his mind:

"That person from just now is problematic."

"Who?" Leonard kept his head down as he asked with a suppressed voice.

The slightly-aged voice replied, "One of the men you met at the entrance. I'm living in your body, and my strength hasn't recovered, so I wasn't able to see too clearly."

Leonard recalled and asked softly, "What do you mean by problematic?"

"He has an ancient aura."

"A Beyonder who has lived for a very long period of time?" Leonard mumbled, "I will try to investigate."

Simultaneously, he thought, *Old Man must be hiding certain things. He seldom volunteers to tell me that someone is problematic, yet be so vague about it… After I find the target and confirm that there's no danger for the time being, I'll leave it. I don't want to be embroiled in the conflict of some undying monsters from the Fourth Epoch… If that person will really bring about a calamity, I'll directly report it to the Archbishop…*

…

In an apartment in Cherwood Borough.

"This the money I borrowed from you." Fors handed 220 pounds to Xio.

She had already received the 100 pounds from Mr. Moon and the 500 pounds from Ma'am Hermit.

Xio Derecha grabbed at her messy blonde, unsmooth hair, looked at the money, and raised her head to look at Fors. She blurted, "You really are

involved in illegal gambling?

"I have to tell you that such gambling must be a scam and a trap. They let you win in order to make you lose more! Even though you're a Trickmaster and have a chance of fooling them, such gambling scams might have other Beyonders hiding in it!"

"Stop, stop, stop!" Fors lowered her hands. She said in bemused anger, "Do I look like someone who will participate in illegal gambling?"

"Yes!" Xio didn't hesitate in her reply. "If I didn't stop you, you wouldn't just be smoking cigarettes, you'd even be smoking cannabis!"

That's because I needed to numb myself due to the pain brought by the full moon's ravings. I no longer need to… Fors didn't debate with Xio as she directly explained, "I sold the mysticism knowledge I know at a Beyonder gathering. Heh heh, that person was very generous and had paid several hundred pounds."

"Is that so…" Xio instantly threw the problem to the back of her mind and said, "There's been a new Beyonder gathering that appeared recently in East Borough. I've been invited."

"A new Beyonder gathering?" Fors was first taken aback before feeling a sense of anticipation.

According to her teacher, Dorian Gray, and Mr. Fool, she knew that Lewis Wien was an Oracle of the Aurora Order. His arrival in Backlund was likely to replace the missing Mr. A, so as to rebuild the Aurora Order faction in this big city. Therefore, there was a solid chance that he had disguised himself to organize a new Beyonder gathering.

Fors thought for a moment and said seemingly mindlessly to Xio, "Are you going to join it?"

"Of course, I have to prepare the Interrogator formula potion," Xio answered decisively.

Fors nodded and covered her mouth to yawn.

"Remember to bring me along when you have the privilege of inviting a new member."

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CHAPTER 751
LOEN-STYLED EUPHEMISM

Late at night. 7 Pinster Street.

Leonard Mitchell sat on a chair with his legs raised onto the side of his desk.

Following that, he leaned back, causing the wooden headrest to creak from the pressure. His breathing gradually turned long and slow.

After an unknown period of time, his eyelids drooped and covered his eyes.

At this moment, Leonard's spirit had arrived in a gray, hazy world, but he was still in his bedroom.

He flew to the window and saw thick gray fog blanket the nearby streets and extend outwards. It seemed to be embracing all of Backlund.

The street lamps along the streets and the warm light from the different houses appeared abnormally dim. They were only able to illuminate a very tiny region, and everything seemed to be tainted with a sense of blurriness.

At the same time, blobs of illusory oval lights appeared as they enveloped a house in an intersecting manner, as though it was the source of their existence.

This was the city through a Nightmare's eyes.

Leonard followed up on his previous investigations and leaped out the window in a Nightmare state. He then flew to 17 Minsk Street.

He didn't attempt to storm in. He stood at the door in the thick fog as he politely pulled the doorbell.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Dressed in her nightgown, Stelyn Sammer opened the door.

She placed her silver-inlaid pleated fan at her chest as she asked in confusion and puzzlement, "Who are you looking for?"

She was none other than Klein's landlord back when he was acting as Sherlock Moriarty. She was a blonde-haired, blue-eyed lady in her thirties.

Leonard had already changed into a black-and-white checkered police uniform. He casually showed his identification and asked, "Do you know Sherlock Moriarty?"

Trapped in the dream, Stelyn's reaction was very slow. She asked after a few seconds, "Did something happen to him?"

Just as she asked, her impression of Sherlock Moriarty appeared beside her under Leonard's influence.

He wore a half top hat, a double-breasted frock coat, gold-rimmed spectacles on his nose, and a bushy mustache around his mouth…

This was identical to the information he previously received about Sherlock Moriarty. Hence, he didn't show any doubts and said, "He's been involved in a case and is undergoing an investigation.

"I hope you can cooperate with us."

"A-alright." Stelyn wished to raise her chin, but for some reason, she felt a little horrified.

Leonard thought for a second and asked, "Since when did he rent this place from you?"

"Early September last year," Stelyn said after recalling her memories.

Leonard continued asking, "What do you know of him? Or should I say, what kind of person do you think he is?"

When that was mentioned, Stelyn appeared as though she had long considered the answer to such a question.

"He comes from Midseashire, and he has an accent from that area. He's a very capable detective, and he once exposed the adultery which Mary's husband was undertaking. However, his income isn't too high. He doesn't even hire a full-time housemaid. All he can do is get my maid to help him part-time… My children tell me that he's good at telling stories, especially detective-related stories. This might be why he had chosen this profession…”

Without giving Leonard a chance to interrupt her, she droned on incessantly, "He's not as boorish like the typical detective. He went to grammar school and studied history. What leaves me most envious of all is how he obtained Mary's gratitude. He joined the Quelaag Club where its members are people with significant status. I've only been there a few times…

"Later, he apparently became famous in the detective circles, and private detectives often came to look for him…”

Leonard lost his patience listening to her drone on as he couldn't help but rub his temples.

He had failed to obtain any useful information from Mrs. Stelyn. Apart from Sherlock Moriarty's poor financial situation and him being good at telling detective stories, the rest was within the scope of what he had previously investigated. He even knew that Sherlock Moriarty had good ties with Isengard Stanton.

Next, I'll investigate those from the Quelaag Club who have good relationships with Sherlock Moriarty… Once he patiently finished listening to Mrs. Stelyn's droning, he immediately thanked her and left her dream.

…

160 Böklund Street. Inside Dwayne Dantès's mansion.

In the hall that could accommodate more than a hundred dancers, Klein was embracing a lady in her thirties as they danced.

This was the etiquette teacher that Walter had hired. Her name was Wahana Heisen.

She had a common name, but she wasn't ordinary at all. Her facial features were only above average, but her disposition was impeccable. Her every action was filled with charm.

According to Walter's introduction, she was born in a baron's family. She received a good education from a young age and later entered the palace. She had the job of court lady until she was married.

As her family had declined and her husband's financial situation was only ordinary, being a believer in the Evernight Goddess prompted her to choose to become a private tutor in etiquette. She often went to the families of nobles and tycoons to teach their children.

Although the butler didn't spell it out, Klein knew that he couldn't perform badly in front of this lady, or there was no way to save his reputation.

The way members of high society asked about a person's situation was mainly through common acquaintances. And at times, the interaction between servants also mattered.

With nimble footsteps and graceful moves, the black-haired Wahana nodded approvingly.

"Mr. Dantès, it's hard for me to imagine you not having learned these dance steps before.

"In less than half an hour, you're as skilled as a noble who received education on this from a young age."

"It's all thanks to your teachings." Klein gave a humble smile as he wore a warm, humble look.

With the Clown's balance, dancing was a very easy matter for him.

Wahana lowered her head and chuckled softly.

"You're a gentleman who can really make a lady happy."

She immediately raised her light brown eyes and swept her gaze across Dwayne Dantès's silver sideburns and deep blue eyes.

"That's the best praise I've heard today," Klein replied with a smile. During this period, his feet kept moving as he spun Wahana gently around. Not far away, the hired quartet's melodious music echoed through the hall.

He had the intention to have close ties with Wahana, not to improve his reputation, but because she was once a court lady.

After Wahana corrected a minor mistake that Dwayne Dantès committed, she said, "When inviting a lady to dance, it's not only a dance. You also need to converse. You can't be like two dolls unless both of you are so immersed in the dance and music's rhythm that you do not wish to speak. Of course, that's also a form of communication—a form of communication of the heart.

"When conversing, you must be euphemistic because this is Loen, not Intis.

"To put it simply, do not be direct and crude. You need to appear gentlemanly.

"Let me raise an example. If you wish to compliment a lady for her perfume, you can't directly tell her how nice it smells, nor ask what kind of perfume it is to praise her. You need to connect a more euphemistic meaning to it and mention that. Yes, you can say something like: It feels like I'm out in the spring meadows.

"Of course, this needs to match the traits of perfume."

There's no literary feel. Shouldn't you say that "the moon is beautiful, isn't is?" Klein lampooned with a Japanese-styled euphemism as he said with a self-deprecating smile, "Thank you for not telling me that my praises weren't gentlemanly enough."

Wahana's smile deepened.

"Mr. Dantès, do you know what kind of gentleman is very welcomed by women at social events?"

"Pray, do tell." Klein honestly shook his head.

Wahana said without a change in her smile, "The second most popular type are men who make women think that he's very intelligent."

"What about the first?" Klein asked cooperatively.

Wahana glanced at him and said, "The most popular type are men who make women think that they are very intelligent."

Upon saying that, she smiled and didn't say another word. Klein instantly understood she was hiding her praise in between the lines.

So this is Loen-styled euphemism… It's not like Intis where they just aim straight for the lower half of the body… Hmm, that's what's written in papers and magazines. I've no way of confirming what real Intis social events are like. Anyway, both countries often sully each other… The

emperor's era does match that description though… Klein nodded in enlightenment.

The two-hour etiquette lesson ended in a harmonious mood. Klein walked Teacher Wahana Heisen to the door with Butler Walter and Valet Richardson before giving her a tiny gift.

It was Moonlight, a perfume from the Dream Company. It was mixed with gray amber, making it rather expensive.

As for how much it was, Klein wasn't sure, as Housekeeper Taneja was responsible for buying it. The payment was through her. Only when the 1,000 pounds was almost expended would she come to him with receipts and a list for him to vet so as to receive fresh funds.

The reason why Klein knew the company and perfume was that his butler had informed him ahead of time. It was to prevent him from appearing insincere if Ma'am Wahana were to ask.

From this detail, he had a deep understanding of the use of a good butler.

Watching the satisfied Ma'am Wahana Heisen leave, Klein held back the urge to rub his temples as he sighed inwardly, *This is more tiring than a Beyonder battle. I have to constantly watch my actions and deliberate over my words… I need some rest.*

At that point, the white-gloved Walter took a step forward and said, "Sir, since you wish for your etiquette studies to progress faster, we can move the remaining lessons forward."

"What lessons?" Klein felt a headache.

"History, international politics, philosophy, music, as well as general knowledge of sports like golf, racing, hunting…" Walter answered meticulously.

"Philosophy?" Klein asked in surprise.

Walter nodded.

"It's one of the most common topics discussed in high society. You don't need to have very deep research into it, but you need to know what others are discussing. You need to know that the origins of philosophy stem from Kongsoka, Mareddy, and Paterson, and not Emperor Roselle. You need to know that "Man was born free" came from Leumi.

"When tycoons first enter high society, many of them often make mistakes in such aspects. They're used to attributing certain sentences and philosophical thoughts to Emperor Roselle."

Klein felt his head ache the more he heard. He forcefully smiled and said, "I haven't got any matters to do recently, apart from my afternoon naps and heading to the cathedral. You can arrange the lessons to be at anytime."

…

In a dark room, a letter floated up and opened by itself before shaking the piece of paper.

In her tiny bonnet, Sharron's figure was outlined. She grasped the letter and seriously read through it.

She then wrote a reply and set up a ritual to summon Sherlock Moriarty's messenger.

During this process, she didn't forget to prepare a gold coin.

Soon, Sharron finished the incantation as she watched the candle flame burgeon and be tainted with a gloomy green color.

Reinette Tinekerr, with the four blonde, red-eyed heads in hand, appeared out of the candlelight and appeared before Sharron.

Sharron's eyes constricted as her doll-like face suddenly showed immense emotional fluctuations.

She blurted out, "Teacher!

"Haven't you already…”

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CHAPTER 752
WARNING

160 Böklund Street. In the sunny study.

The bookshelves were orderly arranged with a huge collection. At a glance, one appeared as though they had stepped into a private library.

Klein sat on a high-back chair as he read the newspapers. He discovered that be it the Tussock Times or the Backlund Daily Tribune, there was an additional advertisement in a striking spot—it advertised selling 10% of the Backlund Bike Company's shares.

Mr. Stanton is rather efficient. It's only been a few days, and he has completed the financial checks and evaluation… Klein silently reflected on the matter when his spiritual perception was triggered.

He quickly activated his Spirit Vision and saw Reinette Tinekerr walk out of the void. She still held the four blonde, red-eyed heads in her hand, with one of them having a letter in its mouth.

It's likely a reply from Miss Sharron… As Klein had these thoughts, he reached out to receive it and nodded.

"Thank you."

As he spoke, he subconsciously glanced at the door because standing outside was his valet, Richardson.

After tearing open the envelope and unfolding the letter, Klein quickly scanned it, confirming that it was written by Sharron. She indicated that she

had no intention of buying Biological Poison Bottle, and she might only consider it after a period of time if it was still available.

She's in a tight financial situation? Or is she saving money to do something important? Klein casually thought and instinctively felt that it was the latter. This was because it was impossible for the demigod named Zatwen to keep staying in Backlund. For now, Sharron and Maric had escaped the pursuit of the Rose School of Thought, and with their Beyonder powers and unique traits about their Sequences, it wasn't difficult for them to amass money in a relaxed environment. Furthermore, they seemed to be in charge of the illegal arms dealing in the Bravehearts Bar, and they were the backers behind Ian. Just this alone would make them plenty of money.

As he thought about it, Klein looked up and saw Miss Messenger's eight red eyes looking at him intently.

He jumped in fright, imagining that she was urging him to pay the debt he owed her. He cleared his throat and said, "There's no need to reply.

"I'll be paying the first installment within the week."

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads spoke one after another.

"There's no…" "Rush…" "There's no…" "Interest…"

Miss Messenger is quite nice after all… As Klein sighed, Reinette Tinekerr vanished from her spot, returning back into the depths of the spirit world.

After burning the letter and resting for half an hour, he walked to the door to inform Richardson to prepare the carriage.

He planned on heading to the cathedral before his philosophy class in the afternoon.

The journey there was smooth sailing, and Klein arrived at the square outside Saint Samuel Cathedral after a few sips of tea.

After gaining the serenity from taking in the sights of the pigeons, he strode towards the cathedral's main door, entered the prayer hall, and randomly found a pew to sit at. Like before, Richardson sat diagonally behind him with his master's hat and cane.

As he emptied his mind during his prayers, Klein's spiritual perception was triggered once again. He instinctively opened his eyes and looked left.

He saw the black-haired, green-eyed Leonard Mitchell.

This Nighthawk wasn't wearing a trench coat. He looked casual with his white shirt tucked out while matching them with straight trousers and a black vest.

Seeing the middle-aged man with gray streaks at his sideburns look at him, he smiled with a nod, retracted his gaze, and closed his eyes in a bid to pretend to pray.

He wasn't worried that the man would discover that he was watching him, because he had only done a cursory sweep without any additional actions. Many believers present had similar actions as well.

It was inevitable for a good-looking, dignified gentleman to attract some attention when he entered. Leonard Mitchell was someone who often attracted such attention, so he knew this very well.

At this moment, the slightly aged voice sounded in his mind.

It's him.

Heh, he didn't make my hard work of running over to the cathedral yesterday and today be in vain… Leonard thought smugly as his expression remained stoic.

Klein was also pretending to pray as puzzlement surfaced in his thinking mind.

When did this fellow, Leonard, become so pious?

Although he's definitely more pious than me, he's not the kind of person who would come to the cathedral every day. He would come once or twice a week at best…

What's his goal for coming? He seemed to be observing me just now…

Upon having this thought, Klein suddenly realized something.

The Grandpa in him is the angel of the Zoroast family, which makes him an angel of the Marauder pathway…

Blasphemer Amon is a King of Angels of this pathway. "He" could discover the gray fog and even tried to infiltrate it…

So, it's very possible that the Grandpa in Leonard can also sense the gray fog or the traces of its powers on me!

Upon making this judgment, Klein immediately felt his heart in his throat. He felt like dangerous traps were surrounding him.

He maintained his praying posture, and the eyes under his eyelids remained motionless. His entire person was calm and reserved, completely identical to the cathedral's atmosphere.

After an unknown period of time, he slowly got up and walked to the altar. He came before the donation box and threw in a total of 50 pounds in cash.

Following that, he did the same as before, smiling at the bishop and priest on duty while nodding. He received a rather friendly response.

The moment he walked out of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Klein received his hat from Richardson, and he fed the pigeons on the square for about ten minutes.

And behind him, the believers who had finished their prayers walked out, including Leonard Mitchell.

Without looking at the entrance, Klein leisurely clapped his hands, took his gold-inlaid cane, and walked to the nearby four-wheeled carriage.

Leonard was similarly feeding the pigeons on the square, but he didn't have any intention of following when he saw his target leave on the carriage.

Since the person had an ancient aura and that the parasite in him placed such importance on him, he obviously didn't dare to be careless. He didn't act directly, as it was extremely dangerous.

He planned on making superficial investigations to gather the required intelligence.

I'll see what Old Man has to say when the time comes… Besides, it's not like there's no direction for investigation at the moment. There can't be that many of that particular type of high-end carriage in Backlund. No matter if it's his, or if it's rented, it's easy to determine the source. Then, I'll know the identity and background of that gentleman… Leonard glanced at the pigeons as he thought leisurely.

He was an experienced Nighthawk, and he was even an elite Red Glove among the Nighthawks!

At this moment, a pigeon spread its wings and flew over. In its beak there appeared to be a paper slip.

Leonard frowned as he reached out his left palm and saw the pigeon fly down before dropping the slip. Then, it flapped its wings and flew off.

Raising the paper slip, Leonard warily unfolded it while feeling puzzled. He saw two lines of text on it:

"Zoroast;

"Parasite."

This… Leonard's pupils suddenly constricted as he felt all his hair stand up. His emotions nearly exploded at that very instant.

That gentleman has seen through my secret?

As expected of someone with an ancient aura!

He might be one of the undying monsters that remained from the Fourth Epoch!

He's warning me? That I shouldn't involve myself in his matters or even come close to him?

At that moment, Leonard felt that every action the middle-aged man with white sideburns and blue eyes had done had left him shocked when he recalled them. He was someone not to be looked at directly or approached.

He immediately lost all thoughts of investigating the man. As he watched the pigeons land, he said with a suppressed voice, "Old Man, he might be an old friend of yours.

"If you wish to investigate, then it's best that you wait till your strength recovers."

"Old friend…" the slightly aged voice repeated the two words as though he found it suspect but couldn't be certain.

Leonard quickly converged his emotions and chuckled.

"So you're someone from the Zoroast family…"

At this moment, about a hundred meters away, at the intersection of Phelps Street and the other streets.

The black-haired Dwayne Dantès who had streaks of gray hair leaned onto the wall as he slowly closed his eyes, hiding his wrinkled facial features in the shadows of the carriage.

To the side of his valet, Richardson, a middle-aged man wearing a dark red coat and old triangular hat appeared, bowing to his master before disappearing. No one saw this illusory figure.

The carriage slowly turned as a flock of pigeons flew up from the square.

…

After returning home and entering the room with the huge balcony, the silent Klein finally heaved a silent sigh of relief.

If Leonard didn't accept the warning because of the Grandpa's bewitchment, he planned on writing another slip with the contents: "I know where Blasphemer Amon is."

In between the lines, it means I'll tell Blasphemer Amon that there's a Zoroast family angel here if you foil my plans.

This wouldn't make the Grandpa believe that Dwayne Dantès was so weak that he had to rely on others to fend him off. It was more of a friendly warning that wouldn't number beyond three times, a form of respect towards an angel.

If two warnings weren't enough to rein him in, there was no other choice but to inform Blasphemer Amon.

Yes, there's a very high chance that this would scare them. There must be other ploys or difficulties for this Grandpa to choose to parasitize in such a shallow manner. He likely doesn't wish for me to flip the table… Heh heh, this matter is all thanks to Arrodes. If he hadn't informed me ahead of time that Leonard has a Marauder angel, I definitely wouldn't have noticed that I've been targeted, much less have the suitable excuse and method to warn

them… Klein thought calmly and didn't show the anxiety or flustered state from before.

As he relaxed, there was a knock on the door. His valet, Richardson, said, "Sir, the butler wishes to seek an audience with you."

"Please invite him in." Klein left the balcony and returned to the half-open room.

The white-gloved Walter entered and said, "Sir, your philosophy teacher, Mr. Hamid, is here."

Philosophy classes… Klein rubbed his aching temples.

He had previously heard from Walter that Mr. Hamid was a believer of the Lord of Storms. It was the same for the famous scholar, Leumi, as well. Many of the philosophers in the Loen Kingdom shared the same faith.

This made him rather surprised because, to him, believers in the Storm were irascible bros.

From the looks of it, I have to change my stereotypes and subjective impressions… Heh, the prerequisite to being a philosopher is to not have a wife, or not have a cordial relationship with their families? As Klein lampooned, he straightened his clothes and walked to the door. He said to Butler Walter, "Alright, I'll head over there now."

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CHAPTER 753
BISHOP VISITS

After the philosophy class, Klein had a feeling as though he hadn't slept in three days. His mind was filled with names and concepts like skepticism, metaphysics, a priori and a posteriori, nominalism, Roselle socialism, existentialism, and positivism.

If it wasn't because the original Klein had studied history, which included some mastery of philosophy, he doubted that he had the ability to last through the lesson. This wasn't his college lessons on Earth; they were one-to-one, making it impossible for him to sleep, daydream, or read novels on his cellphone when he didn't understand the content.

Actually, Mr. Hamid was quite different from what I had imagined. He was humorous, candid, and extroverted. His lesson wasn't dull, making him unlike a philosophy teacher. He also doesn't possess the stereotypes of a Lord of Storms believer… Klein rubbed his temples, turned to leave, and walked to the staircase. He returned to the third floor as his valet, Richardson, followed him in silence.

During this process, he discovered that his servants were busy with their own duties. None of them were lazing about, and they would only stop when their employer walked past. They would bow and greet him, clearly indicating how well-mannered they were.

Taneja is very capable when it comes to the arrangement and management of household matters after all… Klein walked through the corridor on the third floor and walked to the half-open room.

Before he walked in, Klein saw Butler Walter hanging two double-barreled hunting rifles on the wall, making the interior have a raw and bold feeling.

This was a decoration every tycoon's home had. It's very easy to get approved for a hunting license. A double-barreled hunting rifle is potent, enough to allow the servants to fend off any criminals who wish to burgle or kidnap me.

After hanging the rifle up, Walter took two steps back and observed the hunting rifle. He then took out a golden pocket watch from his inner pocket.

Pa!

He opened the pocket watch and looked at the lid's interior. His stern, old-fashioned face softened significantly.

Klein coughed gently to inform his butler before pushing open the ajar door and walked in.

Walter closed the pocket watch, returned to his spot, and bowed.

"Sir, we applied for six hunting licenses and bought six double-barreled hunting rifles and the corresponding canister cartridges."

Klein had Death Knell hiding under his armpit, so he didn't mind it too much. All he did was nod as a form of acknowledgment.

He then revealed a warm smile and asked as though having a casual chat, "Back when I saw the information from the Family Servant Assistance Association, I noticed that you already have a wife and child?"

A butler was the assistant to the employer. He was a confidant that knew many matters; therefore, establishing rapport with the butler was something every employer had to do. Klein didn't wish to be an exception.

Furthermore, he remembered Arrodes mentioning that Butler Walter could result in additional developments.

Walter answered in all seriousness, "Yes, back when I was a servant at the Viscount Conrad's manor, I had to have constant contact with a lady due to work. We began having feelings for each other, and under the Goddess's watch, we walked down the aisle of marriage and ended up having a daughter. She's currently studying at a grammar school and wishes to pass the Backlund University's entrance exams. However, that's something to consider only two years later…"

Upon mentioning his wife and daughter, this unsmiling butler's tone unknowingly turned mellow.

At present, all the Churches were emphasizing the importance of family. It was to stem the stress and mental problems that arose due to the tide of technological progress. The only difference was that different Churches emphasized different matters. For Evernight, men and women were equal as they helped one another in the family. For Storm, men were to work outside while women were to handle the family to be the former's supportive angel. For Steam, it was more about learning more and to have technology do more of the work. All of them had their strengths, and they complemented each other.

Klein felt wistful hearing that as he said, "Ma'am Taneja seems to be single?"

"Yes." Walter's expression turned solemn again. "In modern society, male and female servants still do not enjoy equal treatment. I'm not referring to the salary, as a housekeeper is at the same level as a butler or butler assistant, earning 25 to 50 pounds a year. Instead, I'm talking about a deeper idea and belief. The Church is trying to change it, but there's plenty of resistance. After all, the Goddess isn't the only belief in Loen."

He paused and added, "Male servants can get married, but if a female servant were to have a family, it implies the loss of her job or becoming the

lowest laundress who's only a part-time employee that doesn't need to live at the employer's residence. All of these will change only when one reaches the rank of housekeeper. But this isn't something a young and inexperienced lady is qualified for."

Klein didn't continue on the topic as he nodded gently. He then walked towards the reclining chair.

At this moment, his gaze swept by the piled newspaper by the coffee table.

His mind stirred as he paused, turned to the side and said to his butler, "I saw an advertisement on the papers regarding the sale of Backlund Bike Company shares. Find a professional lawyer and accountant to inquire about it to figure out the exact situation.

"Heh heh, I'm rather interested in this industry. If the price is right, I'll consider buying it."

For a second, Klein thought of a problem. As a tycoon who had brought huge sums of money to Backlund to seek out better opportunities, it was impossible that he didn't pay attention to the sale of the Backlund Bike Company shares.

Since "he" didn't know the prospects of this industry, he needed to hire people to gain a better understanding of it; otherwise, it wouldn't fit his persona.

Of course, I can also raise the price as a result, allowing me to sell those 10% shares at a higher price… Yes, I have to remember to just raise the price a little and not be too greedy. If I were to keep raising the price and it ends up back in my hands, I'll be crying. It would throw all my liquidity into it, and I won't be able to maintain my daily expenses… As Klein fantasized, he warned himself.

"Yes, sir." Walter didn't ask further as he directly agreed.

At 4:35 p.m., Richardson knocked on the door and entered. He said to Dwayne Dantès, who was reading leisurely, "Sir, Mr. Maury Macht and his wife, Ma'am Riana, as well as Saint Samuel Cathedral's Bishop Elektra, is here to pay you a visit."

Maury Macht? That House of Commons member of parliament? Also, why would Saint Samuel Cathedral's bishop be here as well… Klein thought and asked with a smile, "Is there such a protocol?"

He had only attended two etiquette lessons and knew that at his stage, visits wouldn't be that direct. People would first send their butlers or servants to hand over an invitation or schedule a visit.

Richardson habitually lowered his head and said, "Yes."

"It's because Mr. Butler informed the neighbors that you would be home in the afternoon for the next week when he was delivering your name cards and gifts.

"Under such a situation, neighbors who received your name card and have heard about you will observe the corresponding details. Not only can they send their servants to invite you over, but they can also pass by on the excuse of being out on an afternoon stroll from four to five to make a semi-formal visit. Oh, the ladies will wear strolling attire; otherwise, it wouldn't be decent enough. And you can also invite them to have afternoon tea with you."

Klein walked to the door and allowed Richardson to retrieve his coat to help him wear it. He then asked, "Then why would Bishop Elektra be here as well?"

This was what he really cared about most. The first question was to lead up to it.

Richardson answered as though he had prepared an answer, "Bishop Elektra was a guest at Member of Parliament Macht's house in the afternoon. They

must have mentioned you while having a chat and decided to pay a visit by strolling over."

His hands weren't affected by his talking. He skillfully helped Dwayne Dantès adjust his attire.

Klein tersely acknowledged, and after Richardson went forward to open the door, he walked out.

Soon, he saw the three visitors in a small living room on the second floor.

Maury Macht was a classic Loenese gentleman. He was in his forties, and he had black hair and brown eyes. He had a deep outline with a receding hairline. His face was a little thin and long. He was formerly in the military and had entered politics after being discharged. He started his career in Backlund until he became a Member of Parliament of the kingdom's House of Commons. He was a believer of the Evernight Goddess and a member of the New Party. He was in support of improving the environment.

His wife, Riana, was from a family of lawyers. She provided plenty of funding for her husband's political ambitions, and she was also a believer of the Evernight Goddess.

Elektra wore a black, double-breasted clergyman's robe. He looked to be forty, and he had deep, blue eyes and a thin face. He wasn't good-looking, but for some baffling reason, he was pleasing to the eyes. Klein had once met this bishop when he was donating money into the donation box.

Upon seeing Dwayne Dantès appear, Maury Macht took two steps forward and chuckled.

"I've been hearing for the past few days that a pious believer in the Goddess had moved into Unit 160, and I've been wanting to visit. We happened to be taking a stroll today, and we took the liberty to visit. Please pardon us for our faux pas."

Klein smiled and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

"At such times, the only thing we need to do is praise the Lady."

"Praise the Lady!" Elektra and Riana nodded as they drew a crimson moon on their chests.

After exchanging pleasantries, Klein invited his three guests to take a seat. A maid hurriedly delivered some tea and coffee. Housekeeper Taneja had already asked each one of them what they wanted prior.

"Mr. Dantès, I heard you're a merchant from Desi. I wonder what business you were previously engaged in?" Maury Macht asked casually before joking. "Your last name just makes me think of many things."

He was referring to the protagonist's name of a particular best-selling novel written by Emperor Roselle.

Klein smiled and humorously asked in return, "What kind of business does digging up treasure count as?"

This was also related to the content of said best-selling novel.

Without waiting for the Member of Parliament to answer him, he said the answer he had long fabricated, "I once had my own mine, but as you know, it will one day be mined out. Mining cities would also end up waning as a result."

He was hinting that he was born in one of the resource-rich cities in Desi County. There, gangs were rampant, and there were many secret tycoons. If ordinary people were to attempt to investigate Dwayne Dantès's situation, it would take them at least half a year.

Bishop Elektra nodded in thought as he asked, "So, you chose to come to Backlund to seek out new opportunities?

"May I know who proselytized you into the Church?"

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CHAPTER 754
INVITATION

Klein had already walked through Bishop Elektra's last question before, so he said with a sigh, "It was my father. He was a truly wise elder. Unfortunately, he passed away many years ago during an accident."

When he said that, he infused the original Klein's emotions of losing his parents, him being in an alternate world with no home to return to, as well as the scars that resulted from his time in Tingen City. He sounded calm and wore a slight smile, but there was a sorrow that lasted forever that remained hidden deep inside.

"I'm sorry for your loss. He must've entered the holy residence of the Goddess, sleeping peacefully under 'Her' watch," Bishop Elektra answered sincerely as he formed the sign of the crimson moon on his chest.

Without waiting for Dwayne Dantès to respond, he looked at him and invited him:

"There will be a Moon Mass the day after tomorrow for the deceased. It will help him sleep in the Goddess's nation and receive eternal peace. I wonder if you're interested in participating?"

The Church of the Evernight Goddess didn't have many festivals, and the most important one was Winter Gifts Day. The second most important was the Mass held during the full moon, also known as the Moon Mass. The rest were just normal Masses and prayers on weekends. However, different dioceses and different cathedrals had their own patron saints and angels which would have a corresponding special festival for them.

"I would love to." Klein stood up and bowed, saying it from the bottom of his heart.

This gave him the perfect excuse to interact with the bishops and priests of Saint Samuel Cathedral, or even the diocese bishop. He had a firm foundation for entering particular regions in the cathedral.

Meanwhile, he came to realize why the Evernight pathway was interchangeable with the Death pathway.

Both wielded the authorities of serenity, eternal sleep, and darkness. It represented the end and a destination!

Following that, Maury Macht didn't continue the topic regarding Dwayne Dantès's identity and background. It appeared as though he had only been asking in passing. He and his wife, Riana, began idly talking about their vacation experience in Desi Bay last year. Having filled the gaps on this by staying there for two days, Klein replied with a native tone as he shared his thoughts on the Desi specialty, roasted fish.

During this process, he also pretended to unintentionally mention his hunting activities while he was doing business in West Balam, and how he was extremely familiar with the primitive forest over there.

This was to build up the necessary foundations for the second layer to Dwayne Dantès's identity. Furthermore, West Balam was different from East Balam. The colonial factions from Loen and Intis were on par, allowing for frequent conflicts. Even the actively controlled regions would experience changes from time to time. To investigate the activity trajectories of a merchant or adventurer wasn't easy at all. This was even more so the case when Dwayne Dantès was likely using a fake name.

As for his hunting experience in West Balam's primitive forest, Klein didn't randomly fabricate stories, nor did he plagiarize articles from the magazines or newspapers. He used what the Fog Sea's Strongest Hunter, Anderson, had previously mentioned regarding his glorious deeds as a blueprint. He drew

on the details and abandoned the main storyline. What he fabricated was partially true and fake as well.

Upon hearing the thick anacondas, man-eating fishes, and flowers which could capture their own prey in the forests, Riana would let out gasps from time to time, looking afraid but also eager to know more. As for the member of parliament and bishop, they were equally interested. They often had to force themselves to interrupt Dwayne Dantès's description to ask about the details.

"You really are an excellent hunter! Back when I was serving in East Balam, I never had the chance to enter the forest. I never expected it to be this dangerous." After this extremely dignified middle-aged gentleman finished his tales, Maury Macht picked up a tiny piece of velvet cake and praised sincerely. "I wish to invite you to go hunting if there's a chance in the future."

As they conversed, a maid had delivered the afternoon tea pastries. A male servant served them from the side.

Upon hearing Member of Parliament Macht's semi-serious invitation, Klein replied with a smile, "I'm already looking forward to it."

After chatting a little more and discussing Backlund's pollution control, the three guests suggested they take their leave. As they had only acquainted themselves and weren't considered familiar with each other, Klein didn't retain them. He sent them to the door with his valet, Richardson.

As he watched the bishop, member of parliament and his wife leave, Klein's smile slowly disappeared until there was nothing left.

He was rather pleased with the progress he had made. Bishop Elektra was directly related to the Church of the Evernight Goddess, which was the main goal for him to return to Backlund. Maury Macht was a discharged soldier and a member of parliament at present. Without a doubt, he

belonged to certain military officer clubs, and he would be beneficial to his continued investigation of the Great Smog of Backlund.

Next up, I should slowly deepen our relationships… Klein returned to the small living room and saw that the maid had taken away the remaining pastries and tea.

He originally planned on having a little more…

Regardless of the other types of food, the pastries and desserts in Loen, especially Backlund, were outstanding. As for the cook which Dwayne Dantès had hired, he was skilled in that. Even Ma'am Riana was filled with praise about it. Klein also agreed from the bottom of his heart.

Retracting his gaze, Klein didn't say a word as he steadily walked to the staircase that led to the third floor.

Before dinner, Butler Walter finally returned to the house and briefed him on the situation regarding the 10% of Backlund Bike Company's shares.

"Sir, we are lucky enough. Someone had hired a professional lawyer and accountant to investigate the situation of the Backlund Bike Company, and they had offered a price to the seller before the advertisements were published. But in subsequent negotiations, the price exceeded the buyer's expectations. He had no choice but to give up.

"This way, we don't have to wait for the investigation report. We can directly hire that original team."

Klein nodded and asked without hiding anything, "What's the current bid?"

"The buyer that gave up had offered 6,000 pounds with a bottom-line price of 7,000 pounds. The seller didn't divulge the situation about the other buyer; however, from the feedback from various channels, it's at least 8,000 pounds."

8,000 pounds. Not too bad… Should I raise it a little more? If I were to raise the price a little and the other party just gives up, wouldn't it be awkward? Klein nodded slightly and said, "Give me the corresponding report. I'll consider it."

After flipping through the report and having dinner to accentuate his extravagant but brilliant image as someone who did solid work, Klein turned his head to Richardson and said, "Prepare the two-wheel carriage. I'll be making a trip outside."

He originally imagined that Richardson would ask him in surprise. A two-wheeled carriage didn't seem befitting enough, but to his surprise, his valet answered politely after flashing a curious look, "Alright, sir."

Submissive and never asking why. That's also considered an advantage… Klein sighed inwardly as he waited for Richardson to return to help him wear his coat.

After getting on the two-wheeled carriage, he directly instructed, "Let's circle around the Backlund Bridge area and East Borough."

Richardson still didn't ask about his master's motives and just got the coachman to steer the horses carefully.

As the carriage passed through Cherwood Borough, it arrived in the Backlund Bridge area under the illumination of the street lamps.

Klein didn't give a destination, and he only got the coachman to meander through the nearby streets.

He leaned against the carriage wall, looking out at the streets. He saw pedestrians in old clothes, walking along with tired faces as though they were in a rush to return home for dinner after a hard day's work. Occasionally, there would be the ringing of a bike passing by. They were fast as they shot into the distance. In comparison, the rider's expression

appeared more lively than the pedestrians. They seemed to beam with an indescribable sense of pride.

It's an obvious difference in class. Although it's the difference between a technical worker and an ordinary worker, with the difference in weekly salaries of one to two pounds to those with one pound a week… Klein slowly exhaled as he subconsciously looked up at the sky.

At that moment, darkness had already completely covered Backlund's skies, but the smog wasn't too serious. One could see through them and see the twinkling stars.

After the Great Smog, the management of the environment is improving by the day… However, the situation with the lower-class workers in the East Borough hasn't significantly improved. Although their salaries might be higher, and their working hours have improved, due to the large number of people surging in, prices have risen across the board, reducing the effects of the salary hike. The improvement in working hours have just gone from 15–16 hours to 11–12 hours…

They're just fixing the problems with the greatest problems. As for the other problems that didn't rear their ugly heads, they're neglected… Yes, the kingdom is still undergoing reforms. Many things haven't been straightened out… Klein watched as his thoughts drifted until the carriage left Cherwood Borough.

…

On the Future, Admiral of Stars Cattleya stood behind the windows in the captain's cabin, watching Frank Lee pushing wooden barrels into the shadows. He was putting unknown things into it before closing the lid.

He's recently been researching the growth of plants in dark environments… Why did he suddenly become normal? Cattleya frowned with suspicion, often worrying that Frank Lee would create some huge "invention."

I'll get Nina to ask later… Just as she had this thought, her spiritual perception was triggered. She turned her head to see a letter on her desk.

As a faint smile curled on her lips without her realizing it, Cattleya walked over, tore open the envelope, and unfolded the letter. She quickly read through it.

"There are two Obninsks that do not belong to the Church of Storms swimming north from Sonia Island towards the Abyss Maelstrom…

"Find the direct descendant of Abraham family…

"You did well."

Abyss Maelstrom was the name of a dangerous area at sea, and not the Abyss.

Abraham family… Cattleya thought for a moment, and without any clues, she planned on asking at the next Tarot Gathering.

…

The next morning, after divining again if he should raise the price again, Klein said to Butler Walter, "Hire that team and continue the negotiation. My bottom line is 9,000 pounds."

"Alright, sir." Walter then immediately said with an apologetic look, "Something happened at home, and I wish to have half a day off."

"No problem. Do you need any help?" Klein asked gently.

"Thank you for asking. I can handle it, and it's not too urgent. I will first handle the matters regarding the share negotiation first," Walter said sincerely.

Klein didn't ask further as he nodded and permitted him to take time off.

After his butler left the room, Klein turned to look at Richardson and asked, "Did Walter meet anyone earlier this morning?"

"Mr. Butler received a letter," Richardson replied without hiding anything.

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CHAPTER 755 "SWITCHBOARD RECEPTIONIST"

He received a letter? Didn't he say that something happened at home? Walter's family lives in Backlund, so if there really is anything wrong, then they can directly come over via public carriage or a rental carriage. Wouldn't that be faster than sending a message by mail? With his salary and land in the countryside, he can definitely afford it… Klein nodded without a word as though he had just asked in passing.

He slowly returned to the reclining chair, sat down, and began to seriously read the papers.

Upon seeing this, Richardson didn't say a thing as he silently retreated out of the room and quietly closed the wooden door.

After hearing the light click, Klein cast his gaze away from the papers and towards the door. He thought, *I've discovered another advantage of Richardson. He enjoys observing his surroundings, and he's able to notice information of value. Back when Bishop Elektra was a guest at Member of Parliament Maury Macht's place, he was the first one to notice it from the balcony.*

However, this is different from a Spectator. The focus is more on the event rather than the details…

Walter's matter seems a little abnormal. Could this be the additional development Arrodes mentioned?

Regardless, I'll first divine the matter. I don't want danger to come to me without me realizing it…

With this in mind, Klein immediately entered the bathroom, took four steps counterclockwise, and arrived above the gray fog. Every time he appeared as The Fool, his inner shell beneath the gray fog would wear Klein Moretti's appearance. It wouldn't overlap with Sherlock Moriarty, Gehrman Sparrow, or Dwayne Dantès.

Due to the lack of necessary information, he could only divine about any danger that targeted himself; therefore, he didn't use dream divination. He removed the spirit pendulum around his wrist and wrote the corresponding divination statement: "Walter's abnormality will bring me danger."

Holding the spirit pendulum in his left hand, Klein closed his eyes and entered Cogitation as he muttered the sentence he had just said.

After repeating it seven times, he opened his eyes and saw the topaz spinning counterclockwise at a rather ordinary speed and amplitude.

This also meant that Walter's abnormality wouldn't bring him any danger.

But this can only mean that I might not encounter any dangerous trouble through this problem. In addition, there's also another possibility. The danger depends on whether I make the appropriate choice. If I were to rashly get myself involved, something that isn't dangerous might become dangerous… Klein interpreted the matter with his rich experience.

Just as he put this matter on hold, he suddenly saw the crimson star that represented The Hermit coruscate as it burgeoned and shrank.

*Does this mean that the payment for Scales of Luck is here? *Klein was delighted as he immediately emanated his spirituality.

He was left disappointed because Cattleya was only requesting Mr. Fool to pass on a message to The Hanged Man. She didn't mention when she would

close the deal with The World.

There are Obninsks at the Abyss Maelstrom north of Sonia Island? Mr. Hanged Man is pretty lucky. At least he isn't like me, needing to enter the ruins of the battlefield of gods… Of course, Obninsks can be dangerous as well. It's not easy to use one for a ritual. Mr. Hanged Man might even need Sea God's help…

Ma'am Hermit's request is actually to help find the direct descendants of the Abraham family… This means that Queen Mystic is rather aware of Mr. Door's origins… The emperor had mentioned it to her? Klein began making connections from Cattleya's words as he threw the corresponding image to the crimson star representing The Hanged Man.

At this moment, Alger Wilson had just finished his reports and had passed the examination, allowing him to return to the Blue Avenger.

When he saw the endless gray fog and heard The Hermit's words, he walked to the captain's cabin with a deadpan expression, keeping his pace normal.

Upon entering the room and closing the door, he came in front of an alcohol cabinet, took a bottle of Lanti Proof, the most beloved drink of pirates, and poured half a cup.

Alger immediately held the cup to his mouth and downed it like it was water.

During this process, he kept his eyes half-closed as though he was completely immersed in his own world.

After drinking half a cup of Lanti Proof, Alger put down the cup, wiped his mouth, and chuckled.

Abraham family's direct descendant? This might be very difficult for others, with almost zero clues, but I can ask Miss Magician. Her teacher is one…

Heh heh, Admiral of Stars still isn't aware of it yet.

He quickly reined in his emotions and paced about, finally giving up on his idea and responded frankly to Cattleya's request.

Admiral of Stars won't only ask for my help. At the Tarot Gathering next week, she might announce this mission to everyone, and the others know that Miss Magician's teacher is a member of the Abraham family… There's no point lying about matters that can be easily exposed. I shouldn't jeopardize the possible transactions in the future just for some petty gains… At times, honesty is the best policy… Alger stopped walking as he reverently bowed his head and recited Mr. Fool's honorific name.

"…Please inform Ma'am Hermit that she can directly ask Miss Magician for clues regarding the direct descendants of the Abraham family…"

After settling the request by Admiral of Stars, Alger took the initiative to mention his encounter during the night of the Blood Moon, and he inquired to Mr. Fool about whether the item that resonated with the Ocean Songster's Beyonder characteristic was the Book of Calamity, and if the female holding the golden cup in the coral palace was Cohinem.

Something like that happened? Queen of Calamity might really not be completely dead… It's likely that "She" had split her Beyonder characteristic, splitting them into the Book of Calamity and the one in the undersea ruin. Yes, there might even be a third or fourth portion, but I've no idea where they are… Klein confirmed without any hesitation that the elf was Queen of Calamity Cohinem!

This wasn't based on intuition, but a logical inference.

He had once obtained the golden cup that Elf Queen Cohinem loved, and a similar vessel had appeared in the dream.

Elvish Songster Siatas knew of Queen of Calamity's daily trivialities, and she had quite a strong relationship with the angel, which strongly implied

that she was an elf that attended to Cohinem. It was completely understandable that the Beyonder characteristic she left behind resonated with the Book of Calamity on the night of the Blood Moon.

With this in mind, Klein suddenly recalled a matter. He had given Cohinem's beloved golden cup to Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina for her to bury in Siatas's tomb.

*If Queen of Calamity really isn't completely dead, will the golden cup cause any form of mutation to the corpses of any elves close to her? *Klein did a count of the time, and he discovered that he couldn't be certain if the Golden Dream had reached Sonia Island.

After some thought, he calmly replied to The Hanged Man, "That's right."

Following that, he forwarded the message to the crimson star representing The Hermit.

After doing all of this, Klein conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made him pray:

"Honorable Mr. Fool, please tell Danitz to pass on a message to Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards about the existence of any abnormalities between Elvish Songster Siatas's corpse and the golden cup."

Phew… After doing all of that, Klein exhaled and threw the corresponding image to the specially labeled point of light beside him. He then returned to the real world and left the bathroom.

Coming before his changing mirror, he looked at his gray sideburns and blue eyes as he curled up the corners of his lips. He knew that he had returned from being Mr. Fool to the mysterious merchant, Dwayne Dantès.

…

Bayam, inside a primitive forest.

Danitz, who was having a feast in a particular base of the Resistance, suddenly trembled as he nearly choked on the liquid in his mouth.

Although this wasn't the first time he was receiving an answer from the mighty Fool, he still felt apprehensive and afraid.

After he identified the figure and heard his words, he heaved a sigh of relief and knew that Gehrman Sparrow was getting him to do something.

*Ask Captain? That's simple… The Golden Dream will be picking me up in a few days… Hehe, Gehrman Sparrow isn't crazy, and he's even very sincere and reverent before the mighty Fool… *Danitz quickly relaxed as he leisurely thought.

Meanwhile on the Future, Cattleya, who had received a response that surprised her, muttered in silence, *Directly ask Miss Magician?*

Yes, she seems to be a Beyonder of the Apprentice pathway… She's actually related to the Abraham family?

As I expected, she's not simple!

Cattleya considered a moment and decided if she ought to give The Hanged Man a new mission because she wasn't too sure if Miss Magician was willing to divulge clues to the Abraham family.

…

Walter returned to 160 Böklund Street in the afternoon with a normal expression like before. He had apparently resolved everything easily.

Klein didn't ask. He felt that their relationship hadn't reached a point in which his butler could be totally frank with him. Furthermore, the problem hadn't fully blown up before him in a way that couldn't be hidden.

Time quickly passed as he had his lessons. The next evening, with the arrival of the full moon, Klein brought along Richardson and rode his high-end carriage to Saint Samuel Cathedral for the Moon Mass.

He wasn't worried about the donation that would happen, because Miss Justice had paid him 1,000 pounds. He now had 2,186 pounds, so it wasn't too difficult for him to donate a few hundred pounds.

It's only not too difficult… Klein sighed inwardly as he looked at the bell tower outside, left the carriage, walked across the square, and stepped into Saint Samuel Cathedral.

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CHAPTER 756
GRAND MASS

After waiting nearly ten minutes outside the prayer hall, Klein and the other believers who were here to join the Moon Mass entered under the priest's lead.

In the dark and serene atmosphere, they heard uniform and ethereal chanting:

"Full-faced above the land stood the crimson moon;

"And sweet it was to dream of themselves,

"Of child, and wife, and parents; but evermore 1…”

Holy and rhythmic voices echoed in the prayer hall as the believers involuntarily quietened down, as though they had forgotten all their frustrations in life or the different challenges they faced in the real world.

Under the guidance of a few priests, they found their seats. In front of the altar, Bishop Elektra, who was in charge of celebrating the Mass, held The Revelation of Evernight and began preaching.

As this segment came to an end, the priests held up water and bread, and they began handing them out to Klein and company. This was the loving grace of Evernight, food that people both alive and dead could share.

Having not had dinner, Klein naturally didn't waste the bread of average quality and the water in the cup. Then, he saw candles light up on the altar,

and under the darkness, they appeared like stars in the night sky, emitting light and warmth that eased one's heart.

At that moment, Bishop Elektra led the few priests and everyone in the choir to chant in unison:

"We look upward into the night sky,

"We tenderly say her name: 'Evernight Goddess!'

"We know no other words, except 'Evernight Goddess,'

"May the Goddess draw out from the angel chorus

"With the silence sweet to gather,

"And hold both within 'Her' right hand which is gentle.

"'Goddess!' If 'She' heard us, 'She' would surely agree,

"Smiling with purity at the dead:

"Come, rest and sleep well, my children 1!"

The empty voice filled with holiness drilled into every believers' ears. It felt as though all the spirits present were resonating in unison. As a Sequence 5 Beyonder, Klein felt as though his Soul Body was being cleansed as his spirituality naturally flowed out in comfort.

Following that, a tranquil darkness seemed to appear before his eyes, a darkness without any sound.

In the darkness, corpses lay there; their faces calm and at peace, as though they weren't dead and were actually in a deep sleep.

Klein calmly traversed the darkness in a staid manner when he suddenly stopped and looked diagonally ahead.

At a spot where moon flowers were silently blooming, there were a few people sleeping.

They were the hatless Dunn Smith in a trench coat; Old Neil, who still wore his black classic robe; and the short Kenley, who worked hard to save up money.

They closed their eyes in a relaxed manner as a faint smile appeared to show on their lips. Around them were erected tombs, each of them having the same word written on them: "Guardian."

Klein instantly closed his eyes as a holy and ethereal voice resounded by his ears:

"Cross your hands humbly,

"Over your breast!

"Make the silent prayer,

"And shout from the bottom of your heart:

"The only escape is tranquility 1!"

Klein lowered his head, closed his eyes, and raised his hands up before crossing them before his chest. He then repeated silently, *The only escape is tranquility!*

The only escape is tranquility!

…

This repeated again and again until the prayer hall reached a state of extreme silence. Only then did Klein open his eyes again and rubbed the corners of his eyes.

He slowly exhaled and glanced around him. With the light from the candles, he discovered that most of the believers were covered in tears without realizing it. Even his valet, Richardson, was constantly tearing up without wiping his tears.

The Moon Mass is akin to a ritual, a ritual with Beyonder powers involved. Its effect is likely to make everyone's spirit resonate, allowing different people to see the deceased who they share deep relationships in the darkness. It relieves one's grief in order to obtain tranquility… Yes, this isn't an abnormality that's targeted at Beyonders, so I can be at ease… To ordinary people, this might be an illusory outlet that's instantaneous. They would only believe that it's a result of the Goddess's greatness, and not some extraordinary powers… Sequence 5 Beyonders of the Evernight pathway seem to gain a significant enhancement in their control of spirits… Klein withdrew his gaze as he made a judgment.

Right on the heels of that, he recalled the darkness and the deceased that lay amidst the moon flowers.

Closing his eyes, Klein allowed his thoughts to drift.

That dark plain filled with moon flowers, night vanilla, and slumber flowers is a manifestation of the Goddess's divine kingdom?

What does the source of danger in the night time inside that battle of the gods ruin correspond to then?

Klein gradually outlined the cold darkness and the fog that enveloped the sea on the eastern front of the Sonia Sea.

In the fog, there was an ancient, pitch-black cathedral with a steeple. Ravens spiraled above it as though they were holding a memorial or were in

grief. And around the cathedral were ordinary residents, simple wood huts, grayish-white mills, and indistinct figures.

Logically speaking, this foggy scene that's intricately tied to the night and dreams should be formed from the aura left behind when the Goddess slayed Annihilation Demonic Wolf. But it doesn't have any similarities with the corresponding divine kingdom… Yes, mortals can't pry into the secrets of deities, so perhaps the dark plains filled with flowers isn't the projection of the divine kingdom, but rather an outcome of the ritual… Seeing that the Moon Mass was coming to an end, Klein reached into his inner pocket and took out his wallet.

Holding his wallet, he got up and entered the aisle, walked straight to the altar, and under Bishop Elektra's compassionate watch, he walked diagonally over to the donation box.

He tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion, drawing out the crimson moon before throwing in all his large-denomination notes.

A total of 300 pounds!

At that moment, Klein didn't feel the pinch like the previous few times. He was in a very calm mood because he recalled the ritual Old Neil had used to repay his debt.

Back then, they picked up a wallet containing 300 pounds, all thanks to the Goddess's blessings.

Taking a step back, he drew the crimson moon once again, and he gave his spot to the donor behind him.

At that moment, Bishop Elektra walked over and said as he drew the crimson moon, "May the Goddess bless you."

"May the Goddess know about it. What I wish for now is to receive some teachings," Klein replied with a smile.

Bishop Elektra glanced at the prayer hall's side door and said, "If you don't mind waiting fifteen minutes, I can explain the Bible to you in the library."

"I would love that," Klein said with a warm smile.

Bishop Elektra immediately got a priest to lead Dwayne Dantès and his servant out the prayer hall through a side door as they circled around a spiral staircase to the nearby library.

There was a huge bookshelf here, and on it were various books from the Church of the Evernight Goddess. There were tables and chairs lining the sides for priests and bishops to study and preach to the believers.

Twelve minutes later, Bishop Elektra entered the library with a calming smile and saw Dwayne Dantès with his white sideburns standing in front of a bookshelf, flipping through a book with great focus. He exuded the vibes of a scholar.

"What are you reading?" he asked with a smile.

Klein snapped the book together and said with a self-deprecating smile, "The Revelation of Evernight.

"To be frank, although I'm a pious believer of the Goddess, I've never had the time to seriously sit down and read the Bible due to my busy life."

As he spoke, he didn't show any odd signs on his face, but he felt uneasy deep down. He was afraid the Goddess would smite him with a bolt of lightning to reward this "pious" believer, Dwayne Dantès.

Well, lightning isn't in the Goddess's domain… Klein consoled himself.

Bishop Elektra smiled and took The Revelation of Evernight from his hands.

"It's never too late to begin."

Following that, he invited Dwayne Dantès to sit down beside a table and systematically introduced The Revelation of Evernight's structure and the corresponding Holy Word.

Richardson held his employer's hat and cane, and he stood a slight distance away, silently waiting to listen to the bishop's preachings.

Time ticked by, when Klein, who appeared serious, suddenly felt his spiritual perception trigger. A scene outside the door naturally surfaced in his mind.

This was an intuitive foresight that stemmed from a Clown, one that had been enhanced by the gray fog!

Outside the door, an elder dressed in a black clergyman robe walked by and headed for the nearby spiral staircase.

He had lush white hair but didn't comb it, making him look rather disheveled. He had a thin face that made it appear as though he was bones wrapped in skin. He exuded a rather cold bearing, and his skin was abnormally pale. His eyes were a rare pure black.

This figure quickly vanished from the door as the footsteps gradually sounded like they were coming from above.

A Keeper! But it's not the one I met at the prayer hall… Hmm, it's his turn today? Klein paid attention to Bishop Elektra as he wore a contemplative look over the Bible's contents.

He wasn't surprised that a Keeper would appear inside the cathedral and pass by the library at this time. This was because the sealing forces behind Chanis Gate would reach its peak at night. It wasn't suitable for living creatures to remain inside; therefore, the Keepers only entered at sunrise and left at sunset. It had just turned dark.

I need to remember what day and date it is today… Later, with more information, I'll be able to figure out the Keepers' rotation schedule. This way, I'll be able to act as the corresponding target at the right time… Klein reined in his thoughts as he listened attentively. Finally, he got up and bade farewell thirty minutes later.

He smiled and said to Bishop Elektra, "I'm wondering if I have the honor to listen to your preachings in the future?"

"No problem." Faced with a tycoon who had just donated 300 pounds, Bishop Elektra couldn't reject him. He even happily nodded. "As long as you come to the cathedral and I have the time."

Klein didn't harp on the details to prevent any suspicion. He earnestly thanked him and left Saint Samuel Cathedral with Richardson.

He returned home before eight, and enjoyed dinner as he leisurely spent the rest of his night.

…

Late at night, inside the master bedroom.

The sleeping Klein suddenly opened his eyes.

His spiritual intuition told him that someone had infiltrated his mansion!

Footnotes:

Ch 756 Footnote 1

Adapted from the Lotos-eaters by Tennyson.

Ch 756 Footnote 2

Adapted from The Cry of the Children by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Ch 756 Footnote 3

Adapted from The Bridge of Sighs by Thomas Hood and Lotos-eaters by Tennyson.

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CHAPTER 757
DREAM ENCOUNTER

Someone has infiltrated the compound? Klein didn't immediately sit up. All he did was turn his body to the side and reached his left palm under his pillow. He secretly held Death Knell, and at the same time, he slowly spread his left hand open, preparing to activate Creeping Hunger.

After knowing that it was difficult to find food for Creeping Hunger in Backlund, he had infiltrated the prisons in Desi Bay's Conant City, found an inmate on death row, and confirmed that there wasn't any mistake in the judgment before feeding him to the glove.

The Rose School of Thought has locked onto me? No, it's impossible for them to be that quick. Besides, if it's them, they wouldn't just come but would wait for an opportunity. They will seize the opportunity when I'm passing by a secluded spot and strike so as to not alarm Backlund's official organizations… I donated too much money at the Moon Mass, causing criminals to target me? Hmm, a generous tycoon who just came to Backlund from a foreign land is indeed an easy target… Of course, I can't rule out the routine investigations of the Nighthawks… As thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein heard a soft noise coming from the balcony in the adjoining half-open room.

Right on the heels of that, there was the sound of a lock turning as the floor-to-ceiling window was pulled open nearly silently.

Klein carefully listened and sensed the footsteps pass through the half-open room and into the corridor.

After a pause, the footsteps walked towards the master bedroom before passing it, turning the doorknob to his valet's room.

He went into the wrong room? Or could it be that he's here to find Richardson? Klein's heart stirred as he released his grip on Death Knell. He then reached out to the iron cigar case which wasn't too far.

After he removed the wall of spirituality, an illusory figure in a dark red coat and old triangular hat appeared beside him. It then walked into the full-body mirror.

When Senor, the Wraith marionette, jumped to the glass window in Richardson's room, he saw a figure with orange-yellow skin, raven-black hair, and soft facial features walk out of the room. As for Richardson, he was silently sitting by the edge of his bed, his body leaning forward. His back was hunched up like he was fused into the darkness.

Horror colored his face as he showed a weak and stumped expression. Finally, he fell silent.

*The person is indeed here for Richardson… His traits resemble that of someone from the Southern Continent… He's agile and skilled. He's likely not an ordinary person… This is a friend that Richardson got to know at the manor in the Southern Continent, or could it be a maternal relative? Richardson is only a valet with an annual salary of 35 pounds. What matter would need his help? *Klein guessed as he used Senor's vision to observe.

At that moment, he suddenly realized why Richardson was good at observation and often stayed in the balcony to size up any pedestrians.

He was afraid of being found!

I hope it's not too big a problem and won't affect my plans… I'll later divine the matter… If Richardson is unable to resolve the problem, I'll have to find an excuse to terminate his services… Seeing his valet lie back down, Klein pulled back his Wraith marionette.

…

Meanwhile, Leonard Mitchell, who lived at 7 Pinster Street, once again entered the fog-immersed Backlund.

He had previously questioned the Daily Observer reporter, Mike Joseph, and received the news that Sherlock Moriarty didn't proactively involve himself in Lanevus's matter. Instead, he participated in a discussion after being hired. This made any suspicions regarding him drop drastically.

If it wasn't because this detective had been slightly involved in Capim's matter, and how he had a close relationship with Emlyn White from the Harvest Church, Leonard Mitchell would have had thoughts of giving up the investigation to continue his search for Ince Zangwill.

As Sherlock Moriarty didn't have many friends at the Quelaag Club, with one of them dying in the matter involving Prince Edessak while the other was Reporter Mike Joseph; therefore, Leonard only had one target left: Dr. Aaron Ceres.

From the dossiers, this doctor was once involved in a Beyonder matter of the Monster pathway… After the item was swapped, he stopped being unlucky or having nightmares. His life returned back on track… Heh, most people that Sherlock Moriarty know are involved in Beyonder matters. This detective sure isn't an ordinary someone… As Leonard thought, he rang the doorbell in Aaron Ceres's dream.

Upon entering the dream, he casually found a sofa to sit in and said to Dr. Aaron who was opposite him, "Tell me in detail how you got to know Sherlock Moriarty."

In the dream, Aaron didn't lie. He started from how Mrs. Mary had introduced Sherlock Moriarty into the Quelaag Club, and how he was one of the recommenders. He continued until the detective suggested that he inform the Church of the Evernight Goddess's bishop about his abnormal matters.

The truth is described in the dossiers. Sherlock Moriarty seems rather friendly towards the official Beyonder organizations, and he was endorsed by Isengard Stanton… Leonard glanced at the mustached Sherlock which Dr. Aaron conjured and retracted his gaze as he listened attentively.

After Aaron finished recounting everything in detail, he said, "He headed to the south for a vacation, and he hasn't returned. I've been worried about him all this while.

"However, he's a detective filled with wisdom and a kind heart. I believe nothing bad will happen to him. I just wish that he can participate in the celebration of my child's birth."

Perhaps… Leonard suspected that Sherlock Moriarty might never return to Backlund.

He then politely bade farewell and walked out of Dr. Aaron's dream.

After taking a few steps forward, he subconsciously looked back and saw that inside the house with a garden, blurry spherical lights that represented different dreams filled the entire space. Everything was fine.

Was it a mistake on my part? I keep feeling as though something about me is changing… Leonard muttered as he turned to fly to Pinster Street.

Everywhere he could see was covered in dense fog. The street lamps were gloomy and pale.

Suddenly, Leonard stopped flying as he cast his gaze at a building.

In that house, there were about five spherical lights floating in silence, making it look different from the other buildings.

However, Leonard's spiritual perception told him that there was apparently a black blob in the house which could absorb all light.

Furthermore, he discovered that he didn't recognize the street he was at.

He felt alarmed, suspecting if he had seen something he shouldn't see. He hurriedly retracted his gaze as he prepared to leave and head for his residence.

At that moment, the building that looked ordinary sounded with a teasing voice:

"Why don't you come in for a cup of tea?"

Thoughts erupted in Leonard's mind as he flew up at high speeds without even thinking.

In his spiritual perception, the terrace houses lining the back, the garden, and tiny buildings were burgeoning in size as the windows and doors turned into mouths that were biting at him!

The nearby black street lamps were extending in height, making the surroundings appear like a forest of steel that seemed to stop Leonard.

Leonard didn't stop or turn back. He felt a chill down his back as it became more obvious and deeper!

His body slowly stiffened as though he was being grabbed by countless invisible hands.

Just as he felt that he couldn't hold out any longer, he saw a familiar house where a familiar window and lights stood.

He held his breath, plunged down abruptly, and fell back into his dream!

Phew… He jolted awake and found himself drenched in cold sweat.

"Old Man, what did I actually encounter?" Leonard retracted his legs from the desk's edge and asked with a sense of lingering fear.

The slightly aged voice in his mind replied after a few seconds, *I'm not sure.*

Leonard's eyelid drooped immediately as he didn't pursue the matter.

He then cast his gaze out the window and saw lights everywhere in the Backlund night sky. It was tranquil.

…

160 Böklund Street. Inside Dwayne Dantès's mansion.

"Sir, Ma'am Wahana Heisen is here," Richardson entered the room and said to Klein.

Klein put down his papers and looked up, glancing at his valet. He discovered that he was still an apprehensive man of few words, silent and reserved. There was nothing odd with him.

If it wasn't because the divination outcome was okay… Suddenly firing an employee will incur suspicion… Klein silently mumbled. He stood up as though nothing had happened, and he got Richardson to help him wear his coat.

Fifteen minutes later, he was holding his etiquette teacher, Wahana Heisen, in an embrace as he began to learn another common dance used at social events.

"I feel as though I'll be losing my job in a few days." After a while, Wahana praised Dwayne Dantès for his progress. When she was done, she added, "However, you're still a little restrained. Although you don't have to act like Intis men who cling closely to the ladies, you don't have to constantly maintain a distance. It's very normal to make occasional contact. The way you are behaving now makes you appear rigid and dull."

Klein pulled her in a little and replied with a smile, "I was afraid of being rude."

*Does this mean that being too close to ladies is an act of rudeness? It also implies I'm full of charm, and that he might embarrass himself if he's too close? This is quite a euphemistic form of praise… *Wahana thought and said with a smile, "You have learned well."

The dance continued as Klein looked at Wahana Heisen's face as he asked warmly in a casual manner, "Ma'am, you seem frustrated?"

Wahana lowered her head and chuckled.

"It's nothing serious. My husband is a businessman, and he recently had some minor conflicts with some people. We can resolve the matter.

"Oh, your question was too direct. Before both parties have established a friendship, it's best not to ask about their matters, unless she has made it obvious."

Compared to you who comes and goes in families of high society; thus, knowing many madams and ladies, as a tycoon who just arrived in Backlund, I do lack the necessary social connections… Klein nodded gently and said with a smile, "I thought we were no longer strangers."

He then skipped the topic and began talking about his own experiences and his neighbors. Wahana would mention a few things in response, allowing Klein to better grasp the traits and preferences of his neighbor.

After Wahana left, Klein stood at the door for some time before turning to say to his butler, "Walter, find out what trouble Ma'am Wahana is facing. If she can't resolve it, we will provide her with some timely assistance."

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CHAPTER 758
EFFORTS WILL ULTIMATELY PAY OFF

In the evening, Klein, who had just returned from Saint Samuel Cathedral, was just about to enter the dining hall on the second floor when he saw Butler Walter walk over and say with a polite bow, "Sir, the matter you wished to be investigated has been completed."

Klein didn't inquire further in front of the other servants as he staidly nodded.

"Let's talk in the study."

Walter followed behind him and came all the way to the third floor. Richardson then opened the door and lit the gas wall lamp inside.

Klein unhurriedly walked to his desk, sat down, and looked at the butler for the report.

As Walter gestured Richardson to guard outside the door, he approached the desk and deliberated over his words.

After the door closed again, he said, "Ma'am Wahana's husband is a cloth merchant. He had been cooperating with someone and had invested 1,000 pounds into it, but the other party ran off with the goods. She has already sought the help of Member of Parliament Macht and Ma'am Riana to urge the police department to crack the case as quickly as possible. However, the police usually doesn't dare to guarantee that they can find the target for such cases."

Klein picked up the black fountain pen on his desk and stroked it.

"To Ma'am Wahana's family, 1,000 pounds isn't a small sum."

Based on what he knew, an ordinary home tutor didn't earn more than 150 pounds a year. If the employer provided boarding and lodging, the salary would be even lower.

Although Wahana served high society and had many employers, her annual income capped out at about four to five hundred pounds. Furthermore, a large amount of her expenses would be spent on her dressing, posture, and looks, to prevent her employers from finding her unfitting as an etiquette teacher.

"Yes, her husband's income as a cloth merchant can only be considered average. To him, a 1,000-pound investment is a rather huge investment," Walter said by mincing his words.

It's a lot for me too… Klein sighed and smiled.

"I just came to Backlund, so I'm not very familiar with the police."

Walter immediately replied, "Sir, back when I was under the service of Viscount Conrad, I knew a few members of a Backlund high-ranking police officer association."

Backlund high-ranking police officer association? That would be the most important members at Sivellaus Yard. Even the chief superintendents who are in charge of an entire borough might not be qualified for induction.

Sivellaus Yard referred to the Backlund police department. It got its name from the street it was located at.

As expected of a butler who served under a noble family… Klein sighed inwardly as he smiled with a shake of his head.

"There's no need to do so for the time being. On this aspect, I'm sure Ma'am Wahana is able to seek the help of many people. Be it Member of Parliament Macht or others, all of them have the ability to make Sivellaus Yard place importance on the case."

He paused and deliberately said in passing, "I've seen the lower rungs of society, and I know their methods of survival. At times, the police might not be as useful as gang members or bounty hunters.

"Walter, go to the police department to retrieve the corresponding details and head over to the famous bars in the Backlund Bridge area and East Borough to commission a bounty mission.

"Regardless if they find the corresponding criminals or the batch of cloth, I'll be giving them 200 pounds in return.

"Heh heh, let's hope that those cheats had chosen to remain in Backlund."

"A reward of 200 pounds?" Walter repeated the sum as he couldn't help but steal a glance at his employer, as though he found it unbelievable that he would offer so much for Wahana's matter.

He turned agape and was just about to say something but ultimately kept silent. All he did was seriously reply, "Alright, sir."

"I'll give you this money directly." Klein slowly got up and took out his wallet.

As Walter received the thick wad of cash, he asked in thought, "Should I tell Ma'am Wahana?"

Klein smiled.

"There's no need."

Enlightened, Walter nodded with a bow.

"Your generosity will spread through this street."

…

East Borough, Dharavi Street, in a cramped but lively pub.

Xio, who had seriously combed her short, blonde hair before heading out, squeezed through the area filled with men that stank of alcohol and putrid sweat and arrived at the bar counter.

She tapped the counter and asked the bartender, "Any new missions today?"

If it were anyone else who asked without ordering any drinks, the bartender would've ignored them, but upon recognizing Xio, a bounty hunter who no one wanted drinking, he could only sigh and say, "A very handsome reward, 200 pounds."

"200 pounds?" Xio nearly suspected that she had heard wrong. Apart from Miss Audrey's missions, she had never seen such a handsome reward in East Borough or the Backlund Bridge area. Even the mission to seek out Azik Eggers that drove bounty hunters crazy had only offered 150 pounds.

For an ordinary bounty hunter, completing a commission like this was enough for them to not work for a year!

To Xio, it was equally important because she had been helping the mysterious man in the golden mask over the past few months. She had learned that the man was from MI9, and she was trying to earn enough contributions to exchange for the Interrogator potion formula.

Therefore, the reward she received when completing his tasks only paid a little. Most of it was exchanged towards her contribution goals, so all her savings came from the advantages that her Sheriff Sequence had given her to capture criminals.

Once I receive the potion formula, I still have to spend money to buy the Beyonder ingredients, and I only have 300 odd pounds… Fors is right. Money isn't omnipotent, but it's sufficiently important… Upon having this thought, she looked at the bartender and asked cautiously, "What's the mission? Who commissioned it?"

"Find a few cheats. They cheated the victim of cloth costing 1,000 pounds." As the bartender handed the details to Xio, he said, "The person who commissioned the mission looked like a butler. He called himself Walter, and he's in service of a Mr. Dwayne Dantès from Böklund Street. If you capture the cheats or find the cloth, you can head there to retrieve the bounty."

Xio quickly flipped through the documents as something quickly formulated in her mind. She instinctively knew the direction in which to continue the investigations.

"I'll take this mission," she said immediately with a nod.

The bartender shrugged and said, "You aren't the only one. All the bounty hunters have taken on this mission.

"Besides, they have other ideas."

"Like what?" Xio asked out of curiosity.

The bartender chuckled.

"They say that since Mr. Dwayne Dantès is so generous, they're willing to recommend themselves if he lacks a bodyguard.

"However, they later gave up on the idea since being a bodyguard isn't as free as being a bounty hunter. Even having drinks will have to wait until they're given time off."

That's not a problem for me, but I can only be a bounty hunter… Xio nodded, jumped off the high-stool in front of the bar counter, and didn't waste time heading for the door.

…

The next day, just as Klein finished breakfast and was preparing to head to his garden to have a stroll to aid in his digestion, Butler Walter came in from outside and silently followed behind him until there wasn't anyone around.

"Sir, there are two matters that need your attention," he said politely.

"Two matters?" Klein was somewhat surprised. He thought that there would only be one.

Walter nodded.

"Yes, the first matter involves the 10% shares in the Backlund Bike Company. Someone has already offered 10,000 pounds.

"Sir, do you still wish to continue in the bid?"

It has been raised to 10,000 pounds? Not bad at all! Klein deliberately acted stumped as he thought.

"I'm new in Backlund, and there are many things that need me to hold back on.

"Let's leave it at that…”

"Alright, sir." Walter then said, "The cheats who scammed Ma'am Wahana's husband of the cloth have been captured. The bounty hunter has already arrived and requested payment."

"That quickly?" Klein turned his head in shock as he looked at his butler.

If he had taken action himself, he was indeed capable of settling it that very day. After, he had Dowsing Rod Seeking to find people, but the problem stemmed from the fact that most bounty hunters weren't Seers.

Yes, perhaps it's a Beyonder good at tracking and searching for people… Klein made a preliminary judgment.

Walter answered in confirmation, "Yes, it's much faster than I imagined.

"According to that bounty hunter, she did a reverse search from black market sales before finding the cheats."

The black market peddlers gave in so easily? From the looks of it, they must've been taught a lesson with the fist… Klein nodded and said, "What's that bounty hunter's name? She's quite capable…"

"She calls herself Xio," Walter answered truthfully.

No way… Klein almost stumbled. Thankfully, he had the impressive balance of a Clown.

After calming the upheavals through his heart while acting calm, he deliberated and said, "Keep the bounty hunter's contact method. Perhaps there might be a chance to gain her assistance in the future."

"Alright, sir." Walter didn't find any problems with Dwayne Dantès's instructions. Any decent member of high society kept some unofficial means to their chests.

Klein didn't continue on the topic of Xio as he tersely said, "How much was reclaimed?"

"The cash and the yet-to-be sold cloth from the cheats came up to about 850 pounds." Walter had apparently anticipated his employer's inquiry on the matter and had asked ahead of time.

"Very good," Klein nodded and said. "After paying the bounty hunter, help her send the cheats and the goods to the nearby police station."

…

North Borough Police Station.

Wahana and her husband, Bacchus, looked at the high-ranking inspector in front of them as they asked in unison, surprise coloring their voices.

"It's been found?"

"They've been caught?"

The high-ranking police inspector smiled in response.

"Yes."

When he informed them how much cash and cloth was left, Wahana and Bacchus heaved a collective sigh of relief.

They could afford 150 pounds in losses. Furthermore, the remaining cloth still had space for greater appreciation and profit. In essence, they hadn't suffered much of a loss.

They repeatedly thanked the inspector until someone invited Bacchus to identify the goods and criminals.

Wahana sat there without losing her etiquette. She smiled at the high-ranking inspector and said, "Your efficiency has exceeded my expectations. I'm very curious as to how you found the bunch of cheats?"

Being aware that this beautiful and elegant lady knew a Member of Parliament of the House of Commons, and that she would eventually learn the truth, the high-ranking inspector didn't hide it from her.

"In fact, it was completed by a bounty hunter. She investigated the black market of stolen goods and quickly caught the suspects."

"You even offered a bounty?" Wahana seemed to gain a full understanding of the whole story.

The inspector shook his head and said, "No, someone beat us to it. He offered 200 pounds."

"200 pounds?" Wahana asked in surprise.

That wasn't a small sum of money, and it even exceeded the expected profit that her husband would earn from the sale.

Seeing the inspector give an affirmative reply, Wahana couldn't help but ask, "Who was it that offered the bounty?"

"The bounty hunter didn't say, but accompanying her was a gentleman dressed as a butler." The inspector simply described Walter's looks.

Wahana vaguely guessed at the butler's identity as she leaned back slightly, muttering softly to herself, "200 pounds…”

…

In the afternoon, Wahana, who came to Member of Parliament Macht's house to teach his daughter etiquette, first thanked Ma'am Riana for extending their help.

After the blackish-green-haired Riana said a few words of humility, she asked, "Wahana, I heard that you're Mr. Dwayne Dantès's etiquette teacher. I wonder what kind of person he is?"

Wahana deliberated and said, "He's a true gentleman. He's warmhearted, generous, kind, educated, gentlemanly, and very knowledgeable."

Riana nodded slightly upon hearing that before turning to look at her proud daughter and chuckled.

"Unfortunately, he's a little too old, or he might make a good match.

"Well, I plan on inviting him to our ball this weekend."

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CHAPTER 759
FIRST DANCE

Saturday night, 8 p.m.

Klein rode his high-end carriage and arrived at 39 Böklund Street—Member of Parliament Macht's house—in two and a half minutes

After stealing a glance at the lit fountain that was sloshing with water, he buttoned his tailcoat and walked down the carriage before strolling to the house's main entrance.

Richardson held an exquisitely packaged bottle of Southville red wine and followed closely behind his employer.

After walking through the main door, Klein instantly saw Member of Parliament Macht and his wife, Riana, walk over to welcome him.

The former was wearing an olive-green army officer uniform with an orange-red sash around his waist and a few medals hanging from his chest. In the Loen Kingdom, serving and retired officers enjoyed wearing their military uniforms at balls.

The latter was wearing a yellow long dress with frilly sides and rarely-seen, exquisite lace, making her look different from unmarried ladies. However, she also partially exposed her fair neck and her shoulders.

Klein took the bottle of Southville red wine from Richardson's hand and handed it to Member of Parliament Macht before saying with a bow, "Sorry, I'm late by a few minutes."

This was actually a common situation at Loen balls. Guests would rather be late by a certain amount of time than be early. This was because the masters of the house might still be busy with the final preparations with the ball. It was the worst time for them to entertain guests, but of course, one had to ensure that they weren't late by more than ten minutes.

If Wahana hadn't specially taught him this, Klein would've definitely come early as a form of respect.

"It's fine. The ball hasn't officially begun." Macht glanced at the Southville red wine as he handed it to his valet before nodding with a smile.

At Loen's high society engagements, one had to bring a gift for the master if it was their first time attending a ball. Alcoholic beverages were the most welcomed, but one had to keep in mind that the first gift had to be something locally produced.

After greeting Macht, Klein looked towards Ma'am Riana and saw that she had slightly raised her right hand. Hence, he took one step forward and lifted her palm and bent his back to kiss it.

"You illuminate the entire ball."

Before the ball began, complimenting the masters of the house was a necessary step in Loen social events. And unlike Intis, Loen's hand-kissing etiquette required the lady to gesture that it was possible before a gentleman could do the kiss; otherwise, it would be a serious faux pas.

"Likewise for your arrival," Ma'am Riana replied with a smile.

Then, the couple led Dwayne Dantès through the corridor and into the main hall where a pleasant tune was echoing.

After taking a few steps forward, Maury Macht pointed at a lady in a sky-blue dress.

"My daughter, Hazel."

Klein looked at the girl as his pupils suddenly constricted!

He knew this girl!

To be precise, he had seen her image before!

Back when he had asked Arrodes where he could obtain a mystical item which could steal the Beyonder powers of others, the magic mirror had indicated a scene of an arrogant lady loitering in the sewers, and she was none other than Hazel Macht. She was a lady with wavy black-green hair and bright brown eyes!

She has a mystical item that corresponds to a Fire Bandit? With her family conditions, why would she be loitering in the sewers? Is it some fortuitous encounter of hers? Was she searching for something or waiting for something in the sewers? She has already become a Beyonder? How did she become one? Could it be that she has a Grandpa parasitizing in her body? Klein, who was donning the "skin" of Dwayne Dantès, instantly thought of many questions, but he pressed his hand to his chest as he bowed with an unperturbed look.

"Good evening, Miss Hazel."

During this process, he stole a glance at Hazel Macht's face and discovered that she wore a composed look. There was an arrogance in her eyes, and all she did was smile politely and answer, "Good evening, Mr. Dantès."

She didn't have any abnormal reaction, which means that she's unable to sense the aura of the gray fog… At the very least, there's no Grandpa parasitizing her. I can't be certain for now, and I'll have to continue observing… Klein stood up straight as he took a cup of pale-gold champagne from a waiter's tray. He then began chatting with Member of Parliament Maury Macht.

"I never expected you to be a major."

He could tell from the epaulet on Macht's shoulder.

If he was a colonel, Klein would've even suspected if the gentleman was also a Beyonder, but it was hard to tell for a major.

"Haha, it's nothing. There are many opportunities to render meritorious services in Balam," Maury answered. "Of course, the weather there is especially unsuitable. I've always been suggesting to the army's higher-ups to design a uniform for West Balam and to get rid of the traditional dark colors; otherwise, the officers will only feel as if they are beef waiting to be roasted."

As for the enlisted soldiers, most of them wore red tops and white bottoms.

"Yes, the weather there is completely different from what it's like in the country. Even Desi Bay isn't that hot." Klein indicated that he had been to the Southern Continent, and he had been to either East or West Balam to corroborate his hunting experiences that he had mentioned a few days ago.

After a few minutes of small talk, Macht apologized and walked to the staircase with his wife. At the second floor, he raised a cup of red wine while standing by the railings facing the main door and said, "Thank you everyone for coming to our ball. First, let us toast the deities. They are the source of everything beautiful."

He and Ma'am Riana tapped four times on their chests as they softly praised the Goddess. The other guests also praised the deities they believed in via their own means.

Macht continued having his cup raised as he said with a smile, "Second, a toast to the kingdom. It is a stable bedrock."

"To the kingdom." Klein raised his cup of champagne and spoke with the other guests around him.

Following that, Macht surveyed the area and asked humorously, "Finally, what shall we toast to?"

Klein's mind whirred as he said loudly with a smile, "A toast to the improvement of the air in Backlund."

Macht was taken aback as he couldn't help but smile in response.

"Excellent. That's a great suggestion.

"A toast to the improvement of Backlund's air. This is a symbol of us living better lives. Cheers!"

The fixing of the atmospheric pollution issue had always been one of his political ideals as a House of Commons Member of Parliament. He had ultimately been pushing for the corresponding bills, and he had played a significant role in the improvement of the environment. Therefore, toasting to the improvement in Backlund's air was equivalent to toasting to himself. It was more euphemistic and more aboveboard.

All the guests echoed in a spirited burst as they finished the drinks in their hands.

Right on the heels of that, Member of Parliament Macht held Ma'am Riana's hand, and they went down to the hall. They then started the opening dance in the mellow music.

All the gentlemen present began finding their first partners to dance. Klein took another cup of champagne as he leisurely sized up the guests.

Hmm, Ma'am Mary is here as well… He swept his gaze and found someone familiar. As one of the major shareholders of the Coim Company, with a wealth amounting to tens of thousands, Ma'am Mary had formerly hired Sherlock Moriarty to investigate her ex-husband's act of adultery.

*She's a member of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council, so it's normal that she has a close relationship with the Member of Parliament… *Klein didn't attempt to invite her to a dance, since he here as Dwayne Dantès. He didn't know this lady who lived in another street.

He retracted his gaze and looked elsewhere. He saw Hazel Macht holding a cup of white wine and standing to the side. She wore a clear smile of alienation as she watched the gentlemen lock onto their targets to invite them for a dance.

This lady actually looks pretty good. She's dignified and pretty. She should've been the star at this ball, with people yearning to invite her to a dance. However, the way she exudes that look of arrogance, looking down at people with a supercilious look, makes any gentleman who casts his eyes on her shift over to another target.

I've seen this look in the eyes of certain Beyonders as well. They no longer think of themselves as mortal, and they often have a sense of superiority when facing ordinary folks… Heh heh, this implies that Miss Hazel is likely a Beyonder… That's right, if she isn't a Beyonder, how would she dare to loiter in the sewers… She's from the Marauder pathway? But how is she to act as a Marauder or Swindler with such arrogance? It's hard to imagine… Seeing that the hosts were almost done with the opening dance, he began seriously considering who he could invite.

Dwayne Dantès is in his early forties, so it isn't appropriate to invite a lady for his first dance, unless it's someone confirmed to be a junior. And the first dance of most ma'am's would be done with their husbands… Hmm, I should be able to invite people I'm familiar with or the hosts… Klein swept the dance floor and found the only lady Dwayne Dantès was familiar with. It was his etiquette teacher, Wahana.

Invite her? No, she likely already knows that I've secretly helped her. To invite her for the first dance can easily make her misunderstand. It might even affect her relationship with her husband and incur unnecessary trouble for Dwayne Dantès… It's not like I'm Emperor Roselle who has a penchant

for the wives of others. No, he has a penchant for everything. In short, I should avoid creating gossip… Klein shifted his gaze and heard the music change. It went from a mellow melody to something brisk.

It was a piece of countryside music that was popular in central Loen. It was well-liked by nobles and was often used for the first dance.

With the change in music, the gentlemen walked to the ladies and madams they had selected. Klein also noticed that no one approached Hazel Macht.

She's one of the hosts of this ball… Besides, I can observe her at a close distance… Heh heh, if she really is a Beyonder of the Marauder pathway, it implies that the gray fog is able to "converge" Beyonders from the neighboring pathways of the Seer pathway… Klein wore a gentle smile as he unhurriedly walked to the arrogant lady.

"Miss Hazel, may I have the pleasure of a dance with you?" Dwayne Dantès with his white sideburns gave a standard bow as he said.

Hazel glanced at him and, after a few seconds of silence, said, "It will be my honor."

She then extended her palm.

Klein politely held her hand and entered the dance floor as they began a brisk and lively dance.

Glancing at her beautiful but deadpan face, Klein said with a smile as he tried probing, "I just noticed that many young gentlemen wished to invite you to a dance, but they were unable to muster their courage."

Hazel looked up and swept her gaze at him and said, "Mr. Dantès, that's not a polite topic."

"…”

Klein choked, lost as to how to reply.

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CHAPTER 760
WHAT A SMALL CIRCLE

I thought she would contemptuously say that she doesn't like immature and incapable men, hinting that she isn't impressed with ordinary people. Who knew she can't even be bothered to answer this question… Heh, this sense of superiority will easily lead to a loss of control for subsequent advancements… Klein couldn't help but lampoon inwardly.

From what he knew, Beyonders were only humans who had additional powers. It was equivalent to having plenty of money or status. In fact, they were still considered human and had no way of escaping human society. Only by reaching Sequence 4 would one experience a qualitative change.

Furthermore, most demigods continue being active in human society. Even the Sequence 1 Snake of Fate Will Auceptin is being an obedient unborn fetus… Perhaps only at the level of Blasphemer Amon and the others will they be able to view the real world as a "god"…Klein's mind whirred as he said, "I'm sorry. I was once a merchant who often spent time in the Northern Continent and Southern Continent, and I have had little experience with a ball. Heh heh, I mean, this type of ball."

"It's fine," Hazel replied calmly as though she didn't care about the topic he had just raised.

If it were anyone else, they would've been at a loss for a conversation with this arrogant lady. All they could do was focus on the dance, but Klein was considered quite a knowledgeable and experienced person at this point. He knew quite a bit of the different Beyonders in the mysterious world, so with his apology, he said with a smile, "This is a challenge that isn't simpler than the sea. It similarly has beautiful scenery but hides countless difficulties. Of

course, the sea also has stories of all kinds of treasures. Some of them are clearly fake, but others sound rather realistic but are impossible to verify. It's just like Death's Key that's ranked first amongst them."

"Death's Key?" Hazel looked up at Mr. Dwayne Dantès who was a lot taller than her.

Indeed, a Beyonder with a strong sense of superiority would often have their interest piqued when it's something that involves mystery… Klein chuckled inwardly and he nodded gently.

"Yes, it's rumored to be hidden somewhere in the Berserk Sea…"

He used the legends he had heard back when he was aboard the White Agate, as he added more of the details he had heard during his career as an adventurer.

During this process, he couldn't avoid mentioning the Four Kings and the Seven Pirate Admirals.

Hazel was clearly interested in these as she responded to Klein in a rare instance. She would even occasionally ask other questions, making the dance between them less awkward. Without realizing it, their dance came to an end.

Klein skillfully ended the topic and switched to asking, "Do you plan on returning to where you were, or do you plan on heading over to get some food?"

After a dance, the gentleman had to abide by the lady's wishes and send her to where she wished to go. It didn't have to be where she originally stood.

Hazel opened her mouth as though she wished to ask further, but she ultimately didn't speak further. She nodded her head in a reserved manner, "Where I was."

Hehe, she clearly misses the stories at sea… She's just a big brat. As long as you grasp her temper and find what interests her, she's actually not difficult to interact with… Klein held back his smile as he sent Hazel back to the periphery of the dance floor where she previously stood.

As for him, he acted casual as he walked to the long table that had all kinds of food placed on it. He picked up a plate and began to scoop a serving of pan-friend Dragon-Bone Fish, and he matched it with some sliced black pepper steak.

Compared to the dance and entertaining others, food is the true essence of a gathering… As Klein thought, he worked hard at trying to make his appearance while eating appear elegant enough.

At this moment, he saw Ma'am Mary walk over and fork a piece of foie gras soaked in red wine onto her plate.

When Klein saw her glance at him, he politely smiled with a nod as a response.

"How may I address you? I haven't met you before at the balls and banquets hosted by Member of Parliament Macht." Perhaps it was because of Dwayne Dantès's gray sideburns and deep blue eyes that were very charming, the ordinary-looking Ma'am Mary with slightly high cheekbones took the initiative to ask.

Klein laughed and replied, "I'm a merchant who just returned from Desi Bay, Dwayne Dantès. I live on this street.

"Ma'am, do I have the honor of knowing your name?"

Mary nodded in thought, and she roughly understood this man to be a merchant who was trying hard to enter high society, just like she was previously.

She said with a smile, "Mary Schott, Coim Company's executive director."

She didn't mention that she was the biggest shareholder of the Coim Company, or mention that she was a member of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council. This was a Loen-styled euphemism.

Mary Schott. She has taken up her original last name? Right, she has already divorced… Klein silently thought to himself and said with a smile, "I know of this company. Its main business is in anthracite and high-quality coal. It has expanded rapidly in the past few months. Heh heh, to be frank, I have the intention of investing in it, but I don't seem capable of competing with the rest."

After the atmospheric bills were passed, there was a drastic increase in the demand of anthracite and high-quality coal. Coim Company managed to develop itself in ways that exceeded its past efforts. Its overall valuation had already exceeded 250,000 pounds. Klein wasn't shooting his mouth when talking about investing, but that he believed that this industry would become even more important in the coming years until humanity found a resource to replace it.

Mary had always been very proud of the National Atmospheric Pollution report she pushed for, as well as the development of the Coim Company, so she couldn't help but smile when she heard that.

"This is because people are beginning to pay attention to the environment that they are living in."

Having said that, she gently sighed and said, "As it gets better, trouble also increases as a result."

Having "just" acquainted himself, Klein didn't ask about the trouble. With his prior acquaintance with Ma'am Mary, he easily found a topic of interest and had a good conversation with her.

Heh heh, her attitude towards Sherlock Moriarty and Dwayne Dantès is very different… Despite being someone she knows, just a change in looks and identity will be given a brand new form of treatment without any

problems arising. This feeling is truly magical… As they chatted, Klein felt wistful as he felt that the additional Faceless potion he had consumed was quickly digesting.

After a few minutes, a handsome man with bright blond hair walked over with a cup of red wine. He smiled at Ma'am Mary and said, "Mary, what are you talking about?"

"Hibbert, this is Mr. Dwayne Dantès from Desi. His experiences at sea and West Balam are truly interesting," Mary immediately introduced the two. "Dwayne, this is Mr. Hibbert Hall, the eldest son of the Earl of East Chester. Heh heh, we should be calling him Lord, but he prefers people to address him as Mr. Chief Secretary. He's the chief secretary of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council."

I've heard you mention him before. Of course, that was when the identity, Sherlock Moriarty, was still active… The Earl of East Chester is a major noble in the nation. He's considered the top brass when it comes to high society… Klein politely bowed without appearing overly low.

"Please permit me to convey my thanks as an ordinary citizen. The work of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council has allowed us to live in better living environments."

Hibbert Hall was rather pleased with such sincere gratitude, so he smiled in reply.

"This is all thanks to the hard work all of us have put in."

By the side, Mary said with a smile, "Dwayne, don't mention such matters again. You will make Hibbert arrogant. No, I was just joking. He's more humble than all the noble children I know. He should be having a vacation in the East Chester County's fief at this time and spending his time hunting with his friends, but he immediately returned after I sent him a telegram informing him that I was invited to this ball by Member of Parliament Macht."

"It's not only for this ball. There are many things that require my attention. My father, Earl Hall, would also frequently commute between Backlund and our fief before June," Hibbert seriously explained.

A gentleman who places great importance on his social image… Klein made a preliminary judgment.

When Mary heard that, she asked in passing, "Is there anything still keeping you back? When are you leaving Backlund?"

"Most of my work has already been completed. There's only one matter left. Heh heh, my sister, Audrey, is very interested in the Backlund Bike Company's 10% shares. She hired a specialized team to help her in the negotiations, and I'm responsible for overseeing the matter," Hibbert said without much thought.

Backlund Bike Company's 10% shares? What a coincidence… I have to say that the circle of high-society is quite small after all… Klein sighed inwardly as he deliberately mentioned, "I also found a team to attempt to purchase the 10% shares, but I only managed to offer up to 9,000 pounds. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to compete with the other competitors and could only give up."

Hibbert glanced at him with a look of surprise.

"You have good taste."

He didn't mention how much his side's bid was, to prevent his competitor from participating again.

9,000 pounds… Mary silently muttered, realizing she had underestimated Dwayne Dantès's wealth.

At this moment, the music for the third dance sounded. Hibbert Hall turned to Mary and said, "May I have the pleasure of a dance with you?"

"That's what I've been waiting for." Mary immediately extended her hand.

This made Klein unable to exchange name cards with them; however, he wasn't in a rush, because it was still some time before the ball ended.

After getting another plate of food, he enjoyed it while looking at the dance floor, admiring the madams' and ladies' dancing.

During this process, he noticed that Member of Parliament Macht and Ma'am Riana were mingling with different guests from time to time, having happy conversations with them and even dancing with them.

According to Walter, after confirming the guest list, the hosts need to seriously conclude every guest's preference and background, so as to tailor a different topic of conversation or jokes for them. This is to make everyone feel as though they are being treated uniquely… Socializing in high society sure is troublesome… Heh heh, this might be why Loenese gentlemen tend to have receding hairlines… Klein lampooned as he sighed in reflection.

He retracted his gaze and looked at his cleared plate. He seriously considered if he should invite another lady or madam to a dance, or if he should eat a little more.

At this moment, he caught Hazel Macht's figure through the corner of his eye. She was heading for the third story with hurried footsteps.

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CHAPTER 761
GOOD PEOPLE AND GOOD DEEDS

What happened? Klein instantly tensed up.

He had experienced too many accidents in the past, and he knew that he easily found himself involved in Beyonder matters. Upon encountering something similar, he couldn't help but subconsciously be on alert. It did resemble some form of post-traumatic stress disorder.

After seriously watching Hazel Macht's figure disappear from the staircase, Klein sensed that she was only in a hurry and wasn't panicking.

This means that she has the matter under control… Besides, Macht is a Member of Parliament of the House of Commons, a member of high society just below the nobles in the kingdom. There should be Beyonders around protecting him. Yes, Earl Hall's eldest son is here too, so his bodyguards must be Beyonders as well… Besides, Saint Samuel Cathedral is only a ten-minute carriage ride from Böklund Street. If anything were to really happen, the Nighthawks, priests, and bishops would rush over… Unless one has made up their mind to sacrifice themselves, no one would create an accident at this ball… Klein gradually calmed down and had another guess regarding Hazel's situation.

She was rushing to the third story to resolve the negative effects of the mystical item!

The question Klein had asked Arrodes previously was where he could obtain a mystical item which could steal the Beyonder powers of others,

and one of the answers he received was Hazel Macht!

Thinking back to their dance, Hazel's image rapidly reconstructed in Klein's mind with her different accessories as his focus.

Hair ornaments, earrings, necklace, brooch, fishnet gloves… Which one could it be? Klein retracted his gaze and found himself thirsty. Hence, he picked up a cup of water and downed it.

Just as he put down the cup, he saw his etiquette teacher, Wahana Heisen approach him with a plate.

This lady was dressed in a red dress, but she didn't look tawdry. She smiled at Dwayne Dantès and said, "I noticed that you don't enjoy drinking alcohol."

"I've once missed an important matter as a result of drinking," Klein randomly fleshed up Dwayne Dantès's character as an experienced person with depth.

Of course, he knew how to restrain himself. He didn't use his Faceless powers to remove a finger to prove how determined he was when making that former oath.

When Wahana heard that, she smiled in thought.

"Your past is filled with mystery. This is fatally attractive to many young ladies."

She didn't continue on the topic as she said, "I forgot to tell you that the problem my husband faced has been resolved."

Klein picked up a cup of champagne and raised it. He then said with a smile, "This is something to be happy about. Congratulations."

He didn't mention anything about him helping in secret.

Wahana gave him a deep, penetrating look as she raised the cup of red wine in her hand.

"Cheers."

After clinking cups and taking a sip, Klein politely excused himself, put down his cup, and headed for the washroom.

This wasn't because he wanted to head above the gray fog, but was solely due to the negative effects of Death Knell. He had drunk too much water and needed to relieve himself.

When he walked out of the washroom, Klein looked up at the staircase that led from the second story to the third story. He found Hazel Macht walking down with unhurried footsteps. She wore an unperturbed expression.

Indeed, it wasn't a huge problem… It's likely a result of the negative side effects of the mystical item she possesses… I wonder what it is… Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he casually swept the dance floor. During the interlude between two songs, he walked over to a lady and invited her to a dance.

With Dwayne Dantès's appearance and bearing, his invitation was undoubtedly accepted.

With him dancing, eating, chatting, and eating again, the ball slowly came to an end as the guests bade farewell one after another.

Having completed his mission of exchanging name cards, Klein did the same. However, he wasn't the first or last person to leave.

The hall soon turned silent as Ma'am Riana monitored the servants while they cleaned up the area. Meanwhile, she beckoned for her daughter, Hazel Macht.

"Mr. Dwayne Dantès's performance was better than I imagined. Many ladies had even asked me about him in private," Ma'am Riana said in a veiled manner. "Hazel, what's your impression of him when you were dancing and chatting with him? You're a lot more mature than girls your age. I believe in your taste and judgment."

She knew her daughter very well, and she had deliberately added the last sentence; otherwise, Hazel was unlikely to be interested in giving a detailed answer.

Hazel wasn't that arrogant when facing her mother. She said after some thought, "He's not very familiar with this circle, and he easily mentions topics that can be offensive, but he's very knowledgeable."

"Very knowledgeable…" Ma'am Riana was slightly surprised as she repeated her daughter's words.

With her understanding of Hazel, this was a rather good compliment.

She couldn't help but be worried that her daughter had taken a liking to Dwayne Dantès.

Hazel thinks little of the eligible bachelors around her because they are too young, inexperienced, and incapable? Dwayne Dantès happens to be the kind of man that girls who mature early like… Riana suddenly felt a little regret inviting the gentleman to the ball.

She knew that with Hazel's personality, she might very well elope if she were to suffer any objection to her newfound love.

Hazel seemed to sense her mother's thoughts and said without emotion, "I only like men who are sufficiently powerful."

Phew… Riana silently heaved a sigh of relief as she was no longer worried about the problem from before. This was because Hazel was a girl who found lying beneath her.

…

Late at night, Hazel got up from bed. With her night vision, she changed into clothes that facilitated movement.

She climbed down from her bedroom's balcony and carefully avoided her family's bodyguards. She went all the way to the garden and came to the middle of Böklund Street. Not every sewer manhole allowed a human passage with vertical metal ladders.

Hazel adeptly moved the manhole cover away and climbed down before closing the cover from underneath.

Nearly forty-five minutes after, she moved the manhole cover again and returned into the shadows of the street.

At this moment, Hazel saw a shadow nimbly flip into a garden nearby.

Unit 160… She read the corresponding address.

It was none other than Dwayne Dantès's residence.

On the manor's third story, Klein was once again awoken from his sleep due to his spiritual intuition. He had the urge to capture the infiltrator that disturbed his sleep and feed it to Creeping Hunger.

This time, he directly opened his iron cigar case and released his Wraith marionette.

Senor, in his dark red coat, first walked into the full-body mirror before leaping over to the oriel window in his valet's room.

"He" observed Richardson and saw the valet sit up as he looked at the door with fear and anxiety.

The door silently opened as a shadow flashed in.

Under the crimson moonlight, the infiltrator exposed brownish-yellow skin, a soft outline, and short curly black hair. He obviously hailed from the Southern Continent.

With a gloomy cold aura, he stood by the door and looked at Richardson, saying in a deep voice, "Have you decided?

"Do not believe that you can attain your calm life by leaving. Inside of you flows the blood of Death's subjects. You are destined to give up everything to restore god's glory.

"Think about your deceased mother. Think about the insults you once suffered. Do you wish that your child will grow up under the contemptuous looks of others, to be a servant of others forever?"

"But, what can I do…" Richardson lowered his head as he said with great difficulty.

"Wait for the mission." The infiltrator's voice turned gentler.

Richardson didn't commit to an answer as he seemed to be struggling inwardly.

As for the infiltrator, he didn't seem to care about his hesitation. He treated it as though Richardson had agreed, turned around, left the room, and traced his steps back.

Death's subject… Someone from the Numinous Episcopate, or another organization that's trying to restore Balam? Having witnessed everything, Klein leaned back into bed and silently said, *What mission would they give Richardson? Steal my money to provide funds for the organization? Or will they create a terrorist incident at one of the balls of high society?*

At that moment, the infiltrator had climbed down from the balcony, passed through the garden, and flipped over the perimeter fence made of steel bars.

Suddenly, he saw a figure pounce over from his left. he dodged as he clenched his fist and threw a punch.

Thud!

The punch hit the black figure, but it pierced straight through. It was as though he had struck a shadow created by the street lamp.

Meanwhile, he suffered a heavy blow to the back of his head as he fainted onto the ground.

Hazel's figure immediately surfaced behind the infiltrator as she wore an excited expression. It was as though she had completed a successful scam.

She quickly reined in her emotions as she maintained her arrogant demeanor. She turned to look at the black metal gates of 160 Böklund Street.

This girl bent her back and held the infiltrator by the arm as she dragged him to Dwayne Dantès's doorstep.

Immediately after that, Hazel let go of her left hand, cleaned up any traces, walked forward with her chin slightly lifted, and pulled the doorbell.

Then, she quickly departed, heading straight to her home through the shadows in the street.

And on a street lamp outside Unit 160, on the black metal gate was a piece of glass. It reflected a figure wearing a dark red coat and an old triangular hat. It had seen the entire process.

…

How should I deal with this… Inside the room, Klein was stumped.

He knew that Hazel was doing a good anonymous deed for her neighbor to finish off an infiltrator, but this way, if his butler were to make a police report, the matter would be investigated in detail, causing the matter to be transferred to the Nighthawks. When the time came, whoever struck the infiltrator unconscious would become an important question.

If Klein was really an ordinary person, it wouldn't have mattered—he could allow the Nighthawks to carry out their investigation. However, not only was he a powerful Sequence 5 Beyonder, but he was also scheming to steal an item from behind Chanis Gate. He didn't wish for any external setbacks to spoil his plans, or else he would have to change identities once again.

To be frank, his earliest solution was to find a way to terminate Richardson's services.

However, what he had heard changed his mind a little.

*If I were to terminate Richardson's services, it would be equivalent to pushing him into the abyss despite his desire for a quiet life. It will force him to mix with those people… Unfortunately, Dwayne Dantès has a "mission;" otherwise, helping him in passing wouldn't be difficult… *Klein sighed as he thought.

Ten seconds later, the unconscious infiltrator suddenly stood up, cracked his neck, and hid in the nearby shadows. And at this moment, Butler Walter had walked out of the house's main door after hearing the doorbell.

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CHAPTER 762
NATION REESTABLISHMENT SOCIETY

At the gates, Walter used the light from the street lamps and discovered no one was outside through the gaps. The street was silent.

For an instant, Walter suspected if he had heard wrong and that the doorbell hadn't rung!

He composed himself, and he quickly walked to the servant quarters at the back of the compound. He woke up a few servants and got them to carry double-barreled hunting rifles to begin patrolling the main building so as to prevent any bandits or burglars from infiltrating.

Walter didn't immediately get the police, because nothing had happened yet. The doorbell from earlier might've been a prank from a tramp.

Meanwhile, under the nearby sewers, the infiltrator was holding onto the metal handles as he slowly headed down into the unlit area.

He soon came to a halt, leaned back onto the moss-covered wall, and slowly slid down to sit down on the dirty ground.

His eyes closed again as though he was still in an unconscious state. In front of him, a middle-aged man wearing a dark red coat and an old triangular hat instantly appeared. He was none other than Klein's marionette, Wraith Senor.

Senor bent down, rummaged through the infiltrator's pockets and found 7 soli and 11 pence, as well as tiny cloth bags containing different kinds of powders.

Inside the room, Klein remotely controlled his marionette from dozens of meters away. As he identified the powder, he discovered that his theories were correct. They were all herbal powder in the Death domain. And a portion of them could be used for spirit channeling!

He was very likely to be a Beyonder from the Corpse Collector pathway that hailed from Balam. Even if he hadn't reached Sequence 7 Spirit Medium, it was very normal for him to prepare the corresponding herbal powders, essential oils, and extract. After all, these materials weren't only used for spirit channeling.

Immediately, Klein controlled Senor to set up a ritual to pray to The Fool.

Then, he went above the gray fog to respond, allowing Senor to complete what followed.

After doing all of this, he returned to the real world and continued controlling Senor, allowing him to channel the spirit.

Passing through a storm of glimmers, Klein saw the infiltrator's spirit. He appeared listless, blurry, and translucent.

"What's your name? What faction do you belong to?" Senor asked with a deep voice.

The infiltrator answered blankly, "Godotpos. I belong to the Black Skeleton Gang."

Black Skeleton Gang. I believe it's a gang that's active around the border of East Borough and the dock area close to the Backlund Bridge area. It's mainly filled with people of Balam heritage. Although they aren't as barbaric and boorish as the Zmanger Gang, they aren't strangers to

violence… As Klein recalled the intelligence he had previously gathered, he made Senor continue asking:

"What do you mainly do? Why are you looking for Richardson?"

Godotpos answered in a muddled state, "We are fighting for God.

"We were originally members of the Balam Nation Reestablishment Society. We established the Black Skeleton Gang to grasp various intel and obtain funds. Apart from that, we also have another mission. It is to seek out any items related to Death, and send it back to the Southern Continent.

"This time, we obtained verified information that in Earl Wolf's collection is a mask taken out from the Eggers family mausoleum. This family is a descendant of God.

"For this mask, we need to send someone to infiltrate Earl Wolf's household as a servant or infiltrate during one of the balls and banquets he hosts. And Richardson is an excellent choice. He has no history with any of the other organizations, and he's an experienced servant."

*The servants of nobles are often "inherited." It's obviously not easy to infiltrate… Only short-term employments will be made if there's a sudden need for plenty of manpower… *

Speaking of which, there really is such a situation. At the ball today, a few ladies had mentioned that some nobles who are financially tight will sell lots of their lands and manors, and also dismiss nearly all their servants, leaving fewer than ten to serve them, so as to barely maintain a decent lifestyle. When there are large-scale balls or banquets that require manpower, they would spend money to hire a bunch of temporary workers from the Family Servant Assistance Association to keep up a front…

Also, Earl Wolf actually has a mask from the descendants of Death's family. I recall Mr. Azik's last name to be Eggers… Unfortunately, I don't wish to be disturbed by any accidents at the moment; otherwise, I might've come up

with a way to help Mr. Azik obtain that mask… Klein mumbled silently and made Senor continue asking:

"How do you know Richardson?"

Godotpos said blankly, "We got to know each other at a manor in East Balam. Back then, we were both slaves.

"Among the slaves, there are people who secretly spread the faith of Death. Richardson, his mother, and I couldn't help but become believers of Death in such a life. We secretly joined an organization that had a lot of influence among the slaves there.

"Later, Richardson's mother passed away from an illness, and he was brought to Backlund, while I stayed in East Balam before I found an opportunity to escape.

"A few years later, I was sent to Backlund, and I chanced upon Richardson. H-he actually forgot about his mother's death and the abuse he had once received. He forgot his faith towards God, and had his will eroded by what he called a peaceful life!

"To avoid me, he deliberately made mistakes and kept switching employers, but how could he have guessed that his former companion is no longer an ordinary human!"

Everyone has the right to choose as long as they don't harm others. However, Richardson and I are two different kinds of people… In the room, Klein closed his eyes and made Senor ask in a deep voice, "What's the organization that is very influential among the slaves?"

Godotpos hesitated for a moment and said, "The Eternal Life Society. Those who believe in Death will obtain eternal life in the Underworld once they leave the real world that's filled with pain and sorrow."

Eternal Life Society… I'm aware of this. It's a branch of the Numinous Episcopate… As a former Nighthawk, Klein knew quite a lot about such matters.

He continued controlling Senor to interrogate Godotpos, and he obtained plenty of information regarding the Eternal Life Society, East Balam Nation Reestablishment Society, and the Black Skull Gang while confirming that Godotpos and his gang had their hands covered in the blood of the innocent.

After finishing the spirit channeling and clearing up any traces, he waited thirty minutes before letting the Wraith enter Godotpos's body, controlling him to climb out of the sewers and returning back into the shadows of the streets.

And at this point, the servants in 160 Böklund Street, who were wielding double-barreled hunting rifles, were no longer as vigilant while doing their patrolling rounds. They seemed to believe that any latent danger had passed.

Klein pretended as though he didn't notice anything as he continued sleeping in his master bedroom. However, he had already set up a ritual to summon and respond to himself. With Azik's copper whistle, the iron cigar case, and Creeping Hunger, he silently left his residence in the form of a spirit.

He followed behind Godotpos and constantly maintained a distance of eighty meters. By using his marionette to possess this "hostage," he made him circle to another street and board a rental carriage by the side of the road.

About an hour later, Godotpos returned to the headquarters of the Black Skeleton Gang, a tiny house situated near the docks.

There were plenty of firearms stashed away here, with several operatives that were sent from the East Balam Nation Reestablishment Society. They formed the upper ranks of the Black Skeleton Gang.

Following the method that was agreed upon, "Godotpos" knocked on the door, and he said to a member who came towards him, "Richardson has submitted."

"Very good." The member inattentively shot Godotpos a glance, made way for him, and gave him passage.

"Godotpos" surveyed the area and found the high-yield explosives and a bunch of rifles stacked in the corner of the house. A few of the top brass of the Black Skeleton Gang were gathered together, discussing something.

"Godotpos, want a smoke?" The member from before handed him a cigarette.

This was a cigarette fashioned to the preferences of the Southern Continent. They were made from dried tobacco leaves mixed with tiny amounts of herbs.

Godotpos received the cigarette and casually picked up a box of matchsticks from the table, took out a few sticks, and lit them.

Then, he threw the few burning matchsticks to the corner where the easily flammable explosives were.

"…”

Everyone present looked at Godotpos with a dumbfounded look, momentarily at a loss as to what had happened.

Rumble!

On a public bench dozens of meters away, Klein sat there as the flames blazed behind him, a hot gust of air swarming out of the house.

A few seconds later, Senor in his dark red coat appeared beside him, with some signs of being burned.

The Wraith held his hand to his chest and bowed before returning inside the gold coin inside the iron cigar case.

Unfortunately, I won't be able to pick up the Beyonder characteristics; otherwise, it wouldn't appear like an accident… It'll definitely be suspicious if the upper echelons of the Black Skeleton Gang don't have any Beyonders… Klein silently sighed as he cleared any traces before ending the summoning and returning above the gray fog.

The next morning, he got up and washed up as though nothing had happened. He then waited for his valet to bring in a change of clothes.

Richardson entered in silence as he finished his work skillfully.

Following that, he took a step back and bowed his head.

"Sir, after serving you this week, I wish to resign."

He typically received a weekly salary from Housekeeper Taneja.

"Why?" Klein looked at himself in the mirror as he adjusted his vest.

Meanwhile, he leisurely thought, *Not bad at all. You know how to resign by your own volition and not bring trouble to your employer…*

Richardson had already thought of an excuse.

"I believe I'm lacking in ability to be a valet. At last night's ball, I realized how lacking I was when I was interacting with the servants of the other guests."

Klein smiled.

"Everyone begins with zero experience. Few grew up with experience. Consider it again, and give me your final answer tomorrow."

"Yes, sir." Richardson didn't speak further as he took the initiative to leave the room. He went to the first floor to help his employer pick up the morning papers.

During this process, he would always first flip through it and place the most interesting articles at the top.

While flipping through, his gaze froze as he focused on an article:

"An explosion happened at 79 Dirham Street in the Backlund Bridge area. It's suspected to be related to the Black Skeleton Gang…

"According to the police, all the upper echelons of the Black Skeleton Gang died in this accident, including Lima, Moreira, Godotpos…"

This… Richardson shook his head, suspecting that he was dreaming.

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CHAPTER 763
MR. X

160 Böklund Street, inside the dining hall on the second story.

Klein had just bitten into the buttered toast his servant had served him when he saw his butler walk in.

Walter bowed and said, "Sir, a person of unknown origins pulled our doorbell last night.

"As it was already very late, I didn't wake you up, and instead got the servants to patrol the area with the double-barreled hunting rifles.

"If you so permit it, I'll visit the nearby police station to get them to reinforce the patrols on this street at night."

To employ such a butler, there aren't any flaws aside from him being expensive… Klein nodded slightly and drank the fresh milk that had been delivered to him.

"Very good."

…

39 Böklund Street, Member of Parliament Macht's house.

Hazel entered the activity room on the second floor and saw her mother, Riana, chatting with the housekeeper.

"What happened?" She pushed a lock of black-green hair to the back of her ear.

Riana chuckled and said, "Someone rang Dantès's doorbell late last night."

"A prank?" Hazel sat down.

"No one knows. Anyways, Dantès's butler specially went to the police station this morning," Riana recounted what she had learned from her servant.

Hazel nodded slightly and said, "It's best to have the police involved."

"But it's useless. No one knows who pulled the doorbell. Apparently, there wasn't anyone there." Riana laughed while shaking her head.

Hazel was taken aback as she blurted out, "There wasn't anyone there?"

"That's right. Dantès's butler only seemed to ask the police to double their efforts on the night patrols on our street. That's good news." As the wife of a Member of Parliament of the House of Commons, and the daughter of a famous lawyer, Riana had very good relations with the police.

"Not a single person…" Hazel repeated softly before falling into silence.

After a while, she left the activity room and returned to the third story.

Along the way, she couldn't help but clench her fist and swing it as though she was testing something. In between her brows was a clear look of puzzlement.

…

Inside his bedroom, Klein looked at the large pile of gold coins in front of him. All he saw was the shiny color of gold!

There was a total of 4,000 pounds of gold coins!

After a week of gathering funds, Admiral of Stars Cattleya had finally completed the transaction for the Scales of Luck. Apart from the gold coins, she had also paid another 6,500 pounds in cash.

To be honest, having a pile of gold coins is way more visually shocking than a pile of cash of the same size… As Klein sighed, he took out the 13 Loen gold coins—coins he received from Senor—from his pocket and threw it into the pile.

After doing all of this, he took out the adventurer's harmonica and blew into it.

Silently, Reinette Tinekerr appeared in front of him with the four blonde, red-eyed heads in her hand.

"Ma'am, this is the first installment, a total of 4,013 pounds." Klein retracted his gaze from the pile of gold coins and looked at Miss Messenger.

He was actually quite curious as to how Miss Messenger would move such a huge pile of gold coins. He remembered that she always used her teeth when collecting letters.

"Very good…" "You still have…" "Five thousand…" "Nine hundred…" "Eighty…" "Seven…" Reinette Tinekerr's heads said one after another.

There's no need to remind me… Klein forced a smile and said, "I'll try to gather the rest as soon as possible."

Reinette Tinekerr didn't speak further as one of the heads tried hard to open its mouth.

Suddenly, the area before her turned dark and deep. All the gold coins were sucked up by vortex-like surging water.

In a few short seconds, the large pile of gold coins vanished.

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads nodded at the same time before returning to the spirit world.

I still have 8,156 pounds and 5 Loen gold coins… I can barely be considered a tycoon… I could actually afford any investment opportunities if they appear, and it won't just be me raising the price and mentioning it in passing… This way, I won't be suspected to be a cheat for the time being… Heh heh, be a little optimistic. Perhaps the investment opportunity might allow me to earn back the money I spent. It's always fast to make money work for you… Klein silently exhaled as he cast his gaze out the window, forcing himself to enjoy the thinly fogged streets.

…

At night time in the East Borough, the surrounding area was pitch-black due to the few street lamps available, along with many of them being damaged. It was as though there were countless monsters and criminals lurking within.

Xio Derecha wore a hooded cloak, turned into a small alley, and came outside to what seemed like a dilapidated house.

This was the new gathering in East Borough she had previously mentioned to Fors!

Xio wasn't in a rush to knock on the door with the agreed-upon signal. She first looked down to check her attire.

Unlike how she usually dressed, she wore a pair of long boots.

They didn't look odd, but Xio knew very well that the soles were very thick. She had stuffed plenty of things inside, allowing a person to "magically" appear taller.

And this effectively hid Xio's greatest characteristic!

Feeling assured by the presence of her triangular blade, Xio pulled her hood up and knocked on the door with the signal.

Soon, she was led into an activity room inside as she randomly found a spot to sit down.

After the participants had mostly arrived, the host of the gathering finally walked in.

He was of medium build, with a height of about 1.75m. He wore a black classical robe, a pointed mage hat, with a brass mask on his face. He gave off an ancient and mysterious vibe.

Rather dark skin, but it's not exactly brown. He resembles someone from Feynapotter or Desi Bay… But I can't be sure. It might be a tan… He has raven black curly hair. This does match my first guess… Xio sized him up as a Sheriff.

The man in the brass mask looked around the room before laughing deeply.

"You can call me Mr. X."

Mr. X… Xio couldn't help but twitch the corners of her mouth.

After becoming an outer circle member of MI9, she had learned quite a bit of the situations regarding the secret organizations, and that included the Aurora Order.

Therefore, she knew very well that the Oracles of the Aurora Order used alphabets as their code names, and they enjoyed addressing themselves as Mr. or Ma'am.

And from her point of view, to address themselves in front of others in such a manner was obvious exposure of their identity and background. After all,

the members who participated in these gatherings were mostly Beyonders who were lacking in knowledge!

Isn't he afraid that others would report him? It's no wonder the gentleman from MI9 said that the Aurora Order is filled with lunatics, that there's no way to understand their actions with the logic of the average person… Ever since Mr. A vanished, there have been a few gatherings in Backlund that had impersonators, or gatherings that were hosted by his associates for their own benefit. The hosts were quickly reported and ended up being arrested… Hmm, it's not necessarily the case that Mr. X is from the Aurora Order. Perhaps, he's just like the others… Xio retracted her observing gaze and silently watched the gathering continue.

She seldom reported matters, because she had experience as an unaffiliated Beyonder. She knew it wasn't easy to survive in this world with such identities, so long as there wasn't any accidents, she wouldn't provide such intel to MI9.

If it's confirmed that he's an Oracle of the Aurora Order, I'll report him. These people are all lunatics. They will bring about extreme danger… As Xio thought over the matter, she watched the others exchange information and complete trades.

She didn't participate much in it, firstly because there wasn't any information or item of interest, and secondly, she was saving up for her Interrogator potion.

…

After the end of the gathering, she returned to her residence at Cherwood Borough. Xio saw Fors wearing a face mask that was said to be able to moisturize faces as she lay there leisurely reading.

"How was it? How was that gathering?" Fors asked, pretending as though she wasn't interested.

Xio threw her cloak to the side and said, "There were quite a number of participants, and there were quite a number of items as well, but they were mostly for Low-Sequence Beyonders."

"No one will offer anything good at the first gathering," Fors said as she lowered the novel in her hands.

"Yeah." Xio nodded and said, "The organizer of the gathering calls himself Mr. X, but no one knows if he's related to Mr. A."

Mr. X… A suspected Aurora Order Oracle… Could he be Lewis Wien? Fors's attention was caught as she languidly leaned back and asked, "What does he look like?"

"He wore a mask!" Xio rolled her eyes at her. "Do you think I have the ability to see through an obstacle?"

"No, no, no. I mean his build." Fors had seen Lewis Wien's full figure thanks to her teacher, Dorian Gray, and knew his characteristics.

As a Sheriff, Xio easily restored Mr. X's appearance and asked out of puzzlement, "Regardless if he's related to Mr. A or not, isn't he worried that he'll be reported for having such a name?"

After Fors heard Xio's description and saw the portrait she made with her Sheriff powers, she was delighted. There was a high chance that Mr. X was the traitor of the Abraham family, Lewis Wien!

He's not afraid of being reported because he's a Traveler. He can calmly escape no matter what happens? If the official organizations were to use their experience like how they dealt with Mr. A, there's really no way they can restrain him.… Fors silently mumbled. She stopped talking about the topic and switched to something else.

After Xio went to take a bath, she hurriedly used her powers as an Astrologer to ask her spirituality, and she stacked Lewis Wien's image with

Mr. X's image before obtaining the answer that they were one and the same!

*It's really him! *Fors stood up as she paced about in excitement and glee in the living room.

Her first thought was to report this to the various major Churches, and also include the tipoff that the target had the powers of a Traveler. Following that, she recalled her prior attempt at hiring Mr. World to assassinate Lewis Wien.

*Regardless, I should first ask Mr. World if he's free to take on this mission. I can't offend him. *Upon recalling everything that Mr. World had done, Fors couldn't help but shiver.

After making up her mind, she first checked that Xio was having a bath and wouldn't come out anytime soon before praying to Mr. Fool.

“…Please tell Mr. World that the Aurora Order's Oracle, Lewis Wien, has appeared, and there's a high probability that he's a Traveler, codenamed 'Mr. X.'"

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CHAPTER 764
FIRST INVESTIGATION

Klein was returning from Saint Samuel Cathedral to Böklund Street on a four-wheeled carriage when he heard the stacked illusory pleas.

A female… It's nothing urgent… All he did was make a rough judgment and didn't immediately head above the gray fog to respond.

Sweeping his glance at the street lamps which were dispelling the darkness, Klein retracted his gaze and raised the white porcelain with gold rims to take a sip.

Beside him, Richardson noticed this and said after mustering his courage, "Sir, I've thought it through. You're very right. Everyone starts with zero experience. Few grow up with experience. Thank you for giving me this chance to grow."

After confirming that Godotpos and gang were dead, he was finally at ease as he began considering his professional career.

Switching employers repeatedly in a short period of time was a stain on a servant's record. Once he resigned from Dwayne Dantès's employ, Richardson believed that it would be difficult for him to continue being a valet.

This would be extremely damaging for him.

This was not only because a valet's annual salary was at least 25 pounds, and was way better than any non-management jobs. It was comparable to a

lady's maid, and being a valet gave one the greatest opportunity of becoming a butler!

By following their male or female employers and helping them in all kinds of trivialities, being their mouthpiece and assistant would allow them to build up their skills. It would allow them to grasp all the traits needed for being a butler and, as a result, become their employer's confidant. As long as there was a chance, one could easily be made a land steward, butler assistance or deputy butler, as they were slowly promoted to a butler.

Richardson did yearn for a peaceful life, but this didn't mean that he was willing to be a servant his entire life. Without a doubt, he wished to rely on his hard work to earn more and gain a higher standing. And becoming the butler of a wealthy family was his ultimate goal.

"It's not too late to realize that now," Klein replied with a smile, consenting to Richardson's retention.

After returning to 160 Böklund Street, he instructed Housekeeper Taneja to prepare supper for him at half-past eleven as he headed to the third story where he took off his coat and entered the bathroom.

At that moment, the bathtub had already been heated to an appropriate temperature by a maid five minutes ahead of time.

Klein wasn't in a rush to take his bath, as he went above the gray fog to determine who had prayed to him.

Mr. X… Traveler… Miss Magician is rather efficient… Without realizing it, she has matured quite well… Klein muttered to himself.

After some serious consideration, he conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made this fake person pray amidst the veil of the gray fog.

“…Give me the time, location, and provide more information. Only then will I take action."

Klein's idea was very simple. He found a Traveler's powers rather useful, but it was difficult for Dwayne Dantès to have a period of prolonged absence from Böklund Street, or stay in his room all the time. It would be fine if Miss Magician could provide detailed and reliable intel, allowing him to carry out the assassination once. But if she were to get The World to slowly gather information bit by bit, there was no way he could do it, as it affected his own plans.

Soon, Fors gave a reply.

"…I'll try to gather it as quickly as possible."

As the location and timing for Mr. X's next gathering hadn't been confirmed, all she could do was patiently wait.

After settling this matter, Klein returned to the real world, took off his clothes, and placed himself into the bathtub.

The warm water enveloped him as he closed his eyes in comfort. He felt that the fatigue that plagued his body and mind were being washed away bit by bit.

During this period of time, he had been to Saint Samuel Cathedral a few times to listen to Bishop Elektra's explanation of The Revelation of Evernight. He had grasped the looks and characteristics of another two Keepers, but he hadn't seen any repeated sightings, preventing him from determining the schedule of the Keepers.

And doing such acts would similarly bring him trouble. Klein opened his eyes as he looked at the steam above him, sighing inwardly.

The first investigation should be coming soon…

A person who often entered Saint Samuel Cathedral's interior would likely be investigated by the Nighthawks, and with his origins still an unknown, such an investigation was almost necessary.

If there aren't any investigations, it would be a serious case of negligence for the Nighthawks… Klein slowly exhaled.

…

In the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard slowly walked out of a quiet room.

His green eyes had a tint of strange black water as countless illusory bubbles and ripples appeared and disappeared.

"Not bad. You're already a Soul Assurer and are almost catching up to me." Standing in the corridor was Daly Simone as she congratulated him in a self-deprecating manner.

She was still wearing her hooded black robe, with blue eyeshadow and blush. She had quite an uncanny sense of beauty.

When Leonard looked at this familiar lady, he found her bearing even colder than before. There seemed to be countless shadows hidden around her, in layers that went deep and felt cold.

"Clearly, I'm still very far from you. With your condition, you should be able to advance to Gatekeeper, right?" Leonard didn't act too casual in front of Daly, speaking rather formally. This was because if he attempted to make any jokes, the one who would eventually be left blushing in embarrassment would definitely be him instead of the lady.

Gatekeeper was Sequence 5 of the Death pathway.

"I was ready two months ago," Daly said without concealing anything, her expression slightly warped.

Leonard roughly understood what she meant as he nodded slightly.

"You haven't contributed enough?"

Daly curled her lips immediately.

"That's right.

"It's like I'm already in bed with everything in place, only to realize that there aren't any condoms at home. Worst of all, it's late at night, and most of the stores around the neighborhood have closed for the day!"

What an amazing analogy… Leonard didn't think it was right of him to respond as he said with a smile, "You can choose to handle certain cases."

Without giving Daly a chance to speak, he pointed at the other end of the corridor.

"Captain Soest is still waiting for me to report on my advancement."

Daly didn't say a word as she watched him leave.

By the time his back disappeared around the corner, this lady's expression seemed to turned adrift as she muttered softly, "Captain Soest…”

In the room where Leonard's Red Gloves team was temporarily stationed in, Soest, who had just become a Spirit Warlock, saw his desultory subordinate walk in as he casually threw a dossier over.

"Very good. You've already advanced. I'll congratulate you later. First, investigate this target's dream."

It was already late at night, but for the Nighthawks who were mainly staffed with Sleepless, it was no different from day. They even felt stronger at night.

"Isn't this something the local Nighthawks do?" Leonard received the dossier and asked in passing.

"They've recently been swamped with cases and are lacking in manpower. They've requested our help," Soest explained without much care.

Leonard didn't ask further as he looked down and flipped through the dossier.

The first thing that he caught sight of was a photograph, and the middle-aged gentleman on it had given him a deep impression!

Dwayne Dantès… Leonard's pupils instantly constricted.

He knew this man, aware that this person was an undying monster who had survived since the Fourth Epoch. He was at least a Saint or even stronger!

Furthermore, he knows my secret and Old Man's identity… Leonard instinctively raised his hand to rub his temples.

"Captain Soest, I just advanced, and my spirituality is a little out of control."

"Is that so…" Only then did Soest realize that he might've made a mistake. He hurriedly turned to look at another Red Glove and said, "Albert, you do it."

Albert was a man in his thirties. His hair was slightly blond, and his skin was pale. He didn't look too healthy.

Leonard heaved a sigh of relief as he handed the dossier over to him.

At this moment, his heart suddenly skipped a beat. *Would Albert suffer any negative effects if he were to enter the undying monster's dream?*

At that moment, he felt a little regretful. He believed that he should've done it himself. At the very least, he knew the level of danger and had faced him before. It wouldn't result in him provoking him.

*Dwayne Dantès likely won't do anything to Albert… If he has any excessive reaction and causes anything abnormal to happen to Albert, he would immediately expose his problems to us. And with our Church's strength and Backlund's situation, there's no way he can leave this city alive… *Leonard quickly calmed down, believing that Dwayne Dantès would use a milder manner to avoid the dream investigation.

He pulled over a chair and sat beside Albert. Although he appeared like he was reading the papers without much thought, he was constantly watching him to prevent any accidents from happening.

…

160 Böklund Street, inside the master bedroom.

Klein suddenly woke up in his dream, aware that "someone" had come.

The investigation of the Nighthawks? As he mumbled, he surveyed the area and found himself in the half-open room.

Following that, he heard knocks on the door.

"Come on in…" Klein tried hard to make his voice sound like a dreamy murmur.

The doorknob twisted as the door opened. A thinly-built blond man dressed in a black trench coat walked in. He was none other than the Red Glove, Albert.

"I'm a superintendent from the Backlund Police Department." Albert casually showed proof of his identity and sat opposite Klein.

"How may I help you, Officer?" Klein got into character.

He knew that due to the influence of a Nightmare, he needed to appear normal.

Albert conjured a stack of papers and began reading them softly, "Dwayne Dantès. Male. Hails from Desi County…”

He repeated all the intelligence that had been gathered and asked, "Is this set of information legitimate?"

"Partially, but some of them are fake," Klein replied "honestly."

The only partial truths are probably "male" and "single”…Meanwhile, he was making self-deprecating comments.

Albert was pleased that he had made progress so quickly as he asked with a deadpan expression, "Which of these are fake?"

Klein was already prepared for that as he pretended to recall.

"Most of my wealth doesn't come from mining, but from adventuring in the Southern Continent."

He fabricated a story from Anderson's description of West Balam about how a commoner earned his wealth by relying on his eloquence, intel, experience, and guts in an area that conflict often happened between Loen and Intis.

This story wasn't considered very detailed, and it was mainly an outline. The main goal was to make the Nighthawks believe that Dwayne Dantès wasn't a Beyonder, but just an ordinary person with a sense of adventure and risk. Such stories of people getting rich were common in Loen.

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CHAPTER 765
MONDAY AGAIN

After Klein was done, Albert asked a few targeted questions according to his recount, to ensure that the details matched up.

Without a doubt, he obtained a satisfactory answer.

"Thank you for your cooperation. Have a great dream." Albert smiled as he got up and bowed. Then, he used his Nightmare powers to influence Dwayne Dantès once again. It would make him have a vague recollection that he had such a dream when he woke up, but he wouldn't be able to recall the specifics.

After doing all of this, he turned to head for the door, turned the doorknob, and left the dream.

Indeed, the Nighthawks place too much trust in Nightmare powers. If I were to be the one leading this investigation, I would definitely design a series of questions that attack the matter from different angles ahead of time, and then do cross-referencing to find any loopholes… Heh, the best method is to enlist Miss Justice's help in creating a set of professional psychological questionnaires and get the target to finish it in the dream. If he were faking something, the psychological state and the image he wishes to project would definitely show contradictions from different evaluations. This is unless he's also a psychological expert and can spot the true goals of each set of questions… Klein leaned back into the sofa and cast his gaze out the window.

In the darkness, the street lamps' glow appeared dim and pale, illuminating the surroundings in a gloomy silence.

Klein silently observed for a few seconds before he curled his lips and gave a self-deprecating smile.

And in the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard first heaved a sigh of relief after he saw Albert wake up normally and heard his report. He felt even more fearful of the undying monster from the Fourth Epoch.

…

City of Silver. Lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating every street.

Derrick Berg walked out of his house with the Axe of Hurricane in his possession as he headed for the twin towers that was north of the city.

Along the way, he met several residents of the City of Silver. They were either busy, sending their children for general education lessons, or patrolling every corner in groups. It was to prevent anyone from turning into an evil spirit after dying from an accident at home and being without a relative to end their lives.

The existence of these people made the City of Silver appear lively, and from time to time, Derrick could hear the laughter and cheers from little children.

He couldn't help but recall the days in Afternoon Town. The number of humans he met every day had numbered about twenty, and most of the time, they needed to stay in a garrisoned building. Outside were monsters that lurked in houses under the cloak of darkness. They were eradicated again and again, but they would appear time and time again from unknown places. Every team member from the expedition felt a sense of helplessness towards this, as though there was no way of gaining true safety. They could never feel at ease with the need to go all out at any time. There was no chance for them to relax at all.

No ordinary creature would wish to maintain such states of high stress and vigilance for prolonged periods of time; therefore, in regards to that, the

City of Silver had already developed a rotation system.

It didn't take much time for the first expedition team to go from Afternoon Town back to the City of Silver, but there was the unavoidable quarantine and relaxation period. It was only today that Derrick had managed to adjust himself to a mental state which he believed he could withstand the negative effects from advancing.

He had previously reported to Chief Colin Iliad that he had obtained the potion formula to Notary, and he was allowed to use this discovery to exchange for the corresponding Beyonder ingredients—feathers of a Spirit Pact Bird.

As for the items he owed The Moon, he had obtained them from patrolling Afternoon Town's surroundings and had passed them to him with Mr. Fool's help.

*After advancing, I'll be qualified to select a mystical item for non-High-Sequence Beyonders… *Derrick felt a little expectant as he sped up his pace, and arrived at the twin towers.

Although the material warehouse and the mystical items were all in the spire where they were watched by the six-member council, Derrick's goal was the steeple, because that was where he could exchange his contribution points for items.

Just as he was about to enter the steeple, he felt his spiritual perception trigger. He subconsciously looked up at the spire, and he saw a woman in a black, purple-patterned robe standing behind a window, looking down at him.

She had silver-grayish hair, light gray eyes, and a beautiful face. She was none other than one Elders of the six-member council, Shepherd Lovia!

When their eyes met, Lovia's gaze seemed to penetrate his soul, but her expression remained the same. She even nodded slightly as though she was

greeting him.

She's not greeting me, but the person behind me… Suddenly, Derrick came to a realization.

This was from the experience he slowly accumulated under the guidance of the Tarot Club.

He nodded in response as he retracted his gaze without any signs of abnormality. He then unhurriedly entered the steeple.

…

At night, in a private harbor in Bayam, the Golden Dream, with its strange main cannon in the middle, docked by the side of the harbor.

Danitz carried the local specialties that the Resistance had given him as he waved at them with a beaming smile while he headed up the gangway to the deck.

He had been leading an extremely comfortable life in recent times. As an envoy who sent arms, food, and small amounts of Beyonder ingredients, he received quite good treatment. He either ate sumptuously or enjoyed himself by hunting and bragging. He was even invited to watch the ritual in which the Sea God blessed "His" believers.

After witnessing all of this, he suddenly came to a realization. Bayam, or perhaps all the colonies, would eventually embroil themselves in an intense conflict. It was something that wouldn't ease with decades or even a century.

Therefore, Danitz decided to sell most of his properties in Bayam, leaving behind only one piece of property. He then found a chance to buy properties in the Intis capital, Trier, and the Loen capital, Backlund, as well as extremely idyllic and peaceful villages.

I can also take the opportunity to return to Elema Town and visit the old man and mom. Yes, I can buy one less house and get them a vineyard… Danitz waved passionately at the Resistance once again.

He then puffed up his chest and said smugly to Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson, "Where's Captain? I need to report to her on the recent developments."

Jodeson tsked in contempt.

"She's obviously in the captain's cabin."

Meanwhile, he lampooned inwardly, *This fellow is becoming more and more arrogant after establishing ties with Gehrman Sparrow! However, that crazy adventurer is really terrifying. He actually managed to hunt Admiral of Blood!*

"Heh!" Danitz scoffed as he walked with a provocative gait and entered the cabin where he met Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards.

He instantly stopped his provocative look as he smiled.

"Captain, I've completed the mission."

"Details," Edwina put down the book in her hand as she asked.

Danitz was already prepared as he gave a detailed description of what had happened recently while exaggerating his importance. When he was done, he said, "Captain, I met Gehrman Sparrow, and he got me to ask you if there have been any abnormalities with Elvish Songster Siatas's corpse and that golden wine cup."

Edwina didn't answer him directly as she walked to a corner in the captain's cabin. Sitting there was a black wooden chest.

The Golden Dream was setting sail for Sonia Island, so Siatas's and Mobet's remains remained on the ship. They were stored by Edwina in a specially

prepared chest.

Bending one knee in genuflection, Edwina opened the wooden chest, allowing the interlocked remains to see the light of day.

The mostly squashed golden wine cup was held silently in a bony palm without any abnormal signs.

"There's nothing abnormal." Edwina gave the conclusion.

Danitz shot a glance and memorized the answer, preparing to report this to the mighty Fool once there wasn't anyone around, so that "He" could forward the message to the lunatic, Gehrman Sparrow.

…

Nothing abnormal? Above the gray fog, Klein frowned slightly, feeling a mixture of puzzlement and ease.

According to his theory, there was a high chance that there was a problem with the golden cup. To have nothing abnormal happen to it had exceeded his expectations; however, he also liked the answer. This was because he didn't wish for Siatas's and Mobet's eternal slumber to be disturbed.

*Perhaps it needs other additional catalysts? Heh heh, let's hope that never happens… *Klein muttered to himself before casting his gaze onto the junk pile where Groselle's Travels was.

As he temporarily didn't have any intention of entering the sea of collective subconscious, along with his recent focus being on the Antigonus family's notebook, he had delayed his plans of searching the book world a second time.

Phew… Klein exhaled, retracted his gaze and prepared for this week's Tarot Gathering.

Three in the afternoon, Backlund time.

Dark red beams of light shot up along the two sides of the long mottled table, materializing into different blurry figures.

As usual, Audrey was in a good mood, or perhaps in a better mood than usual. This was because her brother, Hibbert Hall, had sent a telegram, informing her that the purchase of the Backlund Bike Company's 10% shares was completed for a total of 12,000 pounds.

Furthermore, she didn't need to rush back to Backlund to sign any documents. Before Hibbert set off, she had signed a letter of authorization while under the witness of two lawyers. All she needed to do now was wait for everything to be over before signing a letter of confirmation for her brother.

Audrey curled up the corners of her lips as she stood up and said to the figure sitting at the end of the bronze table who was concealed by gray fog.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

*May Mr. Fool bless me. I hope there will be clues to the fruit of an Illusory Chime Tree today… *Immediately after that, she began praying in silence.

After exchanging greetings and taking their seats, Cattleya didn't let down Klein's expectations. Once again, she lowered her head without daring to look straight at him.

"Mr. Fool, there are three pages of Emperor Roselle's diary this time."

Has that Queen Mystic still not found the clues to why Emperor Roselle was assassinated… She's still providing diary pages through Ma'am Hermit… What a pity, I've recently been in the fief, and I haven't had much contact with the Psychology Alchemists. I can't even obtain new diary pages… Hmm, I'll head over to the Relic Search and Preservation Foundation after

a few days to take a look. Perhaps they might've found something… Audrey listened in curiosity.

The Fool Klein chuckled.

"Very good.

"You can consider your request."

In fact, I know that Queen Mystic has already given you the question… I wonder what she's doing in Backlund… Klein's mind started to wander.

Soon, Cattleya conjured the three diary pages and handed it to Mr. Fool.

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CHAPTER 766
THE DEITIES' ANCHOR

Knowing that the diary pages specially selected by Queen Mystic contained rather important information, The Fool Klein focused his attention and cast his eyes on the yellowish-brown goatskin in his hand.

"11th September. Ever since I became an angel, I've had the feeling that I've had my identity disassociated. In my heart, in my soul, and in the depths of my mind, there's ultimately a voice urging me, influencing me and creating an uncontrollable sense of coldness, bloodthirstiness, cruelty, and craziness.

"This doesn't stem from the external world or an influence from a god of the same pathway. I can clearly sense that it comes from one's genes, the collective subconsciousness of humanity from generation after generation. It stems from the Beyonder characteristic itself, and not from the remnants psychological influences.

"It makes me have a strong desire to hunt and kill. It makes me want to devour all the living beings around me with Beyonder characteristics. It requires me to spend a lot of effort to resist it. Even if I've already acted and digested the potion, it doesn't seem to improve.

"It's no wonder that Mr. Door said that rationality is temporary, but madness is eternal."

"28th September. I haven't written a diary entry in ages. In the past half a month, I seemed to see myself being replaced by a stranger. Bit by bit, I turn cold and terrifying. Even my daughter, Bernadette, can only allow me to show her minute amounts of fatherly love. Very, very tiny amounts.

"Just as I was about to go mad, I seemed to hear countless praises. They were from my subjects, people who had benefited from my reformations. They are the believers who view me as the Son of Steam. They praise me with great acclaim. They erected statues of me, write stories for me, and have created songs and poems for me.

"Their voices seem like a ship's anchor that helps me 'secure' myself in place.

"I began to have the ability to resist that desire and that roar within me. Bit by bit, I walked out of it as I once again possessed the normal feelings of a father, a husband, and a man.

"Just Sequence 2 alone causes such changes. At Sequence 0, at the level of a true god, how terrifying would it be to resist that madness?

"Perhaps 'They' also need an anchor so as to resist the Beyonder characteristics and the strong inclination to lose control, the urges buried deep in the collective subconscious.

"I probably understand why 'They' establish Churches and why they want to spread their faith, to write stories for their faction's saints and leave legends for their corresponding angels…

"But why do 'They' not have any anthropomorphic form other than symbols?

"I can't understand it.

"I'll try asking Mr. Door in the future. 'He' seems to know a lot in regards to the domain of deities. If 'He' had been released back then, there might very well be an additional deity today."

"29th September. After rereading yesterday's diary entry, I recalled the corresponding rituals of my Sequence 4, Sequence 3, and Sequence 2. They

clearly had hints of madness and cruelty, akin to the kinds held by antagonists in novels.

"A Sequence pathway might very well be a path destined to be crazy and filled with despair.

"And this is the only path for humans to obtain extraordinary strength.

"How laughable and ironic it is.

"We strive to save ourselves, only to better destroy ourselves?"

The first page's content left Klein's heart heavy and repressed. The Roselle who had written those words was no longer an ordinary person, but someone who had become an angel, someone who had joined the Twilight Hermit Order, and someone who had seen the Blasphemy Slate. His understanding of the mysterious world and Beyonder characteristics far exceeded him, but he was even more pessimistic than him. He seemed to believe that the world's origins were innately warped, crazy, and destined for destruction.

However, the seven deities have apparently found a way to maintain "Their" rationality. Ordinary humans aren't without any use. Their cognition and their spirituality put together can help a deity "anchor" "Their" original image, retaining their memories and reason that they had accumulated for years… This can be inferred from Roselle's own experiences… However, why would the seven deities abandon "Their" anthropomorphic images and use Sacred Emblems as a form of abstraction? This doesn't match my theories… I can't understand why… Klein didn't waste any time as he flipped to the next diary page.

"5th December. Night of the Blood Moon. I conversed with Mr. Door.

"Like every time prior to this, 'He' would always make a request to get me to help 'Him' return to the real world, but 'He' doesn't overly insist on it. Furthermore, 'He' would randomly answer some of my questions.

"Heh heh, it's like 'He' is playing a game, trying hard to raise my affection towards 'Him.' But unfortunately, I'm sorry, I've already sealed off that option ahead of time.

"As I already knew of the legends of the Kings of Angels, I mainly asked Mr. Door about the level of strength that the Kings of Angels have, knowing the fact that I had nothing to lose by asking 'Him' that question.

"Mr. Door said that some of the Kings of Angels accommodated the Uniqueness, while others had consumed two sets of Sequence 1 potions; it could also be both.

"The word 'accommodate' is used in an odd manner. I had asked 'Him' about it, but Mr. Door didn't directly answer me. All 'He' said was that if one was unable to 'accommodate' the Uniqueness, then the Uniqueness was a burden instead of an aid to a Sequence 1 angel before they held the ritual to advance to Sequence 0.

"Hmm, it's understandable. It's akin to using a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. The negative effects are often terrifying, and the Uniqueness must definitely be even more exaggerated.

"I also asked which Kings of Angels had 'accommodated' their Uniquenesses, and similarly, Mr. Door didn't give a direct answer. 'He' only said that Amon and Adam make all the angels feel a sense of envy, because 'They' were born with a Uniqueness and didn't need to consider the problem of 'accommodation.' From another point of view, does it mean that Amon and Adam's state is equivalent to having consumed a Sequence 1 potion and the Uniqueness? As expected of the Creator's sons!

"That Creator who's also known as the ancient sun god was actually so powerful that 'He' could pass on a Uniqueness to each of 'His' two sons, as well as Sequence 1 Beyonders characteristics… Was 'He' trying to purify 'Himself' to eliminate any unneeded interference?

"Then, does Mr. Door also 'accommodate' a Uniqueness, and also possibly have even consumed two Sequence 1 potions? I didn't ask, because I knew 'He' definitely wouldn't answer me.

"During the conversation, Mr. Door warned me not to directly say out Adam's full name; otherwise, it would be detected and the conversation would be discovered.

"I had an inkling why as I laughingly asked 'Him' that didn't 'He' just say Adam's full name?

"Mr. Door said it didn't matter. This is because the Apprentice pathway's Sequence 4 is called Secrets Sorcerer. It has the meaning of maintaining secrecy, and although it's inferior to the Servant of Concealment, it's enough for 'Him' to block any detection at 'His' level.

"I asked another few questions regarding the deities, but Mr. Door didn't answer. All 'He' said was that when I had the ability and opportunity, I could head above the moon to take a look. I would then understand many things.

"This is somewhat in line with some of my previous thoughts, but I'm suspecting if 'He' is luring me there to get a chance to return to the real world. After all, 'His' appearance each time is related to the moon!"

As long as Mr. Door appears, there will be plenty of information, usually covering an entire page… Hmm, his explanation of the level of strength that Kings of Angels have does match my theories…

The generalized meaning of King of Angels implicitly refers to a quasi-deity who exceeds Sequence 1 by using a variety of means, but 'They' have yet to reach the level of a Sequence 0. This includes accommodating the Uniqueness or consuming additional Sequence 1 potions. The simplified meaning of King of Angels will point out to the Creator who the City of Silver worships—the eight kings of all the angels that are ruled by the ancient sun god. Of course, 'They' must also fulfill the general definition… Thoughts rapidly flashed through Klein's mind.

As for Roselle's theory about the ancient sun god, he was in strong agreement. He believed that the Creator who the City of Silver worshiped had reclaimed too many authorities of the ancient gods, causing "Him" to show signs of chaos and insanity. Hence, "He" decisively gave birth to two sons to eliminate a portion of the "waste."

To put it simply, Amon and Adam are freebies that come with drinking potions… From the looks of it, Angel of Imagination, Adam, clearly possesses the Uniqueness of the Spectator pathway. "He" is likely the mysterious leader of the Twilight Hermit Order. Since ancient times, "He" has been interfering with the direction of the times in order to revive "His" father… I wonder if "He" has advanced to Sequence 0… Even if "He" hasn't, the number of angels the Twilight Hermit Order can mobilize probably exceeds my imagination… Oh, Secrets Sorcerer actually has the meaning of keeping secrets, as well as the implications of concealment… Klein instantly recalled the symbol on the back of The Fool's chair.

It was the Pupil-less Eye, a symbol representing secrecy, and the Contorted Lines that represented change!

He quickly reined in his thoughts and flipped to the third diary page.

"28th November. I dreamed of Grimm again.

"He was the smartest among my subordinates, but unfortunately, he died in the Fog Sea due to some unknown infection while exploring that nameless island. He didn't even leave a child behind.

"Back then, I knew that the nameless island hid secrets with unimaginable danger, but due to my lacking strength, all I could do was hold back.

"The dream this time is likely a result of my spirituality reminding me that I can explore that island, grasp its secrets, and completely resolve Grimm's matter.

"29th November. I summoned three subordinates, and with Benjamin Abraham's help and some searching, I finally found that nameless island again.

"I didn't directly enter, and I decided to rest for a day along its periphery.

"Edwards said that he also often dreams of Grimm, feeling a deep sense of guilt for not having managed to save him back then.

"'This is not your responsibility, but my problem.' That was what I said to Edwards because I'm their leader."

"30th November. We ventured deep into the island.

"Existing here were Beyonder creatures that large sources of data claim that they have gone extinct. They gathered there without any conflict, as though they were consecrating something…

"This bunch of Beyonder creatures without any intelligence appeared to be holding some ritual!

"They were praying to an unknown deity?

"In the ritual, I saw Grimm…"

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CHAPTER 767
PASSING A MESSAGE

Grimm, who got infected on the nameless island and was undeniably deceased, appeared once again on the nameless island? Emperor, when did you start writing horror stories? Also, where's the rest? Klein's gaze froze onto the last line of the third diary page, and he discovered that there wasn't any new information.

Apart from that, he was similarly alarmed by Emperor Roselle's description of the Beyonder creatures strange gathering and their worship of an unknown entity. One had to understand that not all Beyonder creatures had intelligence and could be communicated with. Many of them were monsters who had lost control or had madness as an innate property.

And these monsters that had lost control were gathered together, worshiping some unknown existence!

Unfortunately, the emperor didn't leave behind the coordinates of the nameless island… However, even if he had recorded it, I wouldn't dare to head over, for fear of any infection. If I were to die only to be revived on the island, that would be troublesome… I'll need to be at least a Sequence 4 or even a Sequence 3 before I'll have what it takes to explore it… As Klein thought, he made the diary in his hand vanish. He then turned to look at Cattleya and asked with a smile, "What's your request?"

Cattleya asked without even thinking, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I wish to know if Emperor Roselle once participated in a very secretive and very ancient organization."

Very secretive and very ancient… Twilight Hermit Order? Emperor Roselle used to be a member of it? Audrey suddenly recalled Mr. Fool's previous mention of that organization.

Alger recalled the corresponding matter and remembered that in Miss Justice's description of the Desire Apostle case in Backlund, there was a mysterious organization mentioned. Back then, Mr. Fool had told the members not to say the organization's name in the outside world, because "any mention of it will be known!"

Such an organization does match Emperor Roselle's status… Alger nodded inwardly.

As for Klein, he thought of something else.

Queen Mystic's choice of diary pages are vague. She isn't able to accurately and precisely ask questions based on the content. It also means that she roughly knows that diary pages from certain periods are very important with key information within them, or she is able to discern Roselle's emotions from when it was written.

As for Ma'am Hermit's question, it didn't pose any problems for Klein. He smiled and said, "Yes."

At the same time, he silently warned himself, *In the future, I need to be careful that Queen Mystic's questions might be completely unrelated to the diary pages she hands over… Thankfully, I've read quite a number of Roselle's diary, and I have quite a good understanding of the emperor…*

After saying that, he added and said with a smile, "It's your turn."

He didn't directly mention the Twilight Hermit Order, wishing that he could answer another question based on this topic in the future.

Cattleya bowed and expressed her gratitude before looking at The Magician.

"I wish to obtain clues regarding the direct descendants of the Abraham family. 1000 pounds."

She had no psychological burden when it came to offering a price, as Queen Mystic could definitely provide compensation for her.

Why did you directly look at me? She already knows that my teacher is a member of the Abraham family? Fors was first alarmed before realizing that it was nothing surprising. This was because this matter wasn't a secret to the other members of the Tarot Club apart from Ma'am Hermit. It was very normal for them to mention it after completing a transaction with her.

Although 1,000 pounds was very attractive, Fors didn't plan on selling information on her teacher. In all her life, there were only a handful of people who had been truly sincere to her; therefore, she cherished such relationships.

After some deliberation, Fors asked, "Why are you looking for them?

"If you can provide a reason, I can pass the message. As for any further developments, it will depend on them. I have no say on those matters."

Indeed, she might appear ordinary, but she actually conceals many secrets. She's a lady who's cautious and meticulous… Cattleya sighed inwardly as she said with a nod, "That's very reasonable.

"I'm searching for the direct descendants of the Abraham family in the hopes of obtaining information on Mr. Door. Pass this message to them and see if there's a chance for cooperating.

"Well, just for passing on the message, I'll pay you 350 pounds. If they're willing to take up the matter, I'll pay another 650 pounds."

Fors held back for a full second before answering, "Deal."

After saying that, she came to realize the hidden meaning behind Ma'am Hermit's words.

Mr. Door is related to the Abraham family? That's right. My bracelet came from Ma'am Aulisa, and it came from the Abraham family… Yes, Teacher still doesn't know that I'm aware he's part of the Abraham family… I can only casually mention it in my letters that someone was searching for the direct descendants of the Abraham family at a particular gathering, and that it has something to do with Mr. Door… I wonder what kind of reaction Teacher will have…

At this point, Miss Justice was happy for her friend, sensing that her friend had escaped the predicament of being broke.

Fors is already Sequence 7. She has almost caught up to me. I have to become a Hypnotist as soon as possible… As she had such thoughts, she glanced at the Tarot Club members, wishing that they had clues to the fruit of an Illusory Chime Tree.

Miss Justice's gaze really makes it hard to say no… Fors lowered her head in embarrassment. This was because she had yet to obtain any clues regarding the fruit of an Illusory Chime Tree in her circles.

Sitting across from Audrey, Alger thought for two seconds and said, "I have clues, but it will take two weeks before I can obtain it."

He did have clues. A long time ago, he had discovered an Illusory Chime Tree when he entered the primitive island with Qilangos. But due to his lacking strength, he didn't attempt to approach it. And now, he had the chance of advancing to Sequence 5. He naturally didn't want to give up any opportunities for making money. After all, he still owed Admiral of Stars for the information of the Obninsks.

As for why he was mentioning it now, in a sense, it was to declare his rights. When the time came, he and The World would explore together. It

was best to decide the splitting of the spoils ahead of time to prevent any conflict.

Of course, when dealing with the Illusory Chime Tree, it was likely that Gehrman Sparrow would idly stand at the side without rendering any assistance.

"No problem!" Audrey was delighted, and she didn't even ask for a price.

She was already beginning to consider finding an excuse or a reason to directly buy it from the Psychology Alchemists after returning to Backlund in June.

With the two transactions coming to an end, due to none of the other members having any requests for the time being, Cattleya repeated her search for the blood of a Mythical Creature and Emlyn once again mentioned that he was searching for the remaining four believers of the Primordial Moon. Then, the Tarot Gathering entered the free exchange segment.

Derrick very naturally said, "I've already become a Notary."

You don't have to tell us that… The Hanged Man had the urge to facepalm, but he replied with a calm voice, "Although a Notary will receive a massive boost in one's physical attributes, it's still more of a support role. If the notarization of a power is valid, you'll have them temporarily enhanced. If the notarization is invalid, the Beyonder powers will be forcefully dispersed. At the same time, a Notary is good at creating contracts. Once a signature is provided as confirmation, even a Sequence 5 cannot violate it. Even if a Sequence 4 demigod tries to forcefully violate the contract, they will have to pay quite a price…"

As a member of the Church of Storms, it was one of the basics for him to know the strengths and weaknesses of the Sun pathway; therefore, Alger carefully explained the exact situation for Little Sun. He also reminded him

to select a mystical item that was good at controlling a target. If there wasn't any, it was best to select something with powerful offensive strength.

"Thank you, Mr. Hanged Man," Derrick thanked him from the bottom of his heart.

Deep down, in the entire Tarot Club, he felt that the greatest and most respectable person was Mr. Fool, and the most impressive person to strive for as a role model was Mr. World. And the most reliable and kind person was none other than wise Mr. Hanged Man.

Towards this, Emlyn thought, *This fellow has actually caught up to me. No, I can't be surpassed by him. I need to complete the hunting competition as soon as possible to get the rewards!*

He contemplated for a few seconds, and after receiving Mr. Fool's permission, he conjured the thin Moon Puppet that resembled a wooden pole.

"Ladies and gentlemen, does anyone of you know what this is?"

He knew that Mr. Fool was definitely aware of the answer, but he temporarily didn't have anything he could use for an equal exchange with this mighty existence. Therefore, he could only rely on the other members of the Tarot Club for any answers.

Isn't this the puppet I saw at that gathering? Mr. Moon already found his target… Fors similarly waited for others to give an answer out of curiosity.

Cattleya carefully observed it before frowning.

"It's likely a Moon Envoy.

"It's a Beyonder item that Primordial Moon believers create by using a bloody ritual that spans centuries. It's said to be imbued with divine powers. Each one of them possesses an unimaginable horror.

"Where did you obtain it from? It's very dangerous. It's best that you hand it over to the upper echelons of the Sanguine."

Emlyn changed his sitting posture and chuckled.

"I encountered it when hunting the Primordial Moon believer.

"She's already dead, while I'm still alive."

Mr. Moon's flaunting of himself is really obvious… The senior Spectator, Audrey, chuckled inwardly.

Cattleya was taken aback. Without deliberately hiding anything, she asked, "How did you do it?

"Did the upper echelons of the Sanguine provide you with assistance?"

Emlyn gaped, somewhat at a loss for words.

Only then did he realize that this topic wasn't suitable for a deeper discussion.

"Ahem." He cleared his throat and looked towards the end of the long bronze table. "I sought help from Mr. Fool."

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CHAPTER 768 "CONVERSATION" BETWEEN SMART PEOPLE

Sought help from Mr. Fool? You can do that? Cattleya was stunned by what she heard.

Having been punished and discovering that "His" Blessed, Gehrman Sparrow, was becoming more and more impressive, she no longer had any doubts regarding Mr. Fool's status or abilities. She even knew that when Mr. Fool pulled her in through the use of an ancient item, allowing her to escape the pursuit of knowledge, she had come to realize that "He" was an existence at least at the level of the Hidden Sage or Primordial Moon. However, for certain reasons, "He" wasn't able to interfere with the real world, making her suspect "Him" to be an ancient god that was undergoing an awakening process.

The Moon's words left her surprised that Mr. Fool was able to provide substantial help to the Tarot Club members, and wasn't just someone who could only provide knowledge or pull them above the gray fog.

On the one hand, this means that in times of danger, I can also pray directly to Mr. Fool for help… This is more ridiculous than any ritual… On the other hand, it reveals the fact that Mr. Fool's recovery process is faster than I had imagined… Many thoughts instantly flashed through Cattleya's mind.

Audrey, Derrick, and company weren't that surprised. They had more or less sought Mr. Fool's help in the past, and they had even witnessed the angel under this great existence.

Seeing everyone's gaze fall on him, Emlyn shrank his neck as he lifted his chin.

"I paid a price.

"It was a fair and equal exchange!"

Fair and equal exchange… A mighty existence's immediate and effective response is priceless! Cattleya couldn't help but retort inwardly.

She didn't directly say it, because she too wished to use the opportunity of such a "fair and equal exchange" in the future. It would imply that she would have an additional life compared to others!

Fors was quite puzzled by Mr. Moon's deliberate emphasis on the principle of fair and equal exchange. Everyone who had sought Mr. Fool's help had made a corresponding payment!

Mr. Moon sure is a man who cares about his reputation, no—a Sanguine… Audrey seriously evaluated Emlyn's emotional changes that happened over a span of seconds.

As the exchange continued, the Tarot Gathering slowly came to an end.

After returning to the City of Silver, Derrick first recalled a Notary's strengths and weaknesses mentioned by Mr. Hanged Man. Then, he once again headed for the twin towers that was north of the city to select a mystical item.

He didn't do this before, because his condition wasn't stable after advancing. He was worried that making contact with a mystical item would lead to him losing control.

Inside the spire, Derrick Berg listed his requirements after finishing the paperwork. He saw a filtered list of items and obtained the corresponding documents that contained the information.

After having a careful read and observation period, he quickly narrowed down the choices to two:

The first was Cardi's Ring. It was ancient and simple in appearance, and it was completely iron-black in color. It was engraved with dark and complicated patterns. It was left behind by a resident of the City of Silver a long time ago. It could aid the wearer in awing a target, causing them to stop. It could also make ordinary humans temporarily lose their reason, or it could awaken the hidden emotions and memories of a crazy monster, allowing them to enter a brief period of confusion in which they wouldn't deliver any attacks.

The other item was Thunder God's Roar. It was obtained from a city that was in ruins. It was rather heavy and resembled a sledgehammer. It was dark blue in color while silver lightning swirled around it. Holding its handle felt like holding the leg bone of a creature. It could produce sounds that left the enemy in fear and chaos while in combat, as though a Thunder God had descended upon the ground as "He" kept roaring. Every strike brought with it a potent destructiveness with no lack of terrifying lightning.

The negative effect of Cardi's Ring was that the wearer would unknowingly produce another "self." Therefore, one needed to periodically receive treatment from a Psyche Analyst. If there were any missed treatments, then it could result in the aggravation of the problem, making it harder to treat. And eventually, the two selves would enter a fight, ultimately leading to losing control.

In contrast, Thunder God's Roar didn't have that many latent risks. It would only make the user be a little irascible bit by bit. As long as one periodically vented their emotions, there wouldn't be a problem. However, it also had another side effect. In a completely dark environment, the chances of being attacked by terrifying monsters from the depths of darkness was one hundred percent!

The chances of being attacked is one hundred percent… Upon seeing this number, Derrick turned gloomy. This meant that many City of Silver

residents had vanished because of this reason.

They were the former owners of Thunder God's Roar!

Which should I choose? Generating another "self" is terrifying. Miss Justice has mentioned before that it's called dissociative identity disorder… Thunder God's Roar not only has a power that affects the enemy's state, but it also has a rather powerful offensive capability… My Axe of Hurricane has been used too many times, so it will likely be damaged ahead of time… I can produce light by myself, so I don't have to be worried about absolute darkness… Derrick thought for a moment and pointed at the dark blue sledgehammer.

"I want Thunder God's Roar."

…

160 Böklund Street. Klein walked out of his master bedroom and saw Butler Walter waiting for him with a few invitation letters in hand.

"Sir, there are a total of three invitations this week. There's an afternoon tea session on Wednesday, a literary salon on Friday, and a banquet on Saturday. They were sent from…"

Klein listened with a warm expression before saying with a smile, "Tell these friendly inviters that I'll be participating."

"Alright, sir." Walter bowed and left the third story.

Seeing the figure disappear from the stairwell, Klein couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

After another week of such invitations, it will be my turn to invite my neighbors for a banquet or a ball…

By repeating this act of inviting others and being invited, I'll really enter their circles and would be recommended by them to important figures at even higher levels. I'll be able to enter different clubs…

Heh heh, such recommendations are definitely established on a foundation of having sufficient wealth. A person without any value wouldn't be recommended…

Socializing for high society is truly troublesome. It'll take at least another month before I'll get to make contact with people who were slightly involved in the Great Smog of Backlund… The Church is easier. As long as there's enough donations and enough piousness, I'll be able to freely enter and exit to listen to the bishop's preachings. Of course, that's on the premise I pass the investigation…

If everything goes well, I'll be able to figure out the rotation schedule of the Keepers and find a chance to go behind Chanis Gate…

Klein reined in his thoughts as he instructed his valet, Richardson, to bring him his coat, hat, and cane.

According to his schedule, he was to head to the Royal Grand Theater to see the most popular play, "The Betrayer's Ring," in recent times.

This isn't solely for entertainment. It's to understand the popular plays, famous music, and trending novels. Only then could he have a common topic of conversation at the various high society gatherings.

Being a popular gentleman must be tiring. Behind a one-minute performance lies ten years of hard work… Social gatherings such as these are really exhausting… As Klein lampooned, he allowed Richardson to help him wear a coat before he sat in his high-end four-wheeled carriage. He headed for the Royal Grand Theater in West Borough, where he had a luxurious box to himself, and watched "The Betrayer's Ring."

It's different from television and movies. A play's acting is more exaggerated and impactful. Yes, this is determined by the acting environment…

The story isn't bad. But why does it seem familiar? Don't tell me that it's a story adapted from Emperor Roselle's works…

These are likely famous play actors. The papers have mentioned them before. It's said that they're very popular, just like celebrities on Earth during the age of the Internet…

As long as I participate in the gatherings of high society, I'll definitely have the opportunity of meeting them… As Klein watched the play, he habitually lampooned inwardly.

…

Cherwood Borough, at the ticket booth of a large theater.

Melissa, who finally had her turn, pushed the notes and coins through the booth window and said, "The Betrayer's Ring. Two tickets. 3 p.m. on Sunday."

…

After watching "The Betrayer's Ring," Klein sat in his carriage as he sipped a cup of black tea and received the evening papers that Richardson had purchased.

He first flipped through the play's critic column, and he found the comments from some professional critics. He compared their reviews to his own, and he gradually formulated a unique and profound experience.

Yes, at the very least, it's enough to fool those ladies and gentlemen… After Klein finished his "homework," he leisurely read the papers and was surprised to find a piece of news.

"The Backlund Bike Company's 10% shares have been sold. Further inquiries won't be entertained!"

It's done? By publishing this piece of news, it means Mr. Isengard has already received the money… Klein was first delighted before he frowned slightly.

His gaze landed on the exclamation mark at the end!

The information was indeed what he and Isengard Stanton had agreed upon ahead of time, but he found that exclamation mark was rather harsh on the eyes.

Such a statement doesn't need an exclamation mark… Mr. Isengard is a person who pays attention to details. He wouldn't give the papers free rein… He deliberately left the exclamation to pass a message?

He's giving a warning? While pondering, Klein suddenly realized something.

The 10% shares which Isengard Stanton sold are obviously from Sherlock Moriarty. With the former's character, he wouldn't sell it for no reason. In a certain sense, this means that Sherlock Moriarty or his proxy has returned to Backlund!

Therefore, one of the factions of the royal family that was involved with the Great Smog of Backlund had acutely noticed this situation and has begun monitoring Detective Isengard Stanton, hoping to capture the person who heads over to claim the cash!

How should I get the money… Klein seemed to naturally read the papers as he began seriously considering the pertinent question.

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CHAPTER 769
SACRIFICING TO ONESELF

Ten at night. Backlund was drizzling again as a thin fog produced a blurry sense of beauty amidst the street lamps.

Isengard Stanton's assistant, Bowen, surveyed the bottom level once before walking to the side of the oriel window and was prepared to shut the final window.

At that moment, a shadow scuttled in and landed firmly on the protruding wall.

It was a blue, short-furred stray cat!

Bowen saw the large pair of yellow eyes looking at him as he couldn't help but chuckle.

"There's no food here."

As a detective's work made him prone to revenge, and him having many secrets to hide, Isengard Stanton's cook and servants were paid by the hour. There were a fixed number of hours a day, and they wouldn't prepare too much food. This made it difficult for there to be any leftovers after dinner.

The blue cat opened its mouth but didn't produce any meowing sounds. It began speaking like a human, "I'm Sherlock Moriarty. I'm here to meet Mr. Isengard Stanton."

"…" Although Bowen was a Beyonder who was nurtured by the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, he was a Low-Sequence Beyonder and

his horizons were stilted. This was the first time he was encountering a speaking cat, so he was momentarily shocked and dazed.

After a few seconds, he came to his senses and recalled what the cat had just said.

It said… It said it's Sherlock Moriarty?

This great detective really isn't simple!

He actually changed into a cat, no—controlled a cat!

Such powers are really strange and terrifying!

Bowen rapidly calmed down and didn't directly answer the cat. He reached out to close the windows.

After doing all of this, he said with a suppressed voice, "Follow me"

The cat immediately leaped from the platform behind the oriel window as it agilely followed behind Bowen with its tail up. It followed him all the way to the second story and watched him knock on Isengard Stanton's bedroom door.

"Is there something?" Isengard, who was dressed in pajamas with faint lines, opened the door and asked.

He was just enjoying his tobacco before sleeping.

Bowen cautiously pointed to the crouched blue cat beside him.

"Mr. Sherlock Moriarty is looking for you."

Isengard, with his white sideburns and thin face raised his brows slightly and looked down. He took two steps back and allowed the blue cat to saunter into his bedroom.

"Return to your room and get some sleep. Wake up as per normal tomorrow. We still have a case awaiting us," Isengard instructed Bowen as though nothing had happened.

After his assistant left him, he closed the door and turned to look at the blue cat who was sitting beside the reclining chair. He chuckled.

"I never expected you to have such Beyonder powers. I was worried you would directly come over."

"I noticed your exclamation mark," the cat said with a smile.

It had to be said that having such an expression show on a cat's face was rather odd. It left anyone who witnessed it feel a chill run down their back.

Isengard didn't react abnormally towards that as he sucked at his pipe, sat on a reclining chair, and slowly exhaled in comfort. He said with a smile, "I trust your intelligence."

"Thank you for your compliments." The cat politely reached out its paws and bowed.

Isengard observed it and rubbed its pipe while smiling.

"You should've understood what is happening.

"Those people don't dare to monitor me too strictly, afraid that I would discover them and end up telling the Church of Evernight and the Church of Steam. Heh heh, so even though it will be quite troublesome for them if they get exposed, I believe that they have a demigod among them. This is a deduction and is also based on certain feedback. After all, I've lived on this street for years.

"Therefore, humans and animals wouldn't be stopped from entering my house. I believe you've already figured that out. But when leaving, you'll definitely be tailed and tracked. Do you have the means to evade their

tracking? Hmm… the sum of money isn't a small one. Bringing it out would be quite conspicuous.

"Let me think. Were you planning on conferring with me in order to get me to deposit the money into a particular bank account, and then you'll find many people to withdraw them in different parts of Backlund?"

Upon saying that, Isengard said with a self-deprecating smile, "This is the best solution I can think of, but carrying it out would be extremely troublesome."

The cat didn't give a direct response as it gave a deep chuckle.

"I only need you to lend me an empty room and three candles."

"No problem." Isengard didn't press the issue as he said, "The shares were sold for 12,000 pounds. The buyer is the daughter of Earl Hall, Audrey. Well, the hiring of lawyers and accountants, as well as the publishing of the advertisements cost a total of 600 pounds. In addition, there was a 0.5% stamp duty and 20% D-type taxes. So at the end of the day, there's only 8,940 pounds left."

D-type taxes were a tax on commercial, financial, and specialized income.

There's tax… More than 2,000 pounds are gone just like that… The cat's expression instantly froze.

Klein was formerly a Nighthawk, and his salary was tax-free. Later, as a private detective, his income was difficult to be monitored, so he never declared his income for tax purposes. Later, he became an adventurer, and since the bounties targeted at pirates enjoyed concessions, there was no need for him to pay taxes on them. Hence, he never realized that tax was something he needed to pay. Therefore, back when Isengard Stanton had mentioned taxes, he hadn't taken it to heart, believing that it wouldn't be much. However, reality had given him a heavy beating.

As for why there weren't any taxes for the share transaction the previous time, taxes were waived by the Loen government for initial investments related to inventions, as a way to foster inventions.

After a brief silence, the cat's whiskers moved as it said, "Alright, give me the cash. Eh, move it to the empty room.

"There's no problems with the money, right?"

"I've already checked them. They wouldn't do any cheap tricks on that, as it would be an insult to my intelligence." Isengard stood up with his pipe. "Remember to send me a signed letter of confirmation by mail later.

"It's already on its way," the cat replied, prepared.

Isengard walked to the safe inside the master bedroom, using a passcode and key to open it. Then, he took out stacks of cash, and he stuffed them into different briefcases.

Following that, he left the master bedroom with these briefcases and entered a guest room diagonally opposite the master bedroom.

"Check it," Isengard placed the briefcases filled with cash on the ground as he said to the cat that followed him in.

"I trust you," the cat said after taking a few glances.

Isengard nodded and pointed to the cabinet.

"There are candles inside."

With that said, he left the door, held the doorknob, and said with a smile, "I'm really curious how you would leave… I believe it will be a very exciting magic show."

Isengard Stanton closed the door with a click, leaving the guest room silent and bleak.

At the cat's side, a figure dressed in a dark red coat and an old triangular hat appeared. It was none other than Klein's marionette, Wraith Senor.

He found the candles and quickly set up a simple altar. Skipping over many of the first few steps, he directly muttered in Elvish, "Blessed of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua.

"Your devoted servant prays for your attention;

"I pray for you to take his offerings.

"I pray for you to open the gates to your Kingdom.

The wind inside the wall of spirituality suddenly grew in intensity as Senor quickly sliced the back of his hand and threw out a few drops of blood.

As a Sequence 5 Wraith, everything on him was material that was rich in spirituality!

The strong winds sucked up the blood, howling as it drilled into the candle flame that symbolized Sea God Kalvetua. The flame burgeoned, forming an illusory door filled with magic labels and symbols.

After about ten seconds, the door let out a heavy creak as it slowly opened.

One by one, Senor lifted up the briefcases filled with money and threw them into the illusory door.

When there was almost none left, the gold coin he stored in his body flew out and landed on the altar.

The Wraith's figure then disappeared, projecting onto the smooth side of the gold coin.

The gold coin trembled as it flew up, hitched a ride on the briefcase ahead of it, and entered the illusory door of sacrifice.

Silently, the mysterious door closed as the three candlelight were restored to normal.

At this moment, the blue, short-furred cat seemed to recover its senses. It looked around blankly as it meowed.

After a while, Isengard opened the door and entered, finding all the briefcases with the cash gone. There were only three candles burning silently as the blue short-furred cat was warily arching its back at him.

While he scrutinized this scene, a rental carriage slowly drove past on the fork on the other end of the street.

…

On the same night, in a building inside Cherwood Borough.

Xio returned home under the drizzle. As she wiped her hair with a towel, she said to Fors, "Your letter has been mailed."

Fors tersely answered as she began to guess when her teacher would respond.

At this moment, Xio put down the towel and quipped, "There's news about Mr. X's gathering. It'll still be at the same place on Friday night."

Great. I can tell Mr. World! I wonder how much I'll need to pay… Fors's eyes lit up when she heard that.

Before she could ask about the details, Xio added, "Mr. X also gave a mission that's said to have handsome rewards. Eh, it's to inform him of people around them who have abnormal luck."

"People with abnormal luck?" Fors muttered in puzzlement. "Is this man's brain working? Who would divulge things around them at such a gathering? This will make it easy for others to discover their true identities."

"Who knows? Perhaps he really is a lunatic." Xio didn't know anyone with abnormal luck, so she answered without much thought.

Fors carefully thought for a moment, but she failed to figure out the true intentions behind this mission. All she could do was throw it to the back of her mind. She planned on praying to Mr. Fool once Xio went to take a bath, passing the relevant information to The World Gehrman Sparrow.

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CHAPTER 770
A CHILD SHOULD ACT LIKE A CHILD

Mr. X is looking for people with abnormal luck? Above the gray fog, Klein ruminated over the information Miss Magician had provided, in an attempt to analyze anything of use.

After thinking to no avail, he decided to approach it from another angle. He first recalled the people who had abnormal luck around him to see if there were any connections.

Hmm… The Fog Sea's Strongest Hunter Anderson Hood counts as one… Dr. Aaron Ceres is another… Hmm, both of them were affected by one of the Snakes of Fate… Angel of Fate Ouroboros was one of the creators of Rose Redemption. This secret organization supports and believes the True Creator… The Aurora Order is equivalent to the True Creator's Church… A series of circumstances surfaced in Klein's mind as he quickly came to a conclusion.

This is Angel of Fate Ouroboros's attempt to search for Snake of Fate Will Auceptin!

"He" is driving the members of the Aurora Order to help "Him" find Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin!

And this implies that behind Mr. X, there's a King of Angels existing somewhere in Backlund!

Under such circumstances, assassinating Mr. X will be equivalent to having a death wish… It's no wonder Mr. X doesn't care about the uniqueness of Backlund… The official factions would at most imagine that he has a saint backing him. Hmm, in the official dossiers, the Aurora Order only has five saints. This way, they will respond in the wrong manner… After Klein made the judgment, the first thought he had was to decline Miss Magician's request, and also to warn her not to provoke Mr. X.

If it wasn't because sounding the alarm might affect Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin, while the Church of the Evernight Goddess clearly had records of Dr. Aaron Ceres's bout of bad luck, Klein would've gotten Miss Magician to report both the Angel of Fate Ouroboros and Mr. X to a particular Church!

He calmly thought for another few seconds and conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow, making him pray in the gray fog.

“…I'll confirm the situation and give you a reply tomorrow."

He didn't directly reject her commission, as he planned on first asking Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin!

He then immediately returned to the real world, and he carefully took out the extremely fragile paper crane from his wallet before gently unfolding it.

Klein wasn't in a rush to write anything. Instead, he first recalled the various questions he needed to consult Will on. After thinking up a draft, he got out a pencil and sharpened it with a blade.

After stretching his muscles, Klein wrote:

"The members of the Aurora Order are searching for people with abnormal luck.

"I wonder if you know how to use the Worm of Time to create charms.

"Does your placenta blood count as a Mythical Creature's blood? If it does, I hope to obtain one drop. What price would I have to offer?"

Klein had originally planned on asking Will Auceptin how he was able to maintain "His" rationality. After all, the Church's information indicated that there had been no public faith in the Snake of Fate. However, he ultimately curbed himself from doing that, afraid that Will Auceptin in "His" infant state replied, "How did you conceive the notion that I'm rational?"

That way, he had no idea if Will was joking or speaking the truth.

Hmm, although there's no organization that believes in the Snake of Fate, there are certain areas that believe in the God of Luck; it's considered a traditional custom… Perhaps "They" are an alternative identity of Will Auceptin or Ouroboros… Klein mumbled silently and used the best of his Clown abilities before managing to refold the paper crane. He then placed it underneath his pillow.

After doing all of that, he had the time to calculate how much cash he had.

17,046 pounds, 5 gold coins, 3 soli, and 8 pence in change… If I had assets like a house, manor, and company shares, having so many liquid assets would make me quite a tycoon in Backlund… Of course, I'm still very far from being a top tycoon. To reach them, one's overall assets need to be a million pounds… As Klein was glad that he had quite a bit of money, he recalled his debt, as well as the large investments that he needed to make in order to develop his persona's image.

He then drank a mouthful of water, got into bed, and covered himself with a light but warm blanket before he slowly fell asleep.

Amidst his reverie, Klein suddenly snapped awake and saw the desolate black plains.

He walked all the way to the pitch-black steeple in the middle of the plains, passing through the chaotic and abnormal layout before coming deep into

the steeple. Like before, there was a circle of tarot cards on the ground.

However, the protruding area in the middle of the tarot cards didn't have any silvery lines written.

Will Auceptin didn't give a reply… Then why did he pull me into this dream? Amidst Klein's puzzlement, he suddenly saw a black baby pram roll out of the shadows. In it was an infant whose looks were indiscernible while it was wrapped in silver silk!

“…Mr. Snake of Fate?" Klein politely and cautiously asked.

The infant immediately said in a clear voice, "What makes you so sure it's a mister?"

Isn't that determined from your name? Don't mind such details! Klein lampooned and relaxed due to the attitude he was given.

"Then, how may I address you?"

Will Auceptin in baby form tersely answered as it said, stumped, "I haven't decided…

"As you know, oh—you don't. Every time I start again, I try to make myself a little different, so as to maintain a good mental state. A child should act like a child while they're a child."

Klein's heart stirred when he heard that.

"Is this the way the Monster pathway maintains its reasoning so as to resist madness?"

In the black pram, Will Auceptin replied briskly, "Yes, every beginning washes away the madness. However, it still needs certain anchoring from faith; otherwise, I wouldn't be able to maintain my state as a Sequence 1 for too long.

"Heh heh, compared to before, you're becoming more and more knowledgeable."

Oh, apart from anchoring oneself with faith, there are other ways to resist the madness. However, "restarting" is clearly an ability of Sequence 1 Snake of Fate of the Monster pathway. Other Beyonder pathways aren't able to emulate that… Mr. Azik is constantly losing his memories and repeatedly finding himself. Does it also involve the same concept? Klein nodded in thought as he made every second count by asking, "I suspect Ouroboros is searching for you through the Aurora Order members."

Will Auceptin scoffed.

"I've been playing hide-and-seek with 'Him' for a very long time. 'He' isn't good at such matters. It's quite obvious that 'He' doesn't have a childhood. Every time he restarts, 'He' grows up beside the True Creator. 'He' lacks the psychological experience of the different stages in life, causing 'Him' to be very crazy at times, but of course, 'He' doesn't mind.

"I did inform Ricciardo to use the Die of Probability in certain places and leave marks. This will mess up Ouroboros's judgment. 'He' will soon leave Backlund once again."

That means there's still chance of assassinating Mr. X… Yes, when the time comes, I'll divine the level of danger above the gray fog… Klein didn't continue on this topic as he asked, "Do you know how to use the Worm of Time to create charms?"

Will Auceptin didn't directly answer and instead returned with a question, "You obtained a Worm of Time from Pallez Zoroast?"

"How did you know?" Klein was taken aback as he asked.

He wasn't surprised that Will Auceptin had managed to mention the origins of the Worm of Time—after all, there weren't many demigods in the Marauder pathway who could create avatars—but why hadn't 'He' assumed

that it was Blasphemer Amon? The latter could also leave behind a Worm of Time!

Will Auceptin smiled and said, "Pallez Zoroast isn't in good condition, and he had to parasitize your former colleague. Ah right, your former colleague was investigating Sherlock Moriarty, and he had entered my house in the middle of the night.

"I sensed that there was something problematic about him and had given him a short period of bad luck, causing him to encounter other demigods hidden in Backlund. And when he was in danger, Pallez Zoroast had taken action. Haha, it would've been fine even if he hadn't taken action. It's only a prank. I would've given your former colleague sufficient good luck at the critical moment."

Leonard is investigating Sherlock Moriarty? The Grandpa in his body is called Pallez Zoroast.… Klein frowned slightly, unsure where the problem stemmed from.

Will Auceptin continued, "The creation of a Worm of Time charm isn't too difficult for you. You can pray to that uniqueness trait about you and use a compound of mercury and pure silver as a medium to draw the corresponding symbols."

It's not too difficult… Pray to The Fool? That's right. The mysterious space above the gray fog clearly has a form of attraction to the Marauder pathway.… Klein was thrilled as he felt like he had grasped something.

At this moment, Will smiled and added, "As for what the corresponding symbol is, I've no idea."

…What a huge reversal.… Klein couldn't help but twitch the corner of his lips.

When he noticed that Will Auceptin wasn't speaking any further, he hurriedly smiled and said, "There's another question. About your placenta

blood…”

Before he could finish his sentence, Will suddenly opened his mouth and let out a cry.

"Waaa!"

He began wailing like a real infant.

…*Can't we talk normally*… Klein froze in his spot.

If he hadn't already confirmed it, he really would've suspected whether the entity before him was a Sequence 1, the president of the Life School of Thought.

"Alright, alright. I just wanted to ask if it's the blood of a Mythical Creature," Klein said as he raised his hands midway.

Will stopped crying and said with a laugh, "Of course, but I'll swap it ahead of time. Otherwise, everyone will die on the spot."

He paused for a moment before saying, "If you can give me something suitable, it's not impossible to give you one drop.

"Alright, goodbye!"

Just as Will Auceptin said that, Klein felt the steeple shake as the dream rapidly shattered.

Soon, he woke up.

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CHAPTER 771
LUCK SIPHON

What item would a Snake of Fate be interested in? Klein slowly sat up and leaned against a pillow.

He thought for some time and decided to consider it at a later date. After all, he was still at least a month away from Will Auceptin's birth. He could also leave the question for The Hermit Cattleya and Queen Mystic Bernadette, who was backing her, to rack their brains over.

Of course, Klein didn't eliminate the possibility of Will Auceptin's sudden choice of having an early birth.

He slowly turned his attention into creating a Worm of Time charm. According to Will Auceptin's explanation, he had most of the conditions required, but he was just short of the corresponding symbol.

Pray to The Fool and use the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog… I wonder if a symbol corresponding to the Marauder pathway would work… Even if it does, I don't know what it is. Unless I pull a Marauder above the gray fog and let the high-back chair produce the corresponding pattern… As Klein thought about the details, he suddenly had an idea.

In that case, perhaps he could try the symbol behind The Fool's chair!

It was the Pupil-less Eye, a symbol representing secrecy, and the Contorted Lines that represented change!

I wonder if it will work… Divination won't be able to rule it out by elimination, but I can predict if the attempt will be successful. Besides, even if it fails, it shouldn't be too big a problem. After all, I'm praying to myself. Even if the material were to be wasted in the experiment, it would enter above the gray fog and not be lost… With this in mind, Klein felt pumped. He couldn't help but get out of bed to try out the experiment that very night!

A material like the Worm of Time that's left behind by a Marauder demigod at Amon's level still has its essence and level even if it's dead. When using it for a charm, it might not reach the level of an angel for various reasons, but it wouldn't be too far off. It'll be about the peak strength of a Saint. If Klein succeeded, it would be equivalent to having an additional trump card. At critical points in time, it might give him an additional life. So how could he not be excited and expectant!?

I can only stir some of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. The level of the Worm of Time charm will likely drop a little more. But regardless, it will definitely be like the Ninth Law given to me by Admiral Amyrius… If I used the Blatherer's aura to create a high-level charm in the Devil domain, it will likely be at the level of the Ninth Law. Unfortunately, I wouldn't dare to pray to the Dark Side of the Universe… Klein wore his pajamas as he stood barefooted. He walked took four steps counterclockwise on a thick carpet as he chanted the incantation before entering above the gray fog.

Sitting at The Fool's seat at the end of the long bronze table, he conjured a dark red fortune-teller and yellowish-brown goatskin. He wrote down the corresponding divination statement:

"The charm I'm about to begin making will be successful."

Unwinding the spirit pendulum from his wrist, Klein held it with his left hand and entered the state of Cogitation.

After repeating the divination statement seven times, he opened his eyes and saw the topaz spinning counterclockwise at a rather slow speed and

ordinary amplitude.

This means that it will succeed… But that begs the question, will it successfully verify that the symbol I use is effective, or successfully verify that it doesn't work? As an experienced Seer, Klein attempted to interpret the revelation, but he failed to obtain any confirmation.

With regards to that, he could only decide to experiment. There was no way for him to eliminate the mistakes if he didn't do so.

Right on the heels of that, Klein wrote a new divination statement:

"The assassination of Mr. X this Friday will be dangerous."

This time, the topaz pendant continued spinning clockwise at a faster frequency and greater amplitude.

There's significant danger, but it doesn't reach the level of a demigod's participation, much less that of a King of Angels… If it involves an existence of that level, "He" will definitely sense my divination and resist it… From the looks of it, Angel of Fate Ouroboros will soon be led out of Backlund… This means that the danger itself is a result of Mr. X and his subordinates. It's within the limits of what I can handle… As long as I don't make a mistake, the chances of success are pretty high… Klein made a judgment, put down the pen and paper, and returned to the real world.

As a mysticism expert who often created charms, he had no lack of common materials. He immediately got out some candles and lit them on the table. Following that, he set up a simple altar against the glow of dusk. He then used a piece of silver to draw out the combined symbol that represented The Fool.

As Klein didn't know what Path Number The Fool represented or what magic labels there were, he could only ensure that both sides remained equal. According to the books of charms he had read, these would similarly satisfy the rules of mysticism, but the corresponding might would be

reduced. The chances of failure would rise because the existence that one was praying to could consider it as being irreverent and not pious enough. Of course, it wasn't a problem for Klein since he wouldn't reject himself.

After completing the act of carving the symbol, Klein found a metal bottle and used his spirituality together with a container, and he then poured the mercury out and filled the carved out pattern.

This time, he decided to complete only the front side for now. He would then summon himself and respond to himself. He would then bring the worm with the twelve translucent rings back to the room and then place it on a silver sheet.

After doing all of this, Klein adjusted the altar and took two steps back. He then said in ancient Hermes, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era."

Following the process, he completed the necessary steps before taking four steps counterclockwise and entered the space above the gray fog. After imbuing himself with the Black Emperor card, he used his spirituality to stir a tiny amount of the powers above the gray fog to respond to his prayers.

While the surging energy poured into the circle of light, Klein didn't hesitate to return to the real world. He saw the altar had turned dark and gloomy, as though there were countless secrets hidden here. And the silver sheet had already floated up, fusing with the Worm of Time's corpse.

Klein took two steps forward, flipped the silver sheet around, and he filled the carved symbol on the back with mercury.

As the lines lit up, they effused a hazy luster.

Klein rapidly retracted his arms and saw the luster grow richer. He then enveloped the silver sheet and the Worm of Time's corpse inside.

Suddenly, the darkness around the altar distorted as the entire space seemed to turn abnormal.

This change disappeared as fast as it came. The charms filled with strange patterns slowly landed on the desk. It was entirely translucent in color and was dark black. It was like a miniature card made out of a special crystal. It also resembled the eyes of a particular existence that was watching this world.

It succeeded! It really works! Klein was delighted as he hurriedly picked up the charm. He found it cold to the touch as if he was touching snow.

Regardless of the resulting effects of the charm, just its formation had meant a success!

Klein had once again obtained a high-level charm at the demigod level!

He busied himself again, bringing the completed item above the gray fog. He then used dream divination to figure out how to use it.

The charm which was in the shape of a black crystal card had only one effect, but it was highly potent. It was to siphon off the luck of others. And to be precise, it was to graft fate—a period of the target's fate would be grafted onto the user!

The simplest situation would be when an enemy is about to kill me, I'll use this charm, siphoning off his fate of surviving, as well as grafting the fate of impending death onto thim. Then, the situation would be developed into him clearly succeeding, only for him to die… It does match the Marauder pathway's usual traits, but it's more sinister and terrifying… It's going from stealing wealth to stealing fate… If the Worm of Time were alive, and I was able to fully employ the power of the mysterious space above the gray fog, this charm might even point towards the domain of time… As Klein thought, he felt a sense of fear.

If it wasn't for the assistance that this mysterious space had given him by obstructing and purging things, he had no way to deal with a Worm of Time!

Phew, now it's mine… I can't call it a Worm of Time anymore. I'll just call it Luck Siphon… Klein once again got busy as he brought back the Luck Siphon charm to the real world.

After dealing with the traces of the ritual, he gravely placed the high-level charm into the iron cigar case, putting it together with Azik's copper whistle and the Senor gold coin. He then sealed and isolated the case with a wall of spirituality.

Being in a good mood, Klein didn't feel sleepy. He drew the curtains a little and allowed the crimson moonlight to shine in, illuminating his room with tranquility and silence.

While he was enjoying the scenery, he suddenly saw a figure sneak out from Member of Parliament Macht's house as it approached amidst the shadows.

It was none other than Hazel Macht. She once again headed for the sewers, removed the manhole cover, climbed down, and didn't forget to close the cover.

Why is she always heading into the sewers? It's not likely for her to be heading to other areas from here to act like a superhero in the mysterious world. After all, each trip doesn't take her more than an hour. Unless she has very reliable intelligence, it's difficult to achieve anything. Besides, this will make it easy for her to be caught by the official Beyonders… Together with the scene provided to me by Arrodes, she's likely finding something… Hmm, it's very easy for her to encounter danger if she keeps heading into the sewers… Klein stood behind the curtain gap as he observed what was happening under the serene night.

He didn't attempt to warn Hazel or let the Wraith possess her to let her understand the dangers of the Beyonder world. Firstly, this was because he had quite a subjective view that Hazel's sense of superiority was due to a result of her lacking knowledge in mysticism, so he couldn't be sure. Secondly, he wasn't sure how she had obtained Beyonder powers and a

mystical item. Warning her out of gratitude for her kind deed earlier would easily attract unwanted attention or even trouble.

After enjoying an evening of peace, Klein returned to bed and slept till daybreak.

Before Richardson entered, he turned into Gehrman Sparrow and prayed to The Fool:

“…I can accept the mission, but regardless of the outcome, I want a stone from that bracelet of yours, as well as the ability to use that spellbook of yours for some time.

"If it succeeds, all spoils of war will be mine. You can only take the target's head.

"If required, you will need to provide assistance."

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CHAPTER 772
WALTER'S ABNORMALITY

He wants a stone from my bracelet and the right to use Leymano's Travels for some time? How does he know that I have those two items? I don't remember mentioning it during the Tarot Gatherings… After hearing Gehrman Sparrow's response, Fors was bewildered and rather shocked. It felt like he had seen through all her secrets.

She tensed up as she quickly tried recalling how this information could've been leaked.

Aside from Teacher, Xio, and Mr. Fool, no one knows that I have these two items, especially Leymano's Travels. I haven't even used it… Mr. Fool… Hmm, Mr. World appears quite strange during the Tarot Gatherings; he never hands over Emperor Roselle's diary pages, and he doesn't seem to put any effort into this, nor does he show any concern… He and Mr. Fool have a deeper connection. He obtains the relevant information from "Him"? A believer or a Blessed? Fors carefully thought over the matter as she grasped something, easing her horror from before.

Only at this moment did she have the time and energy to consider if she could accept Gehrman Sparrow's requests.

To Fors, such a price was too cheap, far lower than she had expected. Furthermore, it was reasonable!

As a Beyonder who seldom went out and just stayed home writing and resting, lending Leymano's Travels for some time didn't affect her safety or her need to use it. And likewise, giving one of the two remaining stones in

the bracelet that allowed her to travel through the spirit world didn't cause her to lose all her trump cards.

The only problem is that Mr. World seems to be willing to only try it once. If he fails, he will still take the payment… Yes, with the fact that he needs to bear the risk, that's normal… I originally imagined that I would need to help him do many things and obtain a reward from Teacher by using the traitor's head to repay the debt… Fors thought calmly for a few seconds before she prayed to Mr. Fool:

"…Please inform Mr. World that I accept his conditions, and I will try my best to provide him assistance in the operation."

He originally wished to warn Gehrman Sparrow that using the stone might result in the side effect of receiving the ravings of the full moon, but she then realized that it was apparently only something Beyonders from the Apprentice pathway encountered.

…

Regardless if it succeeds or fails, I'll obtain that stone. I'll be able to secretly leave Backlund and meet with Mr. Hanged Man to explore that primitive island… When the time comes, I'll use the spellbook to record the usage of the stone. That way, I don't have to worry about the return trip. That's unless my luck is terrible and the recording fails… Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief, opened the door, and got Richardson to help him dress up.

"Sir, after breakfast, your schedule is to head to the Royal Museum to see the royal family's collection exhibition." As Richardson helped his employer wear his coat, he informed him of the day's schedule.

As Dwayne Dantès mastered social dancing very quickly, the number of etiquette classes in the morning went from five times a week to three times a week, allowing him to spare time for other things. And such exhibitions

were definitely a hot topic of conversation in high society circles. By not going in person, it would make him appear lacking.

As for heading to Saint Samuel Cathedral for the bishop's preachings, Klein had consciously lowered his frequency. This wasn't because he needed to donate tens of pounds each time, but that he was afraid that heading there frequently despite having the novelty period wear off would incur suspicion. Being natural and reasonable were the core traits of his plans.

Other than on a Sunday, he planned on randomly heading to Church on two of the remaining six days. He wanted to rely on an even longer period of time to accumulate intelligence so as to figure out a pattern. He couldn't be impatient or in a rush!

"I'm already looking forward to it." Klein looked at the dignified reflection of himself as he said to his valet with a smile.

Upon thinking of Saint Samuel Cathedral and the Church of Evernight, he naturally connected it to Leonard Mitchell's secret investigation of Sherlock Moriarty. He didn't understand what he was suspicious about.

Is it because of Emlyn White's purchase of Tinder that drove Leonard to investigate the people related to him, or was it because of the fleeting appearances of the detective in the cases of Capim and Lanevus that made the Red Gloves who are in charge of the investigations notice something? Or could it be both? Klein thought about the clues that he had left behind and had a rough guess.

He wasn't afraid that Sherlock Moriarty would be wanted by the Church of Evernight and given a bounty. After all, apart from contacting a few people that he was familiar with, the detective wasn't to appear again. He was worried that someone would discover that Sherlock Moriarty, in his early appearances, resembled Klein Moretti greatly, and as such, they would pursue the deceased former Nighthawk.

In fact, it's not a problem even if they discover that. I'm no longer the Clown or Magician from before. There are more than a handful of demigods searching for me. Even with the high-ranking deacons of the Church, there won't be any qualitative changes… Besides, Benson and Melissa truly are ordinary people. The Church will definitely not involve them and disturb their lives… I wonder if they will claim the bereavement compensation back. Probably not, for there's no way they can explain it to ordinary people… Klein wasn't that worried with all the debt he was in.

This was also why he was so calm when he heard Will Auceptin mention Klein Moretti's identity last night.

How could a Sequence 1 Angel who was good at fate-related abilities and had previously interacted with Sherlock Moriarty early on not discover the detective's origins?

Even with the gray fog's obstruction that interfered with many details, Will Auceptin was definitely able to know that Sherlock Moriarty originally came from Tingen.

And back in Tingen, Klein had interacted with a youth named Ademisaul, who was of the Monster pathway, leading him to bleed from his eyes. And if Will Auceptin were to be aware of this and make a comparison, the answer was obvious.

If Leonard were to really realize Sherlock Moriarty's hidden identity, I wonder what kind of expression he would have… Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh as he walked out the master bedroom. He went to the second floor to enjoy the breakfast his cook had prepared specially for him.

…

West Borough, 2 King's Avenue, Royal Museum.

Klein passed through the ticket entrance with Butler Walter and Valet Richardson and went into the museum.

The exhibition was held by the Loen royal family. They showcased all kinds of collections that had historical meaning from the kingdom's founding so as to allow the public to enjoy and gain an understanding. It was a way to raise the kingdom's citizens respect and recognition of the royal family.

As a graduate from the Department of History, Klein was still rather interested in the exhibition. Many of the matters that he was very familiar with had the corresponding items appear here. They allowed him to plunge into the long and fascinating history from another angle.

What left Klein somewhat puzzled was Walter's deep understanding towards most of the exhibits. He introduced them to Dwayne Dantès with extreme detail.

As expected of a butler who came from an aristocratic household… Klein silently nodded.

As he perused the exhibits, the trio kept encountering other visitors, and the exhibition hall was quiet and orderly, so people had to converse in whispers.

When passing by an exhibit, Klein noticed Walter suddenly stop. He then glanced to his side as his expression turned complicated.

As he wasn't a Spectator, Klein wasn't able to interpret the actual meaning of those complicated feelings. All he could do was trace Walter's gaze towards the exhibit.

Standing in front of the exhibit were a man and a woman. The man was in his thirties and wore a black suit, silk hat, and a gold-inlaid cane, looking like a gentleman of status and wealth. The woman was in a yellow dress with a golden necklace. Her overall attire was inclined towards bright colors.

Mr. Butler is looking at that man… Klein instantly made the judgment as he swept his gaze past the target without anyone detecting him.

He realized that the man looked rather old. His skin was dark as a result of frequent exposure to the sun. The back of his hand was like dried wood, and his fingers were extremely rough.

If I didn't look at his attire, I would've believed it if someone told me he was a farmer, gardener, or carriage driver… Klein retracted his gaze as he felt a little puzzled.

The reason why he noticed these details was because he had seriously considered the appearance of an ordinary person who adventured in the Southern Continent for extended periods of time back when he was constructing the identity of Dwayne Dantès.

He believed that apart from his gaze, bearing, and natural facial features that were etched by his rich experience, Dwayne Dantès also needed to have details, such as skin that had experienced long periods of suntanning, unobvious scars, and rough but strong palms. Otherwise, it wouldn't be enough to prop up such a character's inherent traits

I have to say that from the moment I became a Faceless, I'm getting more and more experienced and wise in the aspect of creating a new character… If I were to return to Earth, even without my Beyonder powers, I'll have strong acting skills… As Klein made self-deprecating comments inwardly, he saw Walter recover from his stern look as though nothing had happened.

As for the man with somewhat old facial features and rough skin, he pointed at a flag inside the exhibition case.

"This is the flag that the Earl of Lastings, Prince Harrods Augustus used during the White Rose War. Unfortunately, he perished in that war. However, his death was the turning point of the entire war and the reason why Loen eventually clinched victory. Look, the flag still has his blood…”

He's quite knowledgeable in the field of history… Klein gaze swept towards Walter from the corner of his eye, thought for two seconds, and smiled. He approached the couple and interjected in a friendly manner:

"I never expected such a neglected tidbit of history would be known by someone else. I originally believed that the people's understanding of the White Rose War was only limited to Loen's victory against Intis.

"Sir, your eruditeness leaves me amazed."

To be praised in front of his female partner, the man's expression turned from a wary one to a relaxed one. A gleeful smile appeared on his face.

"I'm just a person who likes history."

He casually swept his gaze towards the servant of the gentleman in front of him as he suddenly frowned before easing his brows. There were remnant looks of puzzlement.

Indeed, he knows Butler Walter… Klein smiled while maintaining his composure.

"Hello there, I'm a merchant from Desi, Dwayne Dantès. How may I address you?"

The man hesitated and said, "William Sikes, a land steward at a manor."

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CHAPTER 773
ADDITIONAL DEVELOPMENT

William Sikes… A land steward… Klein inwardly repeated the response he got before turning the topic of conversation towards the flag and the White Rose War.

After a short chat, he politely bade farewell and walked towards the other exhibits with Walter and Richardson. He continued his own tour of the exhibits, as though his encounter from before was completely trivial, a conversation that was purely coincidental.

When it was almost noon, Klein, who had returned to his high-end four-wheeled carriage, looked out at the passing bicycles when he suddenly said, "Walter, you seem to know Mr. William Sikes?"

Walter solemnly nodded and said, "I once knew him while I was working for Viscount Conrad's household.

"He served a member of the royal family, the former Earl of Lastings, Prince Edessak."

He didn't conceal anything, and he described William Sikes's background in detail.

He was once in service of Prince Edessak? He's living quite a good life after the prince passed away because of the Great Smog of Backlund. I wonder what manor he's the land steward of… Perhaps he knows some secrets? Klein gently nodded and didn't probe further. He was wondering if he should find an opportunity to investigate William Sikes.

If William Sikes really knows something, the royal family's faction wouldn't leave him be. Or perhaps he is part of that faction. In short, investigating him will be a rather dangerous matter. There's no way to entrust this matter to Miss Magician, Emlyn White, or Miss Xio… Miss Sharron has the ability to do so, but this might result in destroying her peaceful life… The best solution is still to use Hero Bandit Black Emperor. But the problem is that before stealing the Antigonus family's notebook, my investigations of the Great Smog of Backlund should only be superficial. I shouldn't alarm anyone or bring about any accidental changes… Klein appeared to admire the streets outside, but many thoughts were going through his mind.

Finally, he decided to hold back for the time being, being unwilling to affect the most pertinent matter he had at present.

After having lunch and taking a nap, Klein received classes in literary appreciation until it was almost evening.

After sending away his teacher, he was just about to head to the second story's dining hall when he suddenly heard the doorbell ring.

Amidst the ringing, Klein saw Richardson immediately take a few steps forward to open the door.

Standing outside were two police officers in black-and-white checkered uniforms. From their epaulets, one of them was a high-ranking inspector, while the other was a sergeant.

"Officers, how may I help you?" Richardson asked on behalf of his employer.

The high-ranking inspector was a thin man and had his black hair hidden under his peak cap. His sideburns had a little color as he swept his gaze into the house before warmly saying with a smile, "I'm here for Mr. Dwayne Dantès. There's a case that involves him and his butler."

"What is it?" Klein slowly walked to the door. "I'm Dwayne Dantès."

After introducing himself, he asked politely, "Officers, how may I address you?

"If the matter is a little more complicated and needs more time, why not come to my parlor. We can discuss it over tea."

The other police officer, the sergeant, was an elegant lady. She was clearly interested in taking up the offer as she looked at the high-ranking inspector, awaiting the decision of her superior.

Due to the Church of the Evernight Goddess, the Loen police force had plenty of female officers, but due to the other faiths and the prevailing trends of society, they suffered some form of discrimination when it came to promotions and positions. They mostly did clerical work, and there was an invisible ceiling for their career development.

The high-ranking inspector smiled and said, "There's no need for tea, but we need to question your servants."

He paused before getting to the main point.

"Mr. Dwayne Dantès, do you know a person by the name of William Sikes?"

"I got to know him this morning at the Royal Museum." Klein vaguely sensed that some sort of unexpected development had occurred as he asked, "Did something happen to him?"

The high-ranking inspector wiped away his smile and said, "He's dead. He died at a hotel near the Royal Museum."

"He's dead?" Klein didn't hide his puzzlement and shock.

I just met him, and he's dead?

Had he already been targeted?

The inspector nodded solemnly and said, "Yes, the cause of death is rather complicated, and we aren't ruling out the possibility of murder."

"What about his female partner?" Klein frowned as he asked. "He had a female partner when I met him."

"That lady was his mistress. When she left the hotel, William Sikes was still alive. This can be confirmed by the attendants at the hotel because they had later sent him red wine." The inspector simply shared the situation and said, "After leaving the Royal Museum, where did you go?"

"I came back here directly. I had lunch, took a nap, and attended lessons. My servants, neighbors, and literary appreciation teacher can prove that," Klein frankly replied.

He then turned his head to Richardson and said, "Bring Walter here."

Soon, Walter walked down from the second story with a white glove and answered similar questions.

After receiving Dwayne Dantès's permission, the two officers questioned the rest of his servants, but they failed to find any problems.

They didn't stay for long, politely bidding him farewell and visiting the other neighbors.

Klein's appetite wasn't affected by this matter as he went to the second story to enjoy his dinner.

Time quickly flew by as he spent the rest of the time reading books and newspapers. Before sleeping, Klein took in the scenery outside the window as he awaited his valet, Richardson, to take away the fruits in the room.

Suddenly, he asked without turning his head, "What did Walter do in the afternoon?"

"He was busy handling various matters. He never left," Richardson answered softly.

Klein nodded gently without asking further. He began suspecting if he had been overthinking matters.

Phew… He slowly exhaled before getting into bed.

In the middle of the night, Klein's spirituality was triggered as he snapped awake.

He pricked up his brows, left the bed, and arrived by the window. He pulled back the curtains a little.

Under the dim moonlight, a figure carefully passed through the garden's trail and arrived by the perimeter walls before flipping over it.

He had a broad forehead with raven-black hair and stern brown eyes. He was none other than Butler Walter.

"He's agile and his motions are fluid. If he's not trained, he's a Low-Sequence Beyonder…" Klein observed the scene as he made a preliminary judgment.

He saw Walter's shadows follow the streets until he arrived at the manhole which Hazel often used to enter the sewers. He removed the manhole cover, climbed down, and didn't forget to close the cover.

Why is everyone so skilled at getting into the sewers? Mr. Butler likely hasn't done it in the past; otherwise, my spirituality would've warned me. After all, he's leaving from my "territory"…It means that before he became my butler, he had performed such actions quite frequently elsewhere… Klein curled his lips, returned to his bedside, and took out a the iron cigar case from under his pillow.

He controlled Wraith Senor to tail Walter, wanting to see what he was up to.

I hope it doesn't exceed 100 meters; otherwise, I'll need to enter the sewers as well… as Klein silently muttered to himself, he returned to the gap in the curtains.

His marionette, Senor, immediately used the mysterious connection between different mirrors to jump to the street lamp beside the manhole before passing the manhole to silently tail Walter.

Klein saw that Walter turned into a more secluded and dark passage after taking ten meters forward. On the wall were all kinds of moss and dirt.

Suddenly, the butler stopped and said to someone, "Why were you so rash?

"Why didn't you wait for a better opportunity?"

Soon, a weak and slightly hoarse female's voice replied to Walter's inquiry.

"It was the best opportunity.

"Once he returns to that manor, there's no knowing when he will come out again."

"But why would you be so seriously injured?" Walter said with sighs of concern.

The female voice scoffed and said, "William Sikes is stronger than what you or I imagined. Perhaps only this way can he satisfy his secret identity.

"Regardless, I finally obtained clues from him. After so much time, I finally have a chance to approach the truth."

"You didn't need to be so rash." Walter fell silent.

The weak female's voice chuckled and said, "I've already sold my soul to an evil god. The only meaning to life is vengeance."

In a rare instance, Walter sighed and said, "Continue hiding here. I'll prepare food for you until you recover.

"If there aren't any accidents, use the old method to contact me."

The weak female voice remained silent for a while before saying, "When he was alive, he had many subordinates who claimed to be loyal. After his death, few still remember him or are willing to risk their lives for him. You are the one who has surprised me the most."

"He is the first noble who treated me that way, and he is the person I'm truly loyal to," Walter answered in a deep voice.

Having heard the conversation with his marionette, Klein vaguely understood the entire story.

After Prince Edessak passed away, a few of his loyal subordinates were investigating the truth of his suicide. Walter was one of them. However, he was mainly in charge of gathering any superficial intelligence, as well as using his identity to provide some help… This is probably the additional development that Arrodes mentioned…

Klein immediately made Senor go invisible as he infiltrated the secluded passageway and saw Walter conversing with someone while standing. His figure blocked a black-dressed woman who was seated on the ground against the wall. Her face was somewhat pale.

After the woman heard Walter's words, she gave a throaty laugh and looked towards the entrance.

"It's time you leave. Don't be caught by others."

She turned her head, allowing Klein to see her. She had a round face, slender eyes, and a gentle and refined temperament. Deep down, she was sweet and was an outstandingly gorgeous beauty who Klein was "familiar" with.

Trissy!

Trissy Cheek!

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CHAPTER 774
CLUES

She isn't dead? She managed to escape? She's actually trying to seek revenge for Prince Edessak? At that moment that he saw Trissy, Klein nearly lost control of his expression.

Although he had guessed it based on the conversation, he still felt it exceeded his expectations when the truth was placed before him.

Without even the need for a dream divination, he could still recall the Great Smog of Backlund. Trissy had conversed with him, and back then, she was eager to escape Prince Edessak's control and escape the manipulation of her fate by the hidden person behind the scenes. She felt her daily life was filled with pain.

This Demoness who was once a man had sold her soul to an evil god to help avenge Prince Edessak? What kind of crappy trite romance plot point is this!? The corners of Klein's lips twitched as he "saw" Walter throw a bag of food to Trissy. After "hearing" him give a few words of advice, he turned and left the secluded path.

At this moment, a figure appeared from Member of Parliament Macht's house. It was within Klein's line of sight from where he was standing. It followed the shadows in the street as it quickly approached the entrance to the sewer. She was none other than Hazel who held a mystical item from the Marauder pathway.

She'll encounter Walter… This isn't some entrance to the sewers! It's clearly the entrance to a bustling city! Klein looked down and nearly facepalmed.

Upon arriving at the manhole, Hazel warily observed her surroundings for a few seconds before moving the cover away and climbing down. The entire process was done in one fell swoop without any signs of delay.

Stepping onto the slightly moist ground, she followed the rusted metal pipes and the sewage that slowly flowed with a clear destination in mind.

Suddenly, she felt her back turn cold as a chill ran down her spine. Her hair began to stand on end.

Right on the heels of that, Hazel seemed to plunge into a freezing river, and she felt a coldness that was overcoming her body.

She was horrified to see herself walking in a different direction, heading straight for the wall with metal pipes. And this was completely against her will!

Horror filled Hazel's mind before she received a reprieve from her numb thoughts. She infused all her spirituality into the necklace on her neck.

The seven green gems on the necklace were equidistant from each other. Embedded around them were tiny diamonds. In the absolute darkness, they still swirled with a faint lustrous glow.

Suddenly, a gem lit up as the green glow illuminated Hazel's ghastly face.

She leaned against the wall and paused for a moment. She moved her feet forward in an awkward manner before retracting them.

At that instant, the coldness Hazel felt had paused for a moment.

She didn't hesitate to use her spirituality to light up another green gem. She raised her right hand, aimed it at herself, and twisted her wrist.

At the same time, many mysterious symbols and patterns appeared in her mind as her spirituality and voice changed momentarily.

She had stolen the Beyonder power, Wraith Shriek!

Hazel was just about to open her mouth to shout when she found her hands losing control again. She forcefully and quickly covered her mouth with her hands.

Her Shriek turned into a muffle as she took a few brisk steps to the wall. She turned into another fork before crouching down in the pure darkness.

She tried hard to struggle, but it was useless. She wasn't even capable of activating the necklace on her neck.

Hazel's dark brown eyes widened as they filled with horror and indignation. Tears began to well in her eyes before slowly streaming down her cheeks.

And at this moment, Walter had come out from another path, returning back to the sewer entrance before climbing up agilely.

After he sneaked back into 160 Böklund Street, Hazel suddenly regained control of her body. She felt that the coldness had completely disappeared.

She first raised her hands in surprise, using her night vision to take a glance. Following that, she looked around in a fluster, as though there were countless unknown monsters hidden in the darkness of the sewers.

Hazel immediately touched the necklace with her right hand, carefully stood up, and headed for the entrance.

She didn't flee in panic, but she instead warily prepared for any attack that would appear from the darkness.

Finally, she returned to Böklund Street where she saw the black street lamp emitting its light, illuminating the streets that still had the remnant signs of rain.

Only then did Hazel speed up her pace and run home. Midway, she suddenly turned back, nervously and frantically closing the manhole's cover.

After doing all of this, she followed the shadows and entered her garden. With the help of the gas and water pipes, she entered the balcony to her bedroom.

Only at that point did she really have any room to think. She widened her eyes and subconsciously looked around. Slowly, her body began to tremble.

She raised her left arm, hoping to use her clothes to wipe her face, but she paused midway, switching to using a handkerchief from her pocket.

…

Hazel still has the basic abilities needed to react. She's not a complete newbie… In the sewers, Senor appeared with his dark red coat and triangular hat as he spoke silently.

Following that, under Klein's control, he went invisible again as he entered the hidden fork where Trissy was.

Just as the Wraith approached, the black-dressed Trissy looked up and revealed a weak but stubborn smile.

"From the looks of it, you have no ill intentions.

"That lady was quite lucky."

She had sensed Hazel and discovered the Wraith!

Senor's figure appeared as he chuckled.

"Perhaps killing her will only bring you greater trouble."

To be honest, he wished to report Trissy to the authorities because he knew of the evil deeds she had done. He knew how she had incited the passengers and crew on the Alfalfa, causing them to kill each other out at sea. He also knew how she had many innocent lives die ahead of time. However, after realizing that Trissy was investigating the mystery behind Prince Edessak's death, Klein had a new plan in mind. He would incite the Demoness and cooperate with her on certain matters.

The mystery of Prince Edessak's death was equivalent to the truth of the Great Smog of Backlund!

Investigating this matter is bound to be very dangerous. Roping others in will make me feel guilty, afraid that harm or even death will happen to them as a result. By getting Trissy to do it, I wouldn't have such a psychological burden. The crimes she had committed had long doomed her to hell! The only problem is that she might be using the investigations of the mystery to Prince Edessak's death for her own ploys. I have to be wary about this to prevent myself from being used, thus causing a disaster… As Klein thought, he made Senor take two steps forward.

Trissy looked at the middle-aged before her and chuckled.

"Since you have ill intentions, go ahead, Mr. Senor."

At this instant, the marionette's senses revealed countless threads floating and flailing around Trissy. And seated in the middle was her black-dressed self with a pale face. It resembled a spider in the middle of her web, but it was filled with temptation and pity that made one approach her.

"You know me?" The marionette halted in his footsteps.

Trissy's expression was somewhat adrift as she answered in reverie, "I once spent an unforgettable period of time at sea."

Back then, you were still a man… Klein lampooned and chuckled.

"Why are you investigating Prince Edessak's death? Didn't he commit suicide?"

Trissy immediately looked up as anger colored her face.

"Suicides can be different. Some people do it willingly; others are forced."

No way, she really seems to mind Prince Edessak's death… Lady, have you forgotten that you were once a man? Have you forgotten the pain you were previously talking about? Don't tell me that this is the so-called Stockholm syndrome where you end up bonding with your captor due to the minute amount of kindness they've provided? Well, I'm not a Spectator, and I can't determine if she's being truthful or not… Klein made Senor chuckle.

"So, you believe that Prince Edessak was forced to commit suicide?

"You sought William Sikes to investigate this matter?"

The angry look on Trissy's face vanished as a miserable but beautiful smile appeared.

"That's right.

"It was he who forced Edessak to commit suicide with a spirituality obliteration bullet. However, he was also under orders by others. Heh, to obtain the final bit of pleasure, he revealed everything. Heh heh, he was still unable to really touch me. I even showed him my former photo. He died filled with even more misery and despair…"

I can't imagine what William suffered… Trissy is as twisted as she was before… Demonesses at the stage of Pleasure are really filled with charms. Every expression and every action are filled with enticement… But I can tell that Trissy has already reined it in very well, only using it when needed. She has already advanced? Or is it because of love? As Klein lampooned, he made Senor ask, "Who is it?"

When asking that question, Klein hadn't expected to receive an answer, but Trissy chuckled and replied, "Viscount Stratford.

"The royal guard captain of the royal family."

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CHAPTER 775
MAKING USE

Viscount Stratford… Royal guard captain of the royal family… From this post, the Great Smog of Backlund does have inklings of a particular royal family faction being behind it. As for who it is, it will require investigation… Klein temporarily didn't have the time to verify Trissy's answer, so all he did was make Senor scoff.

"I'm a little doubtful since you are telling me this so easily."

Trissy said in a scoffing and self-deprecating manner, "That's because it's something good for me. I can tell that you and the faction you represent are very interested in the true motives of those pulling the strings of the royal family. I would be very happy if I can provide some useful clues that cause you to have conflict with them, causing the real conspirer to surface. This will aid in my revenge and also be of the greatest help to me."

According to this logic, does that also mean that I can use you to investigate this matter and fish out the mastermind behind this? From that, I can allow my faction to hide in safety before it obtains any actual information… Eh, wasn't what Trissy said meant to entice me to engage in limited cooperation with her, while she also volunteers to be the mine-clearer in order to reveal the truth… She is clearly expressing her value… She's afraid that I'll eventually decide to kill her… Klein roughly understood what Trissy was truly getting at as he controlled the Wraith to say, "Very reasonable. I should also do the same.

"I believe that without my threats or enticement, you'll attempt to make contact with Viscount Stratford after you recover from your wounds."

Trissy curled her lips and said, "I only hope that he doesn't like men."

This isn't something that cannot be resolved. If you're already Sequence 5, then you can consider switching to the Hunter pathway's Sequence 4 Iron-blooded Knight… Also, have you forgotten your past self? Why are you getting used to the powers of a Demoness of Pleasure to deal with men… Klein lampooned before making Senor smile.

"This isn't a problem. You can always show him your old photo."

Trissy was taken aback as a slightly twisted expression colored her face. A humiliation that she had buried deep inside her had been dug out, exposing it beneath the sun.

Her beautiful eyes were tainted with what stemmed from anger from the humiliation. Her face which was pale due to her injuries instantly flushed red.

Trissy quickly reined in her emotions and scoffed, speaking with a suppressed voice, "As expected of Admiral of Blood. It appears you know plenty about the Demoness pathway."

She wasn't sure before. I made that joke because I thought the Demoness Sect and the Rose School of Thought had worked together, making her believe that Admiral of Blood would know the secret of the Assassin pathway… Regardless, it's not nice mocking the gender of others… Hmm, this is in line with Admiral of Blood's persona… A Marionettist's principle is "remember that every marionette has its own setting?" The reason why Trissy had mentioned her past photo was apparently just to vent and grind off an enemy's joy and excitement. She wasn't taking notice of the details she mentioned… Klein nodded in thought as he controlled Senor.

"At my level, there will always be plenty of secrets I know."

He didn't continue on the topic as he said, "How can I contact you?

"I might be able to provide you with some help during the investigations of Viscount Stratford."

Trissy reached her hand towards her ear and grabbed a clump of smooth, raven-black hair. Then, blue ice formed, allowing her to crack it off.

She then spread out her palm, allowing a silent, pitch-black flame to appear, burning the hair to ashes.

These ashes weren't lifted up by the cold winds in the sewers, but they had shrunk, forming a sticky black object.

"Smear it uniformly over a mirror, and then I'll know that you're looking for me. I'll subsequently use that mirror to communicate with you." Trissy shook her wrist and threw the pasty black object to Senor. "It can be used about five times, and that should be enough."

As Senor was only a marionette, Klein wasn't worried about letting him grab the black sticky object. After taking a few looks, he stuffed it into his pocket.

Trissy fell silent for a few seconds before biting her lip.

"If I need your help, how do I contact you?"

That's a problem… Klein did wish to have her directly contact Miss Messenger, Reinette Tinekerr. After all, Trissy would later know that behind the Wraith was Gehrman Sparrow if she gathered any news about Admiral of Blood. This wasn't something that could be hidden.

After a few seconds of consideration, he decided to be a little more cautious. He decided to wait until Trissy had any substantial discoveries before changing the communication method.

After all, she isn't someone to be trusted… To avenge Prince Edessak, some of her feelings are real, but they likely include some other goals, for

example, seeking revenge for herself… Klein made Senor survey the area and said, "These sewers hide plenty of secrets. I'll come often. You can leave the help you need in text form here.

"If the matter is urgent, preventing you from doing it in time, you can contact that person from before to get him to leave the message."

Trissy slowly nodded.

"Okay."

With the conversation almost done, Klein planned on letting his marionette, Senor, leave.

At that moment, he caught sight of Trissy's hands. he discovered that the sapphire ring which was equivalent to a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was gone!

I noticed it just now, but I thought she had switched it to her other hand or another finger, but it's actually gone… From the looks of it, she paid a considerable price back when she escaped Prince Edessak's Red Rose Manor and escaped Ince Zangwill's 0-08's control! The mark that the Prince Edessak left on her has also vanished? Klein thought for a moment before getting Senor to laugh.

"One more thing.

"Which evil god did you sell your soul to?"

Trissy gave the middle-aged man a deep look.

"The Primordial Demoness."

…Weren't you trying to escape from that strange state? Didn't you feel that you were increasingly becoming less like yourself? Why did you backtrack? Don't you know that by changing your name to Trissy Cheek, they were trying to make you the Primordial Demoness's vessel? No, she might really

not know. She might not even know what Cheek means… She did her best to escape her fate, only to plunge deeper into it… At that instant, Klein felt a baffling fear towards fate and deities.

He made Senor smile.

"It's hard for me to believe it with you replying so easily without any qualms."

Trissy's eyes had a slight tinge of confusion as she said in a self-deprecating manner, "That's because it's a problem for me, not a secret.

"With one more person knowing, there might be one more chance of a solution presenting itself. Even if the chances are slim, it's better than nothing."

While solving the problem, there's also a high chance that you'll be finished… Klein didn't continue the topic as he said after some thought, "When you approach Viscount Stratford and the mastermind behind all of this, take note of any coincidences that often happen around you."

The deeper the investigation into the Great Smog of Backlund is, the more likely it would gain the attention of Ince Zangwill and 0-08!

"Coincidences…" Trissy was taken aback as she repeated the word.

At that instant, she recalled all the coincidences she had encountered back at Red Rose Manor.

Amidst her thoughts, she suddenly looked up, only to realize that Admiral of Blood Senor had vanished.

…

The next morning, Klein woke up punctually, and with the assistance of Richardson, he wore his coat.

Just as he arrived in the dining hall, he saw Walter standing by the door, politely awaiting his arrival.

"Sir, your schedule for today is to participate in a tea session at Member of Parliament Macht's residence." Walter professionally reminded his employer.

He was stern, old-fashioned, and conscientious. He looked no different from his usual self, making it impossible to tell that he had headed for the sewers in the middle of the night.

Klein nodded with a smile as though nothing had happened.

"I haven't forgotten."

He then entered the dining hall and enjoyed an exquisite meal that had started showing signs of being repetitive.

There's not enough variety for breakfast… Klein focused on eating, and after he was done, he put down his cutlery and sighed.

"I miss my hometown a little. Get the cook to prepare some Desi pie tomorrow."

"Yes, sir. I should've thought of that earlier," Housekeeper Taneja replied apologetically.

Klein waved his hand as a gesture for her not to take it to heart before he headed to the garden for a stroll.

After doing all of this, he returned to the third story to continue reading the papers he hadn't finished until his etiquette teacher, Wahana, arrived.

Wahana was still dressed decently with an elegant bearing. She smiled at Dwayne Dantès and said, "I heard you would be heading to Ma'am Riana's place for high tea later today. Then, this lesson will focus on high tea…”

Klein maintained his smile as he listened attentively, asking questions from time to time.

About thirty minutes later, Walter knocked on the door and entered.

"Sir, Member of Parliament Macht's servant just came over to inform us that the high tea session has been cancelled because Ma'am Riana's daughter, Miss Hazel, is sick. She's very apologetic for that, and she wishes to invite you again next week."

Hazel is sick? A result of last night's fright? It's not impossible if it's an ordinary person, but a Beyonder has their physical qualities enhanced. The chances of that happening are very low…

Furthermore, Hazel clearly hasn't seen the changes that result from the loss of control brought about by potions. Her mental state is still well, allowing her to feel a sense of superiority and having no fear. Even if she was frightened, it wouldn't result in any psychological ailments… Ailments… Sequence 5 of the Demoness pathway can make people around them get infected with ailments…

Last night, Trissy secretly released her ailment after seeing a stranger enter the sewers? And as a Wraith, Senor wasn't affected, so I didn't discover it… Such a problem isn't too serious. Hazel didn't spend much time in the area for too long. She's just a little shaken, preventing her from recovering quickly… From the looks of it, Trissy has really advanced to Sequence 5…
Klein nodded gently and said, "Please give Miss Hazel my regards."

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CHAPTER 776
PREPARATIONS

Without the high tea session, Klein decided to pray at Saint Samuel Cathedral, so as to show his devoutness.

Of course, he didn't forget to stop and admire the white pigeons on the square, allowing himself to appear leisurely and calm.

He entered the cathedral, passing through the murals that were illuminated by the sun from high above and arriving at a dark and deep prayer hall.

This place wasn't as gorgeously decorated like the other Churches that had all kinds of dazzling elegant taste that produced a visual impact. Instead, it was mild and peaceful, allowing one to feel a natural sense of tranquility. As for the pure light that resembled twinkling stars up ahead, they were filled with the intense solemnity of holiness.

Klein removed his hat and handed it to Richardson along with his cane. Then, he walked down the aisle.

At this moment, two figures stood up in the front pew and turned towards the entrance. One of them was the black-haired, green-eyed Leonard Mitchell who looked suave with his untidy hair.

Almost at the same moment, Leonard Mitchell also saw the middle-aged man with the white sideburns and deep blue eyes.

Dwayne Dantès… He tensed up momentarily as his body showed signs of indiscernible stiffness.

Klein gave Leonard a side look as he nodded with a smile. He had a friendly and casual expression.

"…”

Leonard forced a smile as he nodded in a slightly sluggish manner.

Following that, he turned to the side, made way, and brushed shoulders with Dwayne Dantès.

This made Klein see who the person was behind him. It was also someone he knew—Daly who was wearing a spirit medium's black robe.

This lady still wore blue eyeshadow and blush, presenting quite an uncanny sense of beauty.

Daly glanced at the middle-aged gentleman when her expression suddenly went adrift. She retracted her gaze as she silently approached the exit.

No way, I was just mimicking Captain's profound eyes. Even the color is different, yet Ma'am Daly could still find it familiar? A woman's intuition is truly terrifying… Klein had a vague guess when he noticed Daly's brief abnormality.

A long time ago, as an insensitive man, he believed that Ma'am Daly was secretly in love with Captain; otherwise, she wouldn't have endured the risk to rush to Tingen to get Klein to find an opportunity to teach the acting method to Dunn Smith.

As for Captain, Klein wasn't sure about his thoughts. After all, Dunn Smith, at that moment, was often unable to distinguish reality from a dream. His bad memory was rather pronounced, and he might unknowingly have forgotten certain things that lay at the bottom of his heart.

However, Captain often mentions Ma'am Daly, using her as an example to educate us. He was so familiar with how many years she took to advance

and the kind of talent she had that it seemed like he had memorized it… Yes, whenever Captain mentioned these matters, he would occasionally add that he spent nine years going from Midnight Poet to Nightmare… C-could it be that he was feeling a little inferior when facing Ma'am Daly? Inferior… Klein recalled the past as his mood suddenly felt dampened.

He realized that he didn't really understand Dunn Smith. He didn't understand how many things the man had hidden inwardly.

And Ma'am Daly isn't much younger than him. She appears to be very open and doesn't care about marriage… Klein silently sighed and reined in his thoughts. He found a nearby pew and bowed his head, closing his eyes to pray.

Outside the prayer hall, Leonard had recovered as he gathered with the other Red Gloves teammates with Daly.

They waited for a while as Soest, who had become a Spirit Warlock, walked out from another side. He scanned them and said, "Our mission this time is to use the various clues discovered from the explosion of the Black Skeleton Gang's headquarters to find all the formal members of the Numinous Episcopate in Backlund.

"Ma'am Daly is a Beyonder from the Corpse Collector pathway. She knows quite a bit about the Numinous Episcopate, so His Grace, Saint Anthony, has gotten her to assist us."

…

In the evening, Klein, who had dismissed Richardson, took four steps counterclockwise and entered above the gray fog. He conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made his blurry figure pray.

“…Please inform Miss Magician that she needs to reserve a hotel room before Friday night. It's best that it's far from the place where Mr. X holds the gathering…

“…Pass me the stone and spellbook ahead of time. I need to make certain preparations…

“…On Friday night, she needs to stop her friend who participates in Mr. X's gathering and also present to me that person's external appearance when in disguise…

“…If there's anything else, I'll inform her in time."

With only two days left before the assassination attempt on Mr. X, Klein undoubtedly needed to prepare ahead of time. And there were many things that needed preparation. Dwayne Dantès wasn't able to do everything, so he had to rely on Miss Magician.

His preliminary plan was to use the powers of a Faceless to disguise himself as a participant in Mr. X's gathering. He would enter directly with the passcode, and then he would employ different plans based on the situation.

According to the experience he had in engaging in combat and controlling his marionette, Klein had a feeling that a Marionettist's principle was "try to hide behind the scenes, covertly directing a script."

Unless necessary, a Marionettist had to avoid engaging in direct combat with others!

Currently, the most troublesome point is that Mr. X's gathering is at eight. And usually, at this time, Dwayne Dantès clearly wouldn't have fallen asleep. He won't be able to escape the notice of his butler and servants and secretly head to East Borough… Of course, on the contrary, it can also create an alibi, but the problem is, what method should I use to fool everyone in his house… If only I had a Faceless partner who can act as Dwayne Dantès… Miss Justice's necklace can do it, but she's not in Backlund… Klein leaned back into his chair as he rubbed his temples.

He had even considered directly summoning and responding to himself, using his identity as Hero Bandit Black Emperor to carry out the operation,

but doing so would cause him to lose the ability to change his physical appearance. It also made it difficult for him to possess others and disguise as Fors's friend to participate in the gathering.

Unless Miss Magician's friend is a part of this, allowing me to possess him or her… That wouldn't do either. First, it will expose some of the Tarot Club's secrets, and second, Mr. X might have the means to discover a Wraith. Of course, traces of this can be concealed using a series of seals with a gold coin, the Paper Angel, or the iron cigar case… Klein considered for a while before deciding on a method he was very proficient in from his previous life.

Feigning sickness!

_I'll begin acting sick tomorrow. I'll eat very little, and sleep before eight… This way, the butler and servants wouldn't disturb me… But if there's an emergency, what do I do when Walter and company knock on the door? A Magician's Illusion Creation can only fool the eyes. It isn't some artificial intelligence… Artificial intelligence… Right, I can fix the illusion onto a mirror, letting it look like Dwayne Dantès. Then, I'll get Arrodes to answer remotely! _With this in mind, Klein's thoughts suddenly opened up.

I have to say that Arrodes can be quite useful at times… After a poignant comment, Klein returned to the real world. He walked to the desk, took out pen and paper, and began drawing a picture comprising of symbols that implied secrecy and mystery prying.

Just as he finished his final stroke, the room's lighting dimmed suddenly. The full-body mirror first turned deep black before silver light surfaced. Loenese text appeared one after another.

"Great Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, heard your summoning. W-was I late?"

There's something new every time… Klein shook his head in amusement.

"No."

"How tolerant you are of me, Great Master. You can ask your question." Words neatly appeared on the mirror.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "I plan on eliminating the Aurora Order Oracle, Mr. X. Do you have any suggestions?"

The full-body mirror's words froze for a few seconds before changing.

"It's best you do it after Thursday."

It's in line with my divination… Angel of Fate Ouroboros or a Saint of the Aurora Order might be around Mr. X tonight and on Thursday… Klein smiled and said, "Arrodes, I have something that requires your help."

"T-this is my honor! You are giving me an opportunity!" Words quickly emerged, fully professing what it meant to be excited and delighted. "May I ask what the mission is?"

Klein nodded and said, "This Friday night, I will be using a mirror as an illusion prop, changing it to look like my present identity… If any emergencies happen, you're in charge of controlling the mirror to answer without letting anyone discover any abnormalities.

"Can you do it?"

The air around the full-body mirror suddenly gushed around, and a toady voice belonging to Dwayne Dantès sounded:

"Great Master, I'll try my best to complete anything you command.

"Although it won't be able to last long, and it doesn't match my usual habits, it's enough to deal with everyone here.

"If you wish, I can simulate any voice!"

You're more talented than I expected… It's not easy being a mirror these days… However, why does that final statement sound odd… Klein's facial muscles trembled as he said, "When dealing with them, hide the nature of the question-and-answer game. Don't let others notice it."

Arrodes immediately presented a new sentence on the full-body mirror:

"I will play your identity well!"

"Very good." Klein nodded.

He was truly worried that Arrodes would begin asking Butler Walter and Valet Richardson embarrassing questions. Questions like: "have you fantasized about ladies you shouldn't have any urges for?" or "who do you think of late at night when resolving your physical needs?"

He believed that with the magic mirror's way of doing things, it might very well carry out such an act without any forewarning. Back then, Danitz nearly broke down thanks to its questions.

Without speaking any further, Klein switched to saying, "That will be all for today. I'll contact you again on Friday night."

"Yes, Great Master. Your humble servant already looks forward to serving you!" Arrodes first conjured a single line before producing a drawing of a hand waving.

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CHAPTER 777
SICK AND CRAZY SETUP

On Friday afternoon, Klein, who had skipped a literary salon because of his feigned sickness, arrived above the gray fog once again.

In front of him was a hard-covered, palm-sized notebook which was bronze green in color. It was Leymano's Travels which The Magician Fors had provided.

After flipping the item which was closer to a spellbook over to a certain page, Klein looked at the yellowish-brown page, raised his hand, and summoned the Sea God Scepter from the junk pile.

As he injected some of his spirituality into Leymano's Travels, making it light up with a faint luster, he made the blue gem on the scepter's tip emit a bright light.

A sizzling sound was produced as bolts of silver lightning appeared out of thin air. They were thick and menacing as they zapped about, meshing together to form a hurricane.

At the same time, complicated symbols and labels quickly outlined themselves on the page of Leymano's Travels. They overlapped each other and fused together, slowly taking shape.

Just as the page was about to be colored in silver, bolts of lightning snaked out from it, causing all the patterns to be destroyed!

It failed again… Klein sighed silently as he repeated the same process.

This wasn't his first attempt. Ever since he obtained Leymano's Travels on Wednesday night, he would head above the gray fog from time to time, using this spellbook to record the powers produced by the Sea God Scepter. He repeated it until his spirituality was nearly drained, forcing him to return to the real world to take a break.

During this process, there were successes and failures. Klein relied on repeated attempts before completing the final step, recording the Lightning Storm spell which he had eyed for a very long time!

This was a demigod power of the Sailor pathway!

Before that failure, Klein had failed nearly twenty times. It could be said that his luck was terrible.

After repeated failures, he was delighted to see a silver luster spread across the yellowish page at the fifth attempt. An ancient, mysterious, complicated, and indescribable symbol contracted, forming a fancy diagram that made anyone who placed their eyes on it feel as though they were being struck by lightning.

Phew… I've finally succeeded. Klein rubbed his fingers against the paper and heaved a long sigh of relief.

He flipped through Leymano's Travels and admired his previous efforts.

Over the past two days, he wasn't fully caught up with Lightning Storm. He also recorded two other demigod powers. One of them was Paper Angel that he had used while stirring some of the powers above the gray fog. It aided in disrupting any divination and prophecies. Similarly, there was Hurricane that stemmed from the Sea God Scepter.

When recording them, Klein was rather lucky. One took nine times, while the other took twelve before he succeeded.

As for Flight, Glide, Lightning Strike, and other powers that didn't reach Sequence 4, they only required him to do it once or twice. Therefore, Klein had almost filled the entire book.

This spellbook isn't very useful to unaffiliated Beyonders. It needs plenty of time and patience to record a sufficient number of powers. And when the powers exceed Sequence 6, the chances of failure increases, making the powers difficult to obtain… However, there are 22 pathways in the mystical domain. If the first few Sequences have their powers matched well, finishing off a Sequence 5 isn't too surprising… Klein closed Leymano's Travels and sighed inwardly.

From his point of view, the spellbook was equivalent to half a divine artifact for unaffiliated Beyonders. Although it was more difficult to be useful than Creeping Hunger in its early stages, once there was a good combination, it was quite normal for one to fight someone of a higher Sequence. However, among Beyonders who were supported by major factions, Leymano's Travels would be ridiculously powerful. This was because it could record a demigod's powers!

As long as they wish, a demigod can repeat the power again and again. As for Creeping Hunger, it has a high chance of failing to devour a demigod. Even a real Shepherd would find it extremely difficult to Graze a High-Sequence Beyonder. Firstly, there are no available resources, and secondly, it's easy to lose control. Elder Lovia from the City of Silver was someone lucky enough to be able to Graze a Sequence 4 evil spirit… When Klein thought of this, he cast his gaze onto a dark green, coarse stone. It was rough and uneven with signs of burn marks. It was none other than Fors's stone that allowed the traversal of the spirit world.

With Leymano's Travels and this stone, along with the Luck Siphon charm and Wraith marionette, even if Mr. X has a Saint protecting him, I should still be able to complete the mission and leave without problems… Klein rubbed his temples and returned to the real world. After setting up a bestowment ritual, he brought the corresponding items back.

After making all the preparations, he walked to the full-body mirror and looked at himself. He made himself look haggard.

After dinner, Klein had used the excuse of not being well to return to his room.

After taking in the night scenery, he took out a palm-sized mirror from the drawer and placed it on the soft and elastic pillow.

Then, Klein went over, making the mirror reflect the blue-eyed, white-sideburned Dwayne Dantès.

He then slowly straightened his body and took a step back, creating another Dwayne Dantès in bed!

This gentleman was wearing silk pajamas and leaning against a pillow. He held a book in hand with his eyes half-closed as though he was in thought.

Not bad, the mirror illusion isn't weaker than a paper figurine illusion… Klein returned to the desk and picked up a fountain pen, drawing the strange symbol that was a mixture of secrecy and mystery prying.

After a brief silence, the Dwayne Dantès in bed suddenly opened his eyes and gave a toady smile.

"Great Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is here!"

I have to say that even with Dwayne Dantès's face, there's no way he can look normal with that kind of smile… Klein silently sighed and nearly turned to look to his side.

"Very good," he praised with a nod.

He didn't give any other instructions. With a half top hat, he slid down from the balcony to the first floor. He followed the secluded garden trail and

flipped over the corner perimeter wall of 160 Böklund Street. During this process, he hadn't forgotten to close the windows.

Pressing his right hand on his hat and landing his feet on the streets, Klein slowly looked up. At some point in time, his facial features and outline had changed. He had black hair and brown eyes, with a thin and angular face.

This was the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, who had a bounty of 50,000 pounds from just a single country!

The hunt was about to begin.

…

Cherwood Beyonder. Xio, who was just about to head out to East Borough to participate in Mr. X's Beyonder gathering, was stopped by Fors.

"You want to head out to gather material?" Xio deliberated before saying the words her friend often used.

Fors stroked her hair and said, "No, to earn money!

"I previously accepted a mission to find the dust left behind after a ghost fades away. As you know, there aren't any ghosts at the cemetery. They've all been given a send-off by the priests and bishops to their respective deity's kingdom. Therefore, I can only head over to East Borough and find targets that died due to various reasons without being discovered.

"Can you bear letting such a beautiful and frail lady like me head into such a messy place alone?"

"But, can't you push it back a day?" Xio said hesitantly. "I'm planning to participate in Mr. X's gathering."

Fors immediately shook her head.

"No, I need to complete the mission tomorrow. It's a total of 50 pounds!"

"If it's due tomorrow, why didn't you do it the past few days?" Xio looked suspiciously at her friend.

Fors chuckled.

"Is this your first day knowing me?

"Don't you know I have a severe case of procrastination?

"Besides, you have no money. What's the point of going to Mr. X's gathering? You don't even know what Beyonder ingredients you need!"

"That's true." Xio was convinced before she smiled. "Does every author have a sickness of procrastination?"

"Probably." As Fors perfunctorily replied, she secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

…

In the East Borough, inside a cheap motel, Klein entered the room which Miss Magician had reserved for him under a fake alias.

Here, having a room and a bed for one person was an extravagance, but even so, such rooms only cost 12 pence a night. Of course, many of the cheap motels in East Borough didn't have any single rooms. The best of them were some compartments that cost 5 pence a night. It only had a bed and a partition that blocked others from looking inside, allowing the occupants to change clothes.

As for the ten to twenty bunk beds in the basement, they cost 1.5 pence a night. The motel didn't hold any responsibilities for the items that one stored there.

There's actually a mirror. Not bad… Klein put down his hat and stood in front of a full-body mirror filled with crevices. He then wore the hooded robe which Miss Magician had prepared for him.

Immediately after that, his body shrank at a discernible pace. His skin gradually turned pale with a tinge of malt colors. The Adam's apple at his throat vanished as his hair grew long and turned blonde.

Klein instantly recognized the image of Fors's friend, even though the disguise didn't show her looks. It was Miss Xio!

However, because there was a hood to conceal himself, he didn't really transform into a woman. All he did was handle the easily noticeable spots.

I can't do anything about the height of 150 centimeters. I'll need to digest the entirety of my potion before I can reach this limit… Thankfully, Miss Xio disguises herself by raising her height. I don't have to vex over this… Klein looked at the 160-centimeter-tall figure in the mirror, switched to a pair of leather boots that looked to be and was flat-soled.

After donning the disguise, Klein hooded himself and silently left the single room from the window. He came to an alley in East Borough, taking a detour until he arrived outside the building where Mr. X was hosting the Beyonder gathering.

After recalling the passcode which Miss Magician had provided, Klein rapped the door with his fingers—three light taps and three heavy taps, separated by two long and three short intervals.

After ten seconds, the door silently opened. An attendant wearing an iron mask first observed the visitor before making way.

Klein calmly walked past him and entered the building without showing any signs of panic.

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CHAPTER 778
1 + 1 > 2

While passing through the living room, Klein's spiritual perception was triggered. He felt that there was an invisible gaze scanning him from an unknown location.

He feigned ignorance as he entered the activity room ahead. He surveyed the area and found a spot that wasn't too far or close to the host's seat.

And at the moment he passed through the activity room's door, all the attention on him vanished.

If not for the Wraith having three seals to isolate it, it probably would've been noticed… Mr. X doesn't appear to be as bold and crazy as he seems… Klein sat down and moved his hood, hiding his face deeper in the shadows.

After about ten minutes, when most of the members had arrived, a brass mask-wearing Mr. X appeared by the door without causing a commotion. He walked in and headed towards his seat.

He was dressed in a black classical robe with a pointed mage hat. As he walked, he had a converged aura, but it was enough to make everyone present bow their heads without realizing it.

Turning around and slowly taking his seat, Mr. X surveyed the room and said in a deep voice, "Let's begin."

He's within four meters… Klein wasn't in a rush to take action. He retracted his gaze and patiently watched as a few gathering members exchanged

information about people with abnormal luck for money. Occasionally, Mr. X would reply.

Time ticked by as the gathering's focus went from Mr. X's act of handing out rewards to the transactions between the members. Klein didn't hesitate as he tapped his left thumb on the first segment of his index finger twice, activating his Spirit Body Threads vision.

Illusory black threads immediately surfaced before his eyes as they emanated from the bodies of different people, out into the void towards some boundless distance.

After making a simple distinction of the threads, Klein began to secretly control Mr. X's Spirit Body Threads.

There were two difficulties to this mission according to his plan. The first was that having Astrologer as one of the earlier jobs in his pathway, Mr. X or the other hidden Aurora Order Saint might be able to sense the danger when he began controlling the Spirit Body Threads, acutely sensing some abnormality.

Klein wasn't sure about Mr. X's spiritual intuition because back when Miss Sharron existed in a Wraith state, she failed to notice Marionettist Rosago's controlling of her Spirit Body Threads. However, for a Saint who was a demigod, a High-Sequence Beyonder who had obtained godhood, no special trait of this being would surprise Klein. It wasn't surprising if that being's spiritual intuition was triggered due to the changes in another person's Spirit Body Threads.

For other Marionettist, they were probably helpless regarding this. But Klein was different. He had another identity as The Fool. He had the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog to aid him, allowing him to rely on Paper Angels to produce interference and eliminate any hidden problems.

The gathering continued without any abnormalities. More than ten seconds passed as Klein was close to gaining initial control of Mr. X. There was only three seconds left, but this Aurora Order Oracle didn't notice at all. He continued observing the completion of another transaction with a deep look in his eyes, his thoughts a mystery.

At the critical moment, Klein stopped!

He barely maintained his progress as he extended his hand, reaching into the pocket of the hooded robe and touching the iron cigar case which had been sealed with a wall of spirituality.

Klein moved his fingers, prodding it gently to remove the wall of spirituality, allowing it to disperse into a swirling wind inside his pocket.

He pulled back his palm and waited for a few more seconds until Mr. X's gaze looked to the side before he continued controlling the Spirit Body Threads.

Two seconds. One second. Zero!

Mr. X's thoughts turned sluggish as though someone had poured stirred cement onto him.

An enemy… Danger… Slow thoughts appeared in his head as he quickly made his decision. He planned on seeking help from his subordinates and the entity who was watching in secret, and put up an effective resistance.

At this moment, coldness drilled into his body, preventing his limbs and mouth from answering his will.

Admiral of Blood Senor!

A Wraith's possession!

There were many flaws to a Marionettist's control of Spirit Body Threads. The biggest problem was the target immediately realizing that there was a problem once initial control was attained. They would then have the ability to carry out any contingencies.

If it was one-on-one, without anyone around them, Klein could naturally use the target's increasingly impeded state to effectively disrupt and interfere with any resistance they put up, but if the target had any aides, it was very difficult for a Marionettist's control to fool others. It required help from the environment, or partners to conceal the matter without exposing it.

And on this point, a Wraith who was able to possess a target and forcefully control them was the best support for a Marionettist!

The reason why Klein didn't directly enter a state of initial control was because he needed to release the Wraith.

After the initial inspection at the door, the vigilance in the activity room at the gathering location was definitely lower!

Mr. X's eyes widened as his thoughts turned sluggish. His instinctive attempt to shout was blocked by his throat and mouth, silencing him completely.

His attempt to raise his hands also slowed down as they reached for a porcelain teacup by his side.

This completely violated his will. It was because of the cold aura that occupied every corner of his body!

Wraith… Marionettist… No… If this continues… I'll die silently… Mr. X immediately controlled his spirituality as he constructed complicated symbols and labels in his mind.

He was just about to open a Traveler's Door, which was also the Door of Teleportation, to escape the Marionettist's control range. Compared to that,

a Wraith's possession was relatively less dangerous!

But amidst his sluggish thoughts, the illusory symbols and labels failed to appear all at once. Instead, they appeared one stroke after another in a discontinuous matter and at an insufficient speed.

Seizing this opportunity, Wraith Senor, who was possessing Mr. X, under Marionettist Klein's control, simply moved Mr. X's head, changing his seating position.

Such an action instantly interrupted the formation of the Traveler's Door!

Oh no… My… reaction… is too slow… It will be… interfered… by the Wraith… Use mystical… item… Mr. X's eyes filled with blood, but none of his subordinates around him noticed it. Even the one watching in secret didn't notice any abnormalities.

As for the gathering members who were interacting and trading, they lowered their voices because of his change in seating posture.

At that moment, the activity room was filled with people. Although there were Beyonders everywhere and many were his assistants, Mr. X found himself in extreme solitude and was helpless.

He didn't even know who was attacking him or where the attacker was sitting!

As the thoughts went through his mind, Mr. X regained control of his spirituality as he directed it towards the golden ring with an embedded ruby on his left index finger.

However, going from a thought to a decision, and then going from a decision to an action took too long. It was as though he was acting out his thought processes in slow motion.

This gave Senor plenty of time to raise Mr. X's left palm, bend his finger, and tap the side of "his" forehead which was uncovered by the brass mask as though in thought.

It was a very faint tapping sound, and the strength used was quite significant, but under Klein's control, Senor held back perfectly. It made most of the strength enter Mr. X's mind without spreading outwards so as to hide any commotion.

Tak! Tak!

Mr. X's thoughts of emanating his spirituality were disrupted, and he was temporarily unable to find his train of thought.

By the time he recovered, the Marionettist's control had deepened. This made his thoughts chaotic and impeded. Even his thinking and decision-making became extremely difficult.

With the Wraith using all kinds of tiny, concealed actions to interfere with Mr. X's attempts to use his various Beyonder powers and impressive mystical items, he slowly slid towards the abyss of becoming a marionette.

He watched helplessly as he marched towards death slowly.

Only then did he realize how terrifying and unsolvable the combination of a Marionettist and Wraith was.

The hunt continued silently under everyone's noses.

As Klein's control deepened, Mr. X's actions turned stiffer and sluggish. However, with the Wraith possessing him, no one could notice any problems.

To be precise, Mr. X's actions were no longer a result of the sluggish him, but from Wraith Senor. He wasn't even able to show the look of despair in his eyes.

Amidst the transactions that either succeeded or failed, ranging from arguments to negotiations, five minutes quickly passed. Klein was just one last step from killing Mr. X and turning him into his marionette.

However, he couldn't do so.

This was because he had yet to digest much of the Marionettist potion. He could only control one marionette at present, so if he wanted to convert Mr. X, he had to give up Wraith Senor.

But once he gave up Senor, this Admiral of Blood who was long dead would immediately surface and be discovered by everyone. It would bring about extreme trouble.

Similarly, if Klein didn't give up his Wraith marionette had and assassinated Mr. X while he wasn't able to resist, he needed to consider the Aurora Order Saint who was lurking in the shadows.

This was the second most difficult part of his plan.

To silently control Mr. X and remove his ability to resist wasn't difficult with the combination of Marionettist and Wraith. The way to kill him wasn't difficult as well. Mr. X in his present state could easily be finished off by Klein with an Air Bullet.

The difficulty was in leaving safely after pulling off such a stunt.

This actually required sufficient patience.

Time slowly passed with Klein appearing calm despite his tensed nerves. He pretended that he wasn't interested in the items that appeared as he kept silent the entire time.

Finally, when the gathering came to an end, Mr. X said in a deep voice with complete normality, "The end."

His words were succinct, just like the way he ended the previous gathering. This was what Xio described to Fors.

As the gathering's members stood up one by one, Klein mixed in among them, looking inconspicuous. At the same time, he reached his hand into his pocket, and he flipped open Leymano's Travels based on his sense of touch.

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CHAPTER 779
ONE-SHOT

The three types of paper in Leymano's Travels clearly had different textures. The white paper that could only record Sequence 7, 8, and 9 powers was thin, smooth and flat. The yellowish-brown goatskin which could record Sequence 5 and 6 powers were very pliable like tanned leather. The three charred yellow pages that could record godhood powers were thick and textured. Together, they allowed someone to quickly distinguish between them simply from touch.

Klein's fingers quickly found the thick and textured three pages as he gently pinched the middle page.

Although his pocket wasn't large enough, preventing him from fully opening Leymano's Travels, the hooded robe was personally modified by Fors herself. The pocket had plenty of space, allowing the palm-sized spellbook to be flipped to a right angle.

As Klein used his palm to prevent Leymano's Travels from closing, he used his finger to slide across the corresponding page's surface. The surface had slight bumps and depressions, making the strange patterns and symbols that were filled with mystery and ancient vibes be directly presented in his mind.

He injected his spirituality into it.

This charred-yellow page recorded a demigod power of the Storm pathway: Hurricane!

Klein wanted to use it to create chaos, so as to interfere with the Aurora Order saint who was lurking in the darkness. By doing so, he could seize the opportunity to assassinate Mr. X and escape with the help of the wind.

Aside from this goal, the chaos could also effectively hide his tracks. By letting the members of the gathering scatter, and with everyone's identity being a mystery, doing so made everyone be a suspect. The Aurora Order would then find it difficult to pinpoint Xio.

As his thoughts whirred, Klein locked his gaze onto a spot, and he slowly pulled out Leymano's Travels.

Meanwhile, Mr. X took two steps to Klein's side, standing near him like he was a friend he hadn't seen in years.

Following that, there was a loud buzz as a terrifying hurricane spiraled out of control in front of everybody. It was where Klein had targeted his spirituality at.

The tables, coffee tables, sofa, and high-back chairs in the room flew up as the violent hurricane ripped through the walls, carrying the roof away as it headed for the alley. Some of the gathering's participants were in the way of the hurricane and were thrown far away, while others fell forward due to the wind pressure as they ran in another direction.

If Klein hadn't purposely controlled the timing and direction of the hurricane, not only would Mr. X's old house be destroyed, but even the series of condominiums around it would suffer damage. As for the gathering participants, they would've been swept up in the hurricane, having their survival depend solely on luck.

The buzzing sounds quickly intensified as the hurricane that reached into the sky was like a terrifying giant. It stomped across the alley towards the street, leaving nothing behind in its wake.

Klein was similarly swept up as he and the possessed Mr. X were thrown onto another street.

During this process, as both of them were standing close to one another, along with how a Wraith could float, these could control the target's body to a certain extent even with the hurricane. Therefore, the distance between Klein and Mr. X ultimately stayed within five meters. His control of the Spirit Body Threads had never been terminated.

In midair, with the howling winds in his ear, Klein suddenly yanked at his chest with his right hand, tearing away the hooded robe's surface, reached under his arm, and drew Death Knell.

Although in Mr. X's current state where just Air Bullets alone could finish him off, Klein decided to be cautious. He was afraid that certain mystical items on his body would suddenly be triggered, just like Admiral of Blood Senor's necklace.

When hunting, it was necessary to do his best!

Klein's vigorous action of drawing his revolver had obviously affected his control of the Spirit Body Threads. If it wasn't because Mr. X was on the brink of being fully controlled, just this alone was enough to recover his usual lucidness.

However, even so, Mr. X's thoughts were no longer impeded as his mind sped up.

He attempted to resist, but with Wraith Senor's possessing him, it had forced his efforts to be in vain for a brief moment.

Then, Mr. X's eyes reflected an enemy who swooped downward. It was a thin face with pronounced facial lines.

In his vision, the person coldly cocked the revolver, pointing the black barrel at him.

Bang!

Klein didn't hesitate to pull the trigger as the gunshot was drowned by the howling winds.

Mr. X's head jerked backwards as though an invisible hand had pressed onto it.

His head and brass mask shattered into pieces, splattering red and white liquids everywhere.

It was a lethal shot!

Death Knell had sounded the knell for him!

Plop!

After the shot, Klein fell to the ground on his back.

With a thud, Mr. X landed beside him as the blood and fragments that scattered in midair had strangely flowed back, gathering by his neck and forming a head filled with cracks and crevices.

This was the ability of a Wraith.

At that moment, the hurricane was starting to disperse, and the huge commotion had undoubtedly caught the notice of faraway demigods.

Inside the Holy Wind Cathedral, the new Backlund archbishop, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus, instantly flew out of his room as he floated in the air.

Klein, who had fallen on the ground, noticed that the wind pressure had weakened. With Death Knell in one hand and Leymano's Travels in the other, he flipped the latter to the first yellowish-brown goatskin page.

After obtaining this spellbook, he realized that there were a few pages recorded in it, with one of them being Traveler's Door.

Klein originally imagined that it was a coincidence, but on careful thought, he found it inevitable. This was because Leymano's Travels belonged to the ancient Abraham family. They wielded the Apprentice pathway and several corresponding mystical items, so they had the resources to easily record a Traveler's powers. After all, this was something very, very useful.

At that moment, as long as the Traveler's Door was formed, Klein could leave unharmed with Mr. X's corpse that was being possessed by Wraith Senor.

He hadn't used it in the building, because it was possible that the Aurora Order Saint might intercept it. Furthermore, Mr. X was also a Traveler. He had a chance of successfully escaping via Traveler's Door. Therefore, Klein didn't dare risk it before he was completely dead.

At that moment, Klein's vision went black as he realized that the surrounding streets were filled with a pitch-black and strange liquid. They surged over and quickly coagulated to form a strong cage.

In such darkness, shadows began to come alive as cold gazes landed on him.

A demigod's power! The Aurora Order does have a saint nearby! There's no way to directly teleport away! Klein's heart tensed up as he calmly flipped Leymano's Travels to the charred-yellow page.

Sizzle!

A silver "python" snaked out of thin air, embroiling itself with the darkness as it illuminated everything.

Lightning Storm!

The coagulated pitch-blackness shattered instantly. And without any hesitation, Klein stuffed his Death Knell-wielding right hand into his pocket, pinching the dark green stone that was filled with burn marks.

"Door!"

He chanted in ancient Hermes with an abnormally calm tone.

A light blue brilliance burst out as Klein's figure rapidly turned into a blur. Even Mr. X's corpse which had come close to grab onto his shoulder had experienced similar changes.

The two figures instantly turned invisible as they vanished from the spot. They quickly departed into the spirit world with overlapping saturated colors, pulling off an ingenious escape.

In the shadowy alley with the flattened gathering building which had planks, rubble, clothes, and all kinds of random items strewn all around, someone harrumphed.

"Damn it!"

At this moment, the other gathering members had already fled the street. From far away in the sky, a sonic boom could be heard.

…

Xio and Fors, who were searching for ghosts in East Borough, were alarmed by the sky that suddenly lit up. They hurriedly looked into the distance and saw the silver forest that seemed to bloom like a forest.

The twisted form and sense of horror had left them trembling despite the distance. They didn't even dare look straight at it.

"What happened over there?" Xio mumbled as she exchanged looks with Fors blankly.

Fors actually had a guess, but she found it difficult to believe. This was because it had far exceeded her expectations of The World Gehrman Sparrow's strength!

…

In a dark alley, Klein appeared out of thin air with Mr. X's corpse as they landed on the ground.

He wasn't flustered at all. He kept Death Knell in his pocket and then took out another book.

Groselle's Travels!

Smack! Klein smacked the book written by Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt onto Mr. X's face, staining the cover with blood.

Moments later, Mr. X's corpse vanished, leaving behind Wraith Senor in his dark red coat and old triangular hat.

Right on the heels of that, Klein put away Groselle's Travels, flipped open Leymano's Travels and made another charred-yellow page face up.

Suddenly, a bright light emitted from the book as an illusory angel with twelve wings flew up and landed on Klein.

All of this happened in an instant before darkness returned to the alley. Only the dim moonlight continued illuminating the area silently.

Klein immediately took out another metal bottle, poured out the blood stored inside, and uniformly smeared it across Leymano's Travels.

After doing all of this, he put away everything else, pulling away the hooded robe and throwing it beside him.

A scarlet flame immediately soared up, burning the tattered robe clean.

Meanwhile, Klein silently grew another 10 centimeters as he transformed into a relatively ordinary appearance.

Then, he identified his bearings with the help of the stars, and he picked up a fallen branch to assist him as he quickly toured through the dark and deteriorated streets, returning back to the cheap motel.

At this point, he still had no idea what additional weakness he had been given.

Inside the single room in the motel, Klein changed into his own clothes, turning back into Gehrman Sparrow.

Seeing this thin and cold-looking crazy adventurer in the mirror, he fell silent for a few seconds, picking up the half top hat and wearing it.

…

Above the flattened building, Church of Storms Cardinal, Backlund diocese archbishop, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus, who had failed in capturing anyone, looked down in silence for an extended period of time.

…

160 Böklund Street. Upon seeing the visitor outside, Butler Walter asked in surprise, "Your Excellency, why are you suddenly here? Is there something?"

Bishop Elektra chuckled and said, "I heard that Dwayne is sick, so I'm here to visit him. Perhaps he will quickly recover under the Goddess's blessings."

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CHAPTER 780
EXTRACT

Walter came to the third story and rapped on the master bedroom's door.

"Who is it?" Dwayne Dantès's slightly weak and hoarse voice sounded.

Walter turned the doorknob, opening a tiny crack in the door.

"Sir, Bishop Elektra is here to visit you.

"Do you wish to meet him in the living room or activity room, or should he be invited directly to your bedroom?"

Usually, visitors weren't permitted to enter the master's bedroom. This was rather impolite, but visiting the sick was an exception.

After a brief silence, Dwayne Dantès replied, "Invite him into the bedroom."

"Alright, sir." As Walter gestured Richardson to urge a maid to prepare some tea, he walked down and invited Bishop Elektra of the Church of Evernight up.

Soon, Elektra entered the bedroom and saw Dwayne Dantès lying in bed, looking haggard.

"Richardson, get the bishop a seat," the pale Dwayne Dantès said with a smile.

Richardson had already done so. He immediately moved a high-back chair to a spot near the bed.

However, Elektra took a few steps forward to observe the new tycoon in town and asked in concern, "Dwayne, how are you? Did you consult a physician?"

His spiritual perception wasn't triggered, so he didn't make any attempts. He was only visiting a pious believer out of concern.

Dwayne Dantès coughed lightly and smiled.

"I'm actually almost recovered. I believe I'll be able to head over to church tomorrow or the day after tomorrow to listen to your preachings."

"That's good. I was wondering if I needed to pray to Goddess to bless you." Elektra chuckled and took a step back before sitting on the chair which Richardson had brought for him.

At this moment, Dwayne Dantès glanced at the bishop and chuckled.

"Actually, I've always had a question. Are clergymen of the Church of the Goddess allowed to get married?"

Elektra, who was two years short of reaching forty, sighed and smiled.

"This question has actually troubled us for the longest time.

"In ancient times, the archbishops had engaged in intense debates about this on several theosophical meetings.

"One side believed that servants of the Goddess need to maintain their purity, be it men or women; otherwise it would be sacrilegious. The other side found words from the Goddess in The Revelation of Evernight and other books, believing that the Goddess encouraged marriage. 'She' encouraged equality between both sexes and for them to have normal

contact. Hence, clergymen should be an example of this, and not be a negative example; by doing so, that would be the greatest respect towards the Goddess.

"In recent times, this question has basically been shelved. The Church doesn't ban or encourage it. The only request is that married clergymen are not to let their families live in the cathedrals."

Dwayne Dantès nodded slowly as he curled the corner of his lips.

"Your Excellency, do you have a wife?"

Although Bishop Elektra was thin and not very good-looking, he was pleasant to the eyes. He sighed and said, hardly hiding his smile, "Two years ago, I walked down the aisle under the Goddess's watch. I happen to have a child this year.

"I originally imagined that I would remain single my entire life in order to serve Goddess, but…”

As he spoke, he gave a self-deprecating laugh and shook his head.

Without waiting for Dwayne Dantès to probe deeper, Elektra asked, "You seem to be single as well. Are you considering the problem of marriage?"

He seemed to imagine that Dwayne Dantès had such thoughts, and he directly asked, imagining that the answer was certain as he continued, "What kind of lady do you like? Perhaps I might be able to help introduce you to someone."

Dwayne Dantès coughed lightly and said with a smile, "I often chose adventures to amass wealth in the past, so I wasn't willing to get married, afraid I would drag her down. Heh, I like many types of women and am not picky.

"I like those older than me, one's who can give me warmth and make me feel at ease…”

Before he finished, his valet, Richardson, wore a stunned expression. He hurriedly turned his head aside and lowered it. He felt his face burning for some baffling reason.

Dwayne Dantès didn't seem to sense it as he continued, "I also like those younger than me, those who are pure and lively, making anyone who sees them feel as though it's dawn because of the radiance they aren't aware of…”

Bishop Elektra's face suddenly froze as he raised his palm and clenched it into a fist as he held it to his mouth and coughed twice.

Yet, Dwayne Dantès didn't stop. He shook his head and said with a sigh, "I also like those who were once in love or were married so that people wouldn't dare approach due to their status, women who can only be viewed from afar. They are so charming that each action of theirs are so intoxicating and irresistible. I often dream…”

Butler Walter, who was standing nearby, trembled. He felt as though he had experienced a dream that he didn't wish to wake up from despite opposing it greatly. He had no idea if it was a good or bad dream.

Dwayne Dantès was about to continue to describe further, but he stopped producing any sound after opening his mouth.

He then chuckled softly.

"That's all very normal. When humans are at their limits and are under the influence of their senses, they often have some abnormal thoughts. As long as they're repressed while acting in line with one's will, it wouldn't feel like torture. One would still be a husband, a good father, a good man."

"That's very reasonable. When I'm incensed, I often have irrational thoughts, but few people will turn them into reality." Bishop Elektra ingeniously changed the subject. As for Butler Walter and Valet Richardson, they revealed looks of contemplation.

The bishop didn't stay long. After drinking a few sips of the marquis black tea that the maid delivered, he got up and bade farewell, leaving Dwayne Dantès's residence.

The room quickly turned quiet as the window at the balcony silently opened. Klein, who had changed back into Dwayne Dantès, agilely leaped inside.

Thankfully, I returned in time. If I allowed Arrodes to continue speaking, Bishop Elektra would probably renounce a pious believer like me… Perhaps I'll even discover Walter and Richardson hanging from their rooms tomorrow morning, and the streets would have rumors of Dwayne Dantès being a pervert… Klein looked at the fake Dwayne on the bed and sighed silently. That final response had been personally formulated by him, and he got Arrodes to read it.

Of course, this was his contingency plan for the worst possible scenario. He had believed that Arrodes wouldn't have made the situation develop that far.

"Welcome back, Great Master." The Dwayne Dantès in bed bowed and greeted. "Did your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, do well?"

Hearing the mirror stammer the question, Klein sighed and said, "It's still alright. You did pretty good.

"However, try not to agitate others when chatting."

"I-I will take note!" The fake Dwayne Dantès rapidly vanished as a small mirror appeared on the pillow.

Above the mirror, silver light bloomed as words appeared:

"Thank you for your affirmation. I will continue following in your footsteps. I look forward to being of service to you the next time~"

After a goodbye expression was sketched out, the mirror returned to normal.

Klein went close to it and put away the mirror before entering the bathroom attached to the master bedroom. He took four steps counterclockwise and headed above the gray fog.

He wanted to complete the Grazing before Mr. X's Spirit Body dispersed.

…

In the book world, inside a cave on a snow-laden mountain peak.

Klein looked at Mr. X's corpse and carefully identified the head that had been pieced together from the fragments. He matched it with his memories of the target's picture which Miss Magician had provided him.

It's him… I hope I'll obtain Traveling and Record. With them, I would make a killing with this operation. Otherwise, I'll have to consider getting Miss Magician to pay more. The difficulty between hunting a Sequence 5 and that of facing a demigod are two completely different matters. As Klein thought, he reached out his left palm and spread open his fingers, aiming at the corpse whose spirituality hadn't completely dispersed.

Creeping Hunger quickly transformed back into its original form, looking as though it was made of thin human skin, two eyes split open in the middle of its palm. Its pupils were bright red, as though they were dyed in blood.

Amidst a cold and eerie wind, Mr. X's significantly dispersed Spirit Body and the resplendent Beyonder specks of light that resembled the Milky Way drilled into Creeping Hunger, fixing onto a blank finger.

Creeping Hunger first turned transparent as if it was a shadow of the spirit world before returning to normal.

Klein closed his eyes and sensed it as his brows gradually eased. A smile surfaced on his face.

His luck was pretty good this time because he had drawn one of the Beyonder powers he wanted the most: Traveler's Door!

It could also be called Door of Teleportation, Teleportation, or Traveling. Its effect was to allow a person to traverse the spirit world while sensing the external world. Beyonders of different Sequences could endure Traveling for different periods of time due to the differences in their Spirit Body's potency. This made the effects of spirit world traversal and the distance differ.

If it's a Sequence 9 or 8, they wouldn't be able to go beyond Backlund… With my present level, I wonder if I can directly head to the primitive island which Mr. Hanged Man provided. Hmm, if that doesn't work, I can split it into a few trips… Klein thought as he smiled.

At this point, he realized that a Traveler's strength in head-on combat was very powerful. This was because the difficulty in using short-distance Traveling was about the same as Flaming Jump. This also meant that a Traveler could keep phasing around a target, opening up and narrowing distances as they pleased. This would catch people by surprise while also preventing them from inflicting a successful blow.

Furthermore, if plenty of powers were Recorded and the vigilance that accompanies immediately departing once something felt amiss, Klein suspected that even with Lightning Storm and Hurricane, he had no way of restraining a Traveler in direct combat.

Indeed, a Marionettist should try to hide behind the shadows… As Klein thought poignantly, he cast his eyes on Mr. X's corpse.

Creeping Hunger had also obtained another Beyonder power. It was Door Opening of the Apprentice Sequence. It was equivalent to a very weakened version of Traveling and was of little value.

Turning his gaze, Klein's eye noticed the ruby ring on Mr. X's hand.

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CHAPTER 781
NEGATIVE EFFECTS

After staring at Mr. X's corpse for a while, Klein held back the urge to personally dig through his pockets for spoils of war. He made Wraith Senor take two steps and retrieve the ruby ring.

This way, even if Mr. X carried an item with unimaginable negative effects, it would be endured by the marionette and not affect himself.

After some careful inspecting, Senor held the ruby ring, 48 pounds in cash, and an ordinary pipe filled with tobacco and walked back.

That's all? An Oracle of the Aurora Order only has this much? Klein was rather surprised at this scene as he nearly cursed "pauper" at him.

Soon, he recovered his calm and used his reasoning to convince himself that such a situation was very reasonable.

Mr. X is a Traveler. He can record the Beyonder powers of others. He's considered an all-rounder. Even if such a powerhouse were to have other mystical items, he would tend to record them and not carry them around. This way, he could enjoy the benefits of the powers without suffering from the negative effects. That can prevent himself from killing himself.

Using this line of thought, the effects of this ring was likely to be passive or triggered.

With this in mind, Klein nodded gently. He made Senor carry Mr. X's cracked and sticky head, possess him, and return above the gray fog.

Sitting behind The Fool's seat, he was no longer afraid of anything. He directly took the ruby ring and used the method of divination in order to determine the actual effects of the mystical item.

Its name is Flower of Blood…

It allows the wearer to control their body at a deeper level. As long as they don't suffer from instant death or are completely purified; hence, losing the ability to control it, they will be able to slowly recover…

This is equivalent to an instinct, a passive effect…

From the looks of it, my choice of delivering a lethal strike with Death Knell was the correct one. If I hadn't used all my might, Mr. X might not have actually died. He would then be able to use the extreme pain to awaken himself and escape the control of a Marionettist… He had also considered his weakness of being more of a spellcaster and having a body that was insufficient in strength…

This ring has flesh magic to a certain degree. It's quite useful… As Klein held the ruby ring, he rapped the edge of the mottled table and muttered silently.

He then began probing the Flower of Blood's negative effects.

Nearly a minute later, Klein opened his eyes and left the dream.

Oh, come on!? This? he muttered as he wore a twisted look.

With dream divination, he had interpreted the Flower of Blood's negative effects. It involved randomly making the wearer lose all rationale and the ability to think.

Great. This is in line with the True Creator… Klein couldn't help but grind his teeth.

A negative effect that was completely random meant that the Flower of Blood had no way to be used!

Thinking back to the scene from before, Klein muttered to himself in an amused and peeved manner, *Mr. X actually dared to wear such a ring?*

That's right, people who change their faith to the True Creator often don't have any facility to think. In that case, wearing such a ring wouldn't make them worse.

Hmm, losing rationale isn't losing reason. It wouldn't be as bad as suddenly hurting others. But clearly, he would be very rigid and foolish, acting only on instinct.

Phew… Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He decided to throw the Flower of Blood into the junk pile and not vex over it. From his point of view, it was a piece of crap that he couldn't use, nor was anyone willing to buy it unless he sold it to the Aurora Order. However, that would only make the True Creator very happy.

At that moment, he caught sight of Admiral of Blood Senor who was standing beside him through the corner of his eye.

Klein's heart stirred as he clapped.

Why didn't I think of that—I might not be able to use it, but I can let my marionette use it. After all, he's dead and he follows all my instructions. He doesn't need to think!

Admiral of Blood, Flower of Blood. It's destined to be a pair! Although Senor has lost his control over his body because he's dead, I can provide that…

This way, he can still be fixed even if he can't phase into a Wraith in time, or if his Zombie body isn't strong enough to withstand a blow, causing him to lose a limb or two.

Of course, to a marionette, that's not important, as it doesn't affect his intrinsic character. The main goal is to obtain the additional flesh magic.

A few seconds later, a delighted Klein made Senor pick up the ruby ring and wear it on his left index finger.

After doing this, Klein made the Wraith return to the gold coin before he raised his left palm and spread his fingers.

He wanted to release the Interrogator from Creeping Hunger!

This was a promise he had made a long time ago.

This was the last Spirit Body that had been Grazed when he received Creeping Hunger. It was time to set it free.

Amidst an indistinct cold wind, a blurry soul appeared by the side of the bronze table.

He was a man in a navy uniform. He was in his thirties and had the rank of commander. He had brown whiskers on his painful and dazed face.

"What's your name? How did Qilangos kill you?" Klein asked in a deep voice.

The man jolted from his reverie and answered, "My name is Andy Haydn. The second mate of the Enmat. I died at a battle at sea, no—I didn't die immediately. I was captured by a Feysacian before I entered that glove of yours…

"I do not know of a Qilangos, much less heard of him."

This Interrogator was already inside the glove when Qilangos obtained Creeping Hunger? As Psychic Piercing is very useful, he didn't switch it? I wonder who the previous owner of Creeping Hunger was… Klein asked

with piqued interest, "Who was the Feysacian who caught you? What does he look like?"

Andy Haydn thought seriously and said, "I don't know his name. I only remember his epaulet was that of a captain. I remember that he had a big, impressionable nose. I remember his eyes were blue, and his hair was close to blond. He was almost two meters tall…"

Such people from Feysac are common… other than his identity as a captain… Klein considered for a moment and said, "Which year did you die?"

Andy Haydn's figure slowly dissipated away, and finally, it said, "1338…"

That's twelve years ago. Hmm, Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos got famous less than ten years ago… That captain might already be an admiral… Klein gently nodded and discovered that he had failed to ask if Andy Haydn had any last wishes.

Forget it, setting him free is already a good deed… Klein quickly threw the matter to the back of his mind as he conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow.

…

"…Please inform Miss Magician that Mr. X, Lewis Wien, is dead. Please get her to take receipt of the item and the spellbook… I'll request it from her when I need it again…"

An endless gray fog filled Fors's eyes as The World Gehrman Sparrow's words emotionlessly rang in her ears. Although she was already prepared for this piece of news, she still found it unbelievable and unacceptable.

He really succeeded? That storm in East Borough was created by him? Fors held down the upheavals in her heart. Taking advantage of the silent night, she set up a bestowment ritual in her bedroom.

Before long, the candlelight and spirituality items created an illusory door. Two items flew out and landed gently on the table.

When Fors took a careful look, she nearly screamed as she hurriedly covered her mouth. She took two steps back and kept close to the wall of spirituality.

One of the two items was her Leymano's Travels, while the other item was a hideous head covered in cracks. It was stained with blood as if they had pieced together, as it seemed to shimmer with what appeared like reflected light on glass.

As a graduate of med school, and having worked as a doctor at a well-known clinic, Fors had seen her fair share of corpses but never had she seen such a disgusting, creepy, and terrifying head.

After composing herself, Fors looked at the head again, identifying it to be Lewis Wien's.

She carefully used astromancy to make a final confirmation. Following that, she muttered with a slightly twisted expression, *Mr. World shattered the target's head and then pieced them back together?*

At this moment, Fors couldn't help have a scene surface in her mind.

It was of the cold Gehrman Sparrow sitting in front of a table, piecing together the bloody head fragments together, as though seriously putting a jigsaw puzzle together.

This made Fors involuntarily shiver. She had an inexplicable feeling that The World was a psychotic killer with a serious mental illness.

Moving her gaze away, she took two steps forward and picked up Leymano's Travels and casually flipped through it.

Her gaze gradually froze because there were more spells in the spellbook, most of them seemingly related to wind and lightning.

This made her recall the lightning storm that quickly passed in East Borough. She was convinced that it was created by Mr. World.

Fors hurriedly flipped to the three charred-yellow pages in Leymano's Travels and found them blank.

She immediately had a guess, believing that The World Gehrman Sparrow had likely gained Mr. Fool's help to record Beyonder powers at the demigod level.

I just realized that if I have enough money and resources, I can hire the Tarot Club members to help me record different Beyonder powers. This way, Leymano's Travels will become extremely powerful, but I don't have the money or resources… Hmm, I can request for a reward from Teacher this time. I can say that I paid quite a price to help seek revenge for him… Fors thought and first thanked Mr. Fool before asking him to pass on the message to The World.

"…I'm very sorry that my payment isn't proportionate to the difficulty of the mission. After I receive a reward, I'll provide compensation."

After the prayer, Fors ended the ritual and hurriedly hid the head.

If Xio discovers this, she'll definitely imagine a horror story… After she was done, Fors clapped her hands as she thought leisurely.

…

When Fors replied, Klein had already returned to the real world. All he heard was a vague female's voice.

But even so, he couldn't help the fear and horror he felt. This was because Death Knell had given him an additional weakness: the fear of women!

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CHAPTER 782
SATURDAY NIGHT

On Saturday morning, Klein, who was wearing pajamas, rubbed his head and got out of bed.

He didn't sleep well, as different women would inevitably enter his dreams, scaring him awake. He needed to spend several seconds to calm his emotions before returning to sleep again.

Thankfully, this weakness only lasts six hours, and there's no need for me to head out in the middle of the night. I didn't have to face the maids… Klein sighed as he pulled the rope beside his bed. Richardson, who had been waiting outside, immediately entered with the clothes his employer needed to wear.

I've no idea what Arrodes said. Richardson seems to try to avoid me when facing me… Was it the kind of ladies he mentioned he likes, and that it happens to also be at odds with how society views it? Klein happened to only hear the magic mirror mention the kind of women that Butler Walter liked when he rushed back. He wasn't sure what had happened prior to that.

He didn't use dream divination to obtain the corresponding information, as he didn't feel that it was necessary. After all, with Richardson's personality, he wouldn't have the courage to take action no matter who he liked. It wouldn't have had any additional effects.

After changing into his clothes, Klein headed to the second story and walked to the dining room. Walter was wearing white gloves as usual, waiting by the entrance.

Upon seeing Dwayne Dantès approach, he took a step forward and bowed politely.

"Good morning, sir. You have two lessons today. In the evening, you will be participating in the banquet at Mr. Portland Moment's place."

Portland Moment lived at 100 Böklund Street. He was a full-time professor at Backlund University's Department of Engineering, a fellow at the Loen Kingdom Imperial Science Institute. As he had discovered a few metal alloys, he had received the Light of Machinery award, and he was just second to people like Turani von Helmosuin in the world of academics.

Furthermore, the few metal alloys were widely used in ship and steam engine construction. Just the licensing patent was enough to make him a tycoon with a wealth of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Upon hearing Walter, Klein casually glanced at him, realizing that he had some dark eye circles. His eye bags were a little puffy, making him look different from usual. It was as though he hadn't slept well the entire night.

If not for a Faceless's powers, Dwayne Dantès would probably look the same… Klein retracted his gaze in pity and didn't speak further. As he nodded gently in response to Walter's greetings, he entered the dining hall.

To be honest, Klein was rather impressed with him. He was able to hold back his fantasies and stop himself from approaching her to seek out pleasure, despite frequently meeting a Demoness. All he did was have wet dreams that included the target when alone at night.

One had to know that a Demoness, especially one who was in the midst of or having passed the Pleasure Sequence, had a charm that far exceeded a Beyonder's effects towards males. Every action was filled with a charm that made any men who came close to them feel intoxicated and lost. It was like consuming opioids and gradually developing into something more serious, to the point of not being able to extricate oneself from the pleasure given by a Demoness. Perhaps only gay men could effectively resist such charms.

Of course, Klein suspected that gay men were not immune to it either. This was because one's mind and hormones would be affected, creating changes that originally didn't exist. Furthermore, a large number of Demonesses were men to begin with. This lowered one's psychological resistance.

And precisely because of this, even though he was a Sequence 5 Beyonder, Klein had to constantly maintain a high-strung state when facing Demonesses like Trissy and Tracy. He was afraid that any mishap might cause him to be charmed.

Even he wasn't immune to such effects, much less an ordinary person like Butler Walter. This wasn't something that willpower alone could resist!

Although perhaps being a result of Prince Edessak's death or her own advancement, Trissy was clearly able to rein in her charms. Walter is only an ordinary person. Hmm, even if he is one, he's at best a Sequence 9 or 8… For him to maintain his present state implies how strong his self-restraint is. He's very loyal to Prince Edessak, and he loves his wife and daughter… As Klein sighed, he sat down. Breakfast today was his favorite Desi pie. The oil that effused out of it made him salivate.

…

The sea late at night was nearly black as it was faintly dyed with a sliver of crimson red. It was calmer and quieter than in the day.

The Blue Avenger was ebbing up and down in the waves like a ghost as it cruised towards the crimson moon.

Alger Wilson stood at the bow, looking far away at the waves. On the surface, he appeared staid as usual, but deep down, he could hardly hold back his agitation.

Ahead of him was the Abyss Maelstrom north of Sonia Island!

As it was a dangerous vortex that was famous for appearing without any signs, no ship was willing to enter these dangerous waters.

After delivering the report and leaving Pasu Island, Alger commandeered the Blue Avenger all the way north where they circled around Sonia Island and headed for this area.

Midway, they had docked at a harbor for resupplies without wasting any more time.

As for whether he would be suspected for heading north, Alger wasn't worried. This was because the Church of Storms was happy to have its captains head north of the Sonia Sea and the Fog Sea in order to obtain intel on the Feysac Empire, Intis Kingdom, Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun, and the Church of the God of Combat.

Looking back at his ship, Alger walked deckside, took out a charm made of tin, held it in his palm, and chanted the incantation, "Storm!"

A blue flame soared and devoured the charm. Alger suddenly sensed a baffling affinity with all the fish in the ocean beneath him.

At that instant, both parties were able to communicate at the psyche level!

The tin charm was one of the items he had obtained from his resupply at Pasu Island, allowing him to have an affinity with undersea creatures, providing a crude level of psychic communication with him.

Amidst his thoughts, Alger didn't think of obtaining any intel. All he did was wait for the Blue Avenger to approach the Alger Maelstrom and make a second attempt.

Seconds turned into minutes as Alger, who had failed nearly a hundred times, finally learned from a spindle-like fish about where Obninsks often appeared.

If I didn't know that the target is near the Abyss Maelstrom, I would've long given up. It's really difficult to grasp any reliable information through a brute-force search… Alger concluded as he touched his pocket.

He had already used up most of his affinity charms, with only five left.

I'll have to get another batch of them when I return. Others must not discover that I've expended all these… I heard the Rorsted Archipelago's Resistance has plenty… Heh heh… As Alger was pondering, he changed the direction of the Blue Avenger for the spot he had just learned about.

About an hour passed as the Blue Avenger stopped. Alger casually took out a sealed metal bottle.

This was the Sanguine anesthetic gas that he had spent 130 pounds to buy from The Moon. He had no doubt in regards to its effects because he had used one in the past.

As the Blue Avenger was a ghost ship, it didn't need many people to man it at night. There was only one person every night who was in charge of watching the ship, preventing it from deliberately creating problems or cruising into dangerous waters.

As the captain, Alger had arranged himself to be on duty that night without anyone noticing.

After he was done with his preparations, he came to the door of the sailors, took out a metallic pipe, and opened the bottle. He released the gas into each room, without even sparing the storeroom which stored all kinds of sundry. It was in case certain members of the crew were playing cards in there instead of sleeping.

After doing all of this, Alger, who wasn't in a rush to concoct the potion, brought the ingredients with him, changing into a diving suit that was made of shark skin. He leaped from the starboard and into the water, without causing any splashes.

Under the dark and calm waters, Alger's eyes gradually turned dark blue, allowing him to see his surroundings clearly.

He breathed in the air within the water comfortably as he arrived in a pitch-black deep sea.

Then, he used the affinity charm once again to communicate with the surrounding fish that were of different shapes and sizes.

With the advice from the kind fish, Alger identified his bearings and swam as he asked, finally arriving at what seemed like an underwater volcano.

The fish actually didn't know that an Obninsk stayed here. They only knew that their own kind and a number of top deep sea hunters often disappeared in the vicinity.

With his Beyonder powers, Alger looked far ahead and saw the huge, black cave in the undersea volcano. Tentacles that were thicker than pythons found in a Southern Continent primitive forest gently flailed outwards.

The huge suckers and patterned skin, as well as the cave that was several times the size of the Blue Avenger, left Alger apprehensive as he didn't dare approach.

An Obninsk is at least a powerful Sequence 5… Furthermore, it has a terrifying body… Hmm, I can confirm that it's my target… Alger carefully swam over and stopped at a distance from the threat. After careful identification, he used the affinity charm once again.

Following that, he allowed his spirituality to pass through the water and reach into the cave in an attempt to communicate with the powerful psyche force that was huddled inside.

The massive psyche slowly relaxed as countless thoughts were released.

It was taken aback for a moment before its psyche suddenly erupted like a volcano!

Roar!

Amidst a terrifying sound, the cave produced a ludicrous vortex that sucked the surrounding water, trash, as well as Alger towards it.

It's filled with animosity! Alger's pupils constricted as his body turned slippery as he was driven by a formless wind backward in an attempt to escape.

He used several Beyonder powers before escaping the influence of the vortex. He didn't dare stay near the undersea volcano, and he quickly surfaced before opening up a gap.

Almost a minute later, Alger, who had escaped the dangerous area, spat out bubbles as he heaved a sigh of relief.

That Obninsk can actually resist the influence of charms that increase an affinity with sea creatures…

Does it hate items with the Lord's aura?

After some thought, Alger, who didn't wish to waste this opportunity, steeled his resolve since he had already come this far. He began using Elvish to pray amidst the seawater.

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…”

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CHAPTER 783
THE TRICK TO COMMUNICATION

When he heard the illusory pleas, Klein was attending a banquet at Portland Moment's place due to the time difference.

The banquet began from half-past seven, and it continued all the way to half-past nine, and even ten. This was because the appetizers, soup, side dishes, main dishes, staple food, vegetables, fruits, and desserts had numbered a total of ten to twenty dishes. The footmen would serve the dishes one after the other, removing and changing dishes in unison to prevent the dining table from turning chaotic, and also providing an interval between the dishes in order to allow the guests to chat. Gentlemen would take the initiative to talk to the ladies to their right.

In short, it's rather troublesome and exhausting. I even have to take note of which dish matches with which alcohol… However, it's quite tasty… Taking the opportunity when the roasted lamb was being switched out, he said to Ma'am Willis to his right, "My apologies. I'll need to use the washroom."

He got up, pressing his right hand to his chest and bending over slightly as a gesture. Then, he left the dining hall and headed for one of the washrooms on the second story.

Upon entering, he locked the door and immediately took four steps counterclockwise to head above the gray fog.

…Mr. Hanged Man's prayer. He wishes for me to help him in gaining the goodwill of an Obninsk, and he's willing to find 15 pages of Roselle's diary,

or help me do something of equal value… His progress isn't slow… Klein sat at The Fool's seat as he emanated his spirituality and touched the constantly burgeoning and contracting crimson star.

After pondering for a few seconds, he said, "Investigate all Feysac captains who participated in the Konotop sea battle in 1338."

As a historian, Klein immediately knew which sea battle it was when he learned that the Interrogator had died at the hands of a Feysacian in 1338.

In 1338, the relationship between Loen and Feysac was tense with occasional conflicts. However, there was only one battle that resulted in the death of someone that was at the level of a commander. It was a sea battle that happened in East Balam's Konotop.

And on a Feysacian fleet, there were definitely not many captains!

…

In the deep, dark waters, Alger Wilson saw the endless grayish-white fog and heard Mr. Fool's answer.

*Investigate all the captains from the Feysac Empire that were involved in the Konotop sea battle in 1338… Why would Mr. Fool pay attention to such a trivial figure? Is there some immense secret hidden in this matter? *Alger's heart stirred. Without any hesitation, he directly agreed.

"Your wish is my wish."

Such a mission was difficult and very complicated for him, but it wasn't dangerous. It was something that the present him could accept.

After the response, Alger heard Mr. Fool's deep voice once again:

"You can return to the target's vicinity."

That's it? As expected of Mr. Fool! After he obtained the authority, "He" is more like a Sea God than Kalvetua. His might isn't limited to the Rorsted Archipelago! Alger was delighted as he thanked The Fool solemnly. Then, bending his back and kicking his legs, he turned to head down, diving into the depths once more.

In just minutes, he returned beside the undersea volcano and saw a turbulent flow in the gigantic dark cave as the tentacles were flailing and had yet to calm down.

Although Alger trusted Mr. Fool in being sufficiently powerful and terrifying, an awakening ancient god, he instinctively became cautious when he saw that scene. He carefully inched forward.

He suspected that the Obninsk's flailing of its countless tentacles was a sign of welcoming him.

And at this moment, above the gray fog, The Sea God Scepter-wielding Klein frowned slightly.

"It refuses to communicate with Sea God, and it even hates the feeling, making it unwilling to show its goodwill…" he muttered under his breath, exasperated.

His influence on the surrounding waters through the prayee had failed!

For some unknown reason, the Obninsk strongly resisted Beyonder powers that promoted an affinity with sea creatures.

Through the prayer scene, he could see the thick tentacles thrashing about, and he vaguely sensed that the target was infuriated. It was trying to rip apart all living beings that dared approach it.

Mr. Hanged Man has gone over… He's going over… The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he decided to switch his approach.

He raised the Sea God Scepter a little higher, allowing the blue gems at the tip light up one after another, emitting a bright, blinding light!

Right on the heels of that, he directed the violent aura of Lightning Storm over, casting it on the Obninsk.

The thick tentacles that thrashed about at the bottom of the sea suddenly froze before falling down. They clung close to the seabed as countless green points of lights appeared in the dark cave.

Amidst a jarring rumbling sound, a terrifying monster that could devour a sailboat crawled out. Its patterned black body was massive and distorted. It had a total of three heads, and each head had more than a dozen eyes. All of them were emitting a green light!

The monster then prostrated, appearing as obedient as a trained hound.

"Indeed, tricks are needed in communication." Klein nodded in satisfaction and once again used the Beyonder affinity powers to make the Obninsk open the mouths of its three heads via a psychic connection.

This made Alger instantly see three dark "caves," each of them large enough to provide a sailboat passage inside.

Praise be to Mr. Fool… Alger looked at the "magnificent" scene before him as he couldn't help but mutter inwardly.

He didn't waste any time, and he chose the middle head by quickly swimming towards it.

A spiraled and warped passage quickly appeared in Alger's vision as the walls were made of flesh. The width was comparable to the bow of the Blue Avenger.

Whoosh. Water flowed into the passage, heading right for the deep depths. Alger took the opportunity to let his body go with the flow.

Suddenly, he felt as though he was back as a Sailor, engaging in combat amidst waves, groggy from being tossed around. It couldn't be sustained.

By the time Alger used his Beyonder powers and got a hold of himself, he had already left the tunnel of flesh. He was in a dark, spacious world, with a sticky sensation by his feet. There was a putrid stench everywhere around him.

In just a second, Alger realized that the liquid inside was corroding him. He hurriedly produced a water membrane as he made it swell into a transparent sphere.

He knew that he was already inside the Obninsk's stomach. Without any hesitation, he took out all the bottles he had long prepared and began concocting the potion.

As the supplementary ingredients were thrown into the wide-mouthed metal bottle, they mixed into a dark blue liquid. Following that, Alger carefully threw in a "jellyfish" that enveloped azure-blue seawater in its translucent membrane.

The distant and ethereal singing grew in intensity before calming down. In the bottle, there wasn't any ripples or bubbles. The liquid was dark, just like the ocean before a storm.

Alger calmed his mind, entered Cogitation, and picked up the metal bottle before cleanly downing the Ocean Songster potion inside.

The liquid was cold as it brought about a numbness that slid down his gullet and into his stomach. It then spread throughout his body cells at an unimaginable speed.

At that instant, Alger vaguely heard countless voices. They came from all life at sea, but the Obninsk's body blocked most of it, leaving a relatively screened out version.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

Alger felt his heart beating violently as it spewed blood outwards. His spirituality and the sound waves began to remold his voice and soul.

He couldn't help it as he opened his mouth, letting out a loud sigh.

Amidst the sigh, Alger felt his Spirit Body being ripped slightly. As the sound waves spread outwards, they first turned into mottled scales on his skin before pulling out long flesh tendrils that appeared like flailing tentacles.

The sound wave continued spreading outwards with his Spirit Body fragments, making contact with the sticky liquid within the Obninsk's stomach, and they magically bounced back, infusing Alger's body once again.

Alger, who was on the brink of losing control, instantly felt better as he seized the opportunity. Without any fear of embarrassing himself, he began singing loudly in a bid to vent the invisible sound waves that would blast his body apart.

Rough, messy, off-tune singing filled with a metallic quality spread outwards, wave after wave, mixing with the numerous Spirit Body fragments before bouncing back on the Obninsk's sticky stomach walls.

In this process, Alger was like an ingredient being baked in sound waves as he was molded into form.

Finally, he regained control of his body, and he grasped his spreading spirituality.

At last… Alger closed his eyes as a smile couldn't help but appear on his face.

He had completed the first goal he had for all these years—to advance to Ocean Songster!

I've gained superficial control of lightning, gaining a more all-rounded underwater mobility, as well as the ability to use singing to affect targets… The latter ability is different because of every person's uniqueness, producing different branching paths. One of them is to use beautiful singing to disrupt an enemy's Spirit Body, causing him to turn adrift and fall into a daze; another is to raise one's explosive strength; another is to simulate a thunderous boom to leave others in awe; and another is to use chaotic and unpleasant singing to leave the enemy frustrated, causing them to lose their rationality… Alger inspected himself as his expression turned a little odd.

He soon put these thoughts away, picked up his items, and swam towards the Obninsk's mouth before gently tapping on the already closed mouth.

The mouth slowly opened as it roared suddenly, spewing out everything in its mouth.

Alger instantly felt as though he was in midair as he nearly collided with a shark.

After a series of actions, he surfaced and swam towards the Blue Avenger.

Only after the ghost ship's outline was reflected in his eyes did he truly heave a sigh of relief.

Alger was only worried that something out of the ordinary would happen to the Blue Avenger while he was advancing.

Although an hour or two wasn't a huge problem, there were always all kinds of surprises in this world.

…

After receiving Mr. Hanged Man's gratitude again, Klein returned to the real world, washed, and dried his hands before leaving the washroom and walking towards the dining hall.

As the fragrance of food inundated his olfactory senses once again, he slowly drew a breath as he returned to his seat with a smile. As he gestured to the guests, he sat down.

At this point, it was already time for dessert.

From the looks of it, I stayed too long in the washroom… I hope that after today there wouldn't be talks about Dwayne Dantès having constipation… Klein silently muttered to himself as he smiled at Ma'am Willis to his right and said, "When I was young, I ate all kinds of strange food in the Southern Continent. One of them was called Tenet Tree plums. They taste like bland butter, just like these desserts."

He euphemistically explained the reason for his delay by implying that he had weakened his stomach from his younger days.

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CHAPTER 784
CHARACTER ASSASSINATION

Ma'am Willis glanced at Dwayne Dantès and said with a smile, completely unfazed, "Your past, and your experiences in Desi Bay and the Southern Continent, are more interesting than any novel I've read. It makes me feel like having a similar experience of my own."

Of course, they're just real-life stories that have been tweaked. It's all thanks to Anderson Hood, a hunter that goes everywhere… As Klein cast his gaze on a tiny butter cake, he chuckled.

"It's because those are only the interesting ones. There are many that I'd rather not be reminded of."

After that simple statement, he began enjoying the dessert. However, when Ma'am Willis and the other ladies heard that, they were somehow reminded of a best-selling novel, "A Man with a Story." To them, Dwayne Dantès was such a man. Although he looked like a placid lake, there was more deep down. Hidden there were more pleasant surprises and plenty of pain.

The banquet ended twenty minutes to ten. A number of gentlemen and ladies went to the card room to play two hours of Texas hold'em, while the remaining men headed for the activity room to have a chat. They didn't bar women from joining, but as it was inevitable for them to broach on sexual matters while smoking, no women joined them. They either circled the piano at the first story and listened to and sang along with the performer, or they grouped up to play chess.

Klein chose to head to the activity room on the second story. Private conversations with a few people had helped him speed up his admission

into the circle.

After entering the room, he observed the environment and went straight for the windows to open them. Then, he pulled a nearby high-back chair to sit down.

Just as he did this, he saw the banquet's host, Portland Moment laugh with a pipe in hand.

"Men often need some space for themselves."

His voice was sonorous, and he had a big build. He was an elder in his sixties with a ruddy complexion and rather thick hair despite being all white. His facial features were the most classic features of a Loenese man with nothing that stood out.

"Yes, men have to take note of their image when the ladies are around. We have to be considerate about their thoughts. I've already wanted to kiss this an hour ago," Hazel's father, Member of Parliament Macht, took out a gorgeous silver box, taking out a cigar from inside.

The other men in the activity room did the same as pipes or cigarettes appeared in their hands as though they were pulling off a magic trick.

As the flames flickered, wisps of smoke began to billow, filling the room as though the smog from yesteryear hadn't dispersed.

After enjoying it for a few seconds with his eyes closed, Portland Moment looked to the guest by the window and asked, "Dwayne, do you not smoke?"

Klein clenched his fist and placed it to his mouth, coughing slightly as he said, "I have yet to recover. The doctor advised me not to smoke for the time being."

To be frank, he was almost choking. Thankfully, he had smartly chosen a seat by the window.

This group smoke like chimneys… Klein curled his right index finger and rubbed against his nostrils.

He had the urge to use the Beyonder powers of a Magician to create an invisible air pipe that extended outside to draw in fresh air so as to escape the harm of second-hand smoke. But considering how there might be Beyonders hiding amongst these men, he wisely gave up on the idea.

Portland Moment laughed upon hearing that.

"I heard from Bishop Elektra that it's not without reason that you were sick. You lack a wife!"

This professor was a believer of the God of Steam and Machinery, but his wife was a believer of the Evernight Goddess. Therefore, they had taken up residence in Böklund Street near Saint Samuel Cathedral. He often had bishops visiting him and having exchanges.

Is he mocking me for thinking about women despite being sick? I really couldn't tell that Bishop Elektra is actually a man who likes spreading gossip… It's all Arrodes's fault! Klein lampooned and shook his head with a smile.

"I place great importance on marriage. I'd rather remain single if there's no one suitable."

At this moment, the high-ranking employee of the Backlund municipal office, Mr. Willis, spewed out smoke and said, "Actually, I envy Dwayne's single status. it allows him to be able to pursue any kind of woman that he likes."

He had deliberated enunciated "any kind," causing ambiguous laughter to sound out.

The matter of Dwayne Dantès's wide preferences and him never rejecting any charming woman has already spread across this street? Klein held back his right hand to prevent himself from subconsciously rubbing his temples. He felt that the deep, dignified, handsome, gregarious new tycoon's image was undergoing a subtle change.

He first suspected that it was the loudmouth, Bishop Elektra, that had spread the news, but later believed that it was Butler Walter who had proactively gotten the servants to spread the gossip.

This was because a nearly flawless, charming gentleman would often be unknowingly ostracized by members of the same sex in a circle. But when a blemish surfaced, with a topic that could be used in jest, it made it easier for him to build closer ties.

Klein wasn't angry about such treatment; instead, he deliberately gave a wry smile in a rather gentlemanly manner.

"That's why I have difficulty choosing, causing me to remain single to this day."

"Haha." Portland Moment and company laughed in unison.

Member of Parliament Macht then said, "What you need is to be a little more decisive. A good marriage and a good family aids a man greatly."

He stopped teasing him and gave serious advice.

From the looks of it, no matter which world you're in, you can't escape the fate of being pressured into marriage… Klein nodded gently and glanced out the window, taking in the night scenery of Portland Moment's garden.

At this moment, he saw a figure. It was Hazel Macht, who was dressed in a black-green gown, following a trail going deeper into the garden, pausing from time to time to look around as though she was looking for something.

Wasn't this lady playing the piano just now? Why would she suddenly be in the garden? When Klein retracted his gaze, Hazel's figure was blocked by flowers.

When guests attend banquets or balls, leaving the hall to head into the garden isn't something impolite. After all, it's a very stylish habit to take a stroll under the moon and take in the flowery aroma of the night winds. However, this often implies a rendezvous.

*Who's Hazel rendezvousing with? No, it doesn't seem like it. No one that came today is truly her "equal." Although she doesn't appear as arrogant after the fright she suffered in the sewers, making her occasionally look depressed, she still seems to belittle ordinary people deep down… She's dealing with the negative effects of the mystical item? That doesn't make sense. Entering a lounge or the washroom would be better than the garden since there's more privacy. Furthermore, back at the ball held at her place, she also went to the third story and not the garden… *Klein eliminated the various impossibilities and finally had a theory.

From the way Hazel is trying to sense or find something, she seems to have noticed some abnormality and plans to observe and deal with it up close?

Does this also mean that there's some paranormal activity happening in Professor Portland Moment's house?

If that's true, this professor or someone in his family isn't simple at all… The bishops of the Saint Samuel Cathedral haven't realized anything despite them visiting often!

Hmm, a Marauder's senses and observation skills in certain areas definitely stand out…

Klein didn't have any thoughts of intervening in the situation outside. After all, something that Hazel could sense was definitely nothing too dangerous. Besides, Saint Samuel Cathedral was nearby. If there were any hidden

secrets, no one would attempt to escalate matters and, would instead, try to lay low.

At this moment, Macht finally calmed down from an untasteful joke and looked towards Portland Moment.

"I heard you'll be leaving Backlund University?"

Professor Portland Moment sucked at his pipe and said, "That's right. The Higher Education Commission wishes that I become the chancellor of the reorganized Backlund University of Technology. Heh heh, although a large amount of my wealth comes from metal alloys, what I'm best at is mechanical engineering."

"They've promised to build me a better laboratory there, and also provide me with more funding. Ha, at my age, having more autonomy and helpers is more important."

Mr. Willis echoed with a smile, "And Backlund University will have a full-time professor spot empty up. Those Senior Associate Professors that have been waiting for decades can finally have a chance."

In Loen's tertiary education system, full-time professors weren't just a title, but also a post. It was equivalent to a dean, so there was only one.

Backlund University of Technology… Klein smiled as he listened, keeping silent on matters he didn't know much about.

…

In the garden, Hazel arrived in a dark and secluded corner.

She had discovered that ants and other insects on the ground were gathering in an abnormal manner, and her spiritual perception felt that something was hidden here.

This was innate to her Sequence, and it had never failed in the past.

Without any additional help, she could directly choose the precious items hidden among several sealed boxes. Of course, she wasn't able to distinguish what it was exactly. All she knew was that compared to the rest, what her spiritual perception told her was something definitely more valuable.

Just like Mr. Dwayne Dantès. He definitely has extremely precious items on him… Hazel curled the corners of her lips as she cast her gaze at the soil which looked a little loose.

She sensed that copious amounts of spirituality were gathered underneath, thus attracting insects and souls.

It's not a human body. It's some spirituality-equipped materials that have been used… They should've been thrown away in batches, but they were instead buried together, causing unnecessary changes… Hazel's eyes turned darker as she interpreted the situation underground based on the unhidden spirituality traits and changes.

She tipped her chin slightly and looked back at the building. She believed that Portland Moment's family had at least one person with extraordinary powers.

And if this problem in the garden wasn't resolved, the nearby houses would have paranormal activity in the coming days!

Hazel retracted her gaze, extended her left hand, and aimed it at the soil. With a gentle grip, she slowly twisted her wrist.

The gathered spirituality vanished as though it had been stolen by someone.

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CHAPTER 785
TRISSY'S DISCOVERY

100 Böklund Street, in a corner of the garden in Portland Moment's residence.

The many ants and worms that were gathering there slowly dispersed as the cold, creepy sensation faded.

That person with extraordinary powers likely doesn't have any experience… With her goal achieved, Hazel nodded indiscernibly before turning around briskly and strolling through the garden.

She wasn't in a rush to return as she enjoyed the crimson moonlight, the cold air, and the faint flowery scent.

After a long while, Hazel stopped her stroll and left the garden, entering the hall on the first story.

At this moment, apart from the guests still playing Texas hold'em, many ladies and gentlemen had bid farewell. Moments after Hazel found her mother, Ma'am Riana, she saw her father, Member of Parliament Macht, and a few other gentlemen walking down as they conversed with lively expressions.

"Are you ready to head home? You have to visit a very important guest tomorrow morning." As Riana gestured for her daughter to come close, she walked towards her husband and greeted the others with a smile.

Macht nodded and said, "I would've loved to try another of Portland's cigars if not for that matter."

Riana swept her gaze to Willis, Dwayne Dantès, and company, and she asked in passing, "Gentlemen, what are you talking about? It sounds interesting."

Macht turned his body to the side and said with a smile, "Dwayne said that he encountered ghosts when he was in the Southern Continent.

"He and his companions suddenly woke up in the middle of the night and found themselves unable to open their eyes. Their bodies were heavy, as though someone was pressing on them.

"They used a great deal of strength before escaping such a state and left their beds. However, they discovered their rooms were extremely cold. You might not know this, but East Balam's weather is hot most of the time.

"Then, Dwayne and his companions each held double-barreled hunting rifles and stood guard the entire night. They frantically left the town after the sun rose."

After hearing that, Ma'am Riana looked at Dwayne Dantès with piqued interest.

"Is that true?

"Do ghosts really exist?"

Klein shook his head with a smile.

"That I'm not sure of. Perhaps my companions and I had just experienced a harrowing adventure and our bodies and minds weren't in the best of conditions. This might've resulted in all kinds of problems."

The stories he told were sourced from one of Anderson's experiences. Back when the Strongest Hunter of the Fog Sea was exploring a temple in the primitive forest, he chanced upon a specter, creating a large-scale breakout overnight.

Ghosts… Hazel turned her head to look towards the garden as the corners of her mouth curved up slightly before she held back.

She didn't say a word as she quietly listened to her parents bidding the rest of them farewell before returning home together.

Late at night, Hazel, who had changed into a sleeping gown, walked to the balcony and stood behind a gap in the curtains. She looked towards the sewer manhole on Böklund Street.

As she looked at it, her face gradually turned pale as though she had recalled an experience filled with pain and horror.

She forced herself to retract her gaze, took two deep breaths, and turned around to walk to her bedside.

During this process, she bit gently on her lip and muttered silently, *That was likely a wraith… Definitely…*

I need items or charms in the Sun domain…

While Hazel was looking at the manhole, Klein was also doing the same.

It's been days. I wonder how well that Demoness, Trissy, has recovered and whether she has left or not… Thankfully, after Hazel was given a scare by me, she hasn't dared to approach the manhole… Klein's gaze swept the iron-black street lamps as he nodded slightly.

He opened the iron cigar case and made his Wraith marionette appear within the full-body mirror.

He had already decided to send Senor down the sewers to check the area to confirm Trissy's condition. He didn't want that Demoness to cause any trouble.

Furthermore, the sewers were just physically too close to his identity as Dwayne Dantès. Klein didn't wish for Trissy to be in the vicinity any longer, wishing that she could recover soon and take action. That would prompt her to leave Böklund Street.

Hmm, having Admiral of Blood Senor appear every once in a while would fulfill the character setting I previously created. It doesn't live nearby, and because the sewers contains a secret, it often wanders around in search of it… As Klein was thinking, he made the marionette in the ancient triangular hat leap onto the street lamp's surface before passing through the manhole cover in a Wraith form, quickly approaching the hidden fork where Trissy hid herself at.

Before reaching the dead end, Senor, who had night vision, could see that the area was empty.

She's already recovered and left? Klein thought as he made the marionette continue forward, stopping at the spot where Trissy was previously sitting.

He discovered that the place was tidied up. Not only was the ground not muddy and moist, even the moss on the walls and corner had vanished.

There isn't any leftover food either… That fellow became a germaphobe after becoming a woman? No, perhaps he was like that to begin with… With Senor's vision, Klein surveyed the area and determined that either Trissy hadn't left, or she hadn't left for more than a day; otherwise, it was impossible to maintain the cleanliness of the place.

Just as this thought flashed through his mind, light footsteps sounded into the Wraith's ear.

Under his control, Senor retraced his steps and wasn't surprised to see Trissy in her black dress.

This Demoness had her luscious black hair cascading down, unlike peers her age who had different hairstyles. It was simple and neat.

Matched with her pale face that had just recovered some of its ruddiness, Trissy looked like a dreamy flower that was silently blooming in the night.

As expected of a Demoness… Thankfully, there's a marionette in between us; otherwise, I would just end up staring at her… Heh heh, a dead person won't be enticed! No matter how charming a Demoness is, there's no way they can make the deceased climb out of a tomb like a zombie… Klein lampooned as he looked at Trissy who had a blank expression but was secretly wary, having released the invisible threads.

"Where did you go?"

Trissy pricked up her brows and said, "Would you like to relieve yourself where you sleep?"

Uh… I thought a Demoness wouldn't need to use the washroom… Klein gave a self-deprecating comment and made Senor chuckle.

"Are you referring to pissing and shitting?"

He had deliberately made the marionette say such words, as it matched Admiral of Blood's persona of a boorish pirate.

Trissy indiscernibly frowned and said, "Is there anything else?"

Senor didn't continue on the topic as he said, "You look like you've almost recovered."

Trissy smiled.

"Not bad. I'll be leaving tomorrow."

She paused as she slightly narrowed her slender eyes.

"To be frank, I doubt whether you're the real Admiral of Blood at times."

Of course it's real! You should ask if he's alive or dead… With his interest piqued, Klein made Senor ask, "Why do you say that?"

Trissy's gaze swept over the Wraith's face and said, "It's said that Admiral of Blood is someone who indulges in his desires, and he has no resistance towards beautiful females and males.

"Yet, I don't see any sparks of desire when you face me.

"I believe the real Admiral of Blood would've added the condition of doing something I wouldn't want to in the agreement."

Klein deliberated for two seconds and made Senor give a self-deprecating smile.

"I'm afraid of finding myself lost to Pleasure and ending up being controlled by you."

Trissy's expression instantly changed. This was indeed one of the reasons why she had raised the topic.

To a Demoness of Pleasure, Beyonders who habitually indulged in their desires were natural prey.

Klein actively ignored the topic and made the marionette say, "You're seeking out the target tomorrow?

"Very clearly, the royal guard captain knows you and knows what you look like."

After all, you were arranged by them to be by Prince Edessak's side… Klein silently added.

Trissy lowered her head and looked at her toes before chuckling.

"Rest at ease, I have the perfect plan."

As she spoke, she turned her body sideways and casually looked deep into the sewers.

"If you set off from here, at the end of the sixth left fork is a hidden passage. It has signs of prolonged human activity. Heh heh, I discovered it while walking around in the past few days.

"I believe it has something to do with that girl, right…

"It's also the reason why you're here?"

Hidden passage? Klein didn't confirm or deny it. He made Senor smile and say, "Did you discover anything?"

Trissy shook her head.

"There was nothing at all. Perhaps only a certain pathway, or someone with a specific item, can find the clues."

A Marauder's intuition, or something on Hazel's person? Klein didn't make Senor continue on the topic as he pressed his hand to his chest and bowed with a smile.

"Since you've recovered, I can be at ease."

The moment he said that, he suddenly vanished.

Trissy focused her eyes into a stare, but it was to no avail. Only when the invisible threads she had released was hit by a breeze did she retract her gaze, confirming that Admiral of Blood had really left.

At that moment, Klein had brought the Wraith back to the manhole without attempting to explore the spot which Trissy had mentioned.

There were three reasons for his decision. First, it had exceeded a hundred meters. Second, he suspected that he wouldn't find anything since he wasn't

from the Marauder pathway, nor did he have the corresponding items. Third, Trissy was still around.

…

Fors woke up naturally on a Sunday morning as she got up to wash up. As she chewed on a fresh piece of toast, she retrieved a stack of items from her mailbox.

As she walked to the coffee table with a cup of coffee on it, she casually flipped through the items and discovered a reply letter she had been looking forward to.

Throwing down the papers, bills, and other letters, Fors tore open the envelope.

“…Teacher is already in Backlund?" Fors quickly read through the letter as she muttered in surprise.

At the same time, she saw the toast in her mouth plunge to the ground.

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CHAPTER 786
ACCOUNTING FRAUD

Hat Trick Inn on Cherwood Borough's 22 Hope Street.

Just as the attendant at the front desk was about to drink some water, she saw a lady walk in.

The lady was about 1.65 meters tall, and she wore a light-colored dress with frilly sides. Her brown curly hair cascaded down as she wore colored glasses. She looked casual, just like someone who had just returned from Desi Bay.

She held a dark brown leather suitcase as she unhurriedly walked to the front desk.

A lady with extraordinary disposition… Her attire is nice… How I wish I could see what she looks like without her glasses… As a female, the attendant habitually sized up her clothes and accessories.

She then heard the lady say in a languid tone, "One night. A single room."

"2 soli and 8 pence." The attendant gave her the room rate for the day and directly asked, "Do you have any identification documents?"

She wasn't too adamant about registering her identity, because the inn had no means of confirming the authenticity of the documents.

"Yes." The lady put down her dark brown suitcase and took out an identification document from her handbag before passing it to her.

"Margaret Taylor…" the attendant muttered as she registered her before finding a bunch of keys. "Room 2012."

"Thank you." The lady in fashionable attire received the keys, carried the dark brown suitcase, and walked towards the staircase.

At this moment, an attendant in a red vest came over. He bowed and asked, "How may I help you?"

He immediately cast his gaze on the dark brown suitcase.

The lady curled her lips into a smile as she shook her head.

"There's no need. It's very light."

With that said, she didn't stop as she walked up the stairs and entered Room 2012.

Only after she closed the door and put down the suitcase did she raise her right hand to her chest, letting out a long sigh of relief.

Why do I feel like a psychotic murderer…

She was none other than the disguised Fors. There was nothing in her suitcase except for Mr. X's head which was wrapped in newspapers!

_The two attendants from before probably wouldn't have guessed that a fashionable lady didn't have any clothes, facial products, or makeup in her suitcase, but a cracked, bloody head… If they were to discover that, everyone in the inn would be given a fright… This is source material for a detective novel! _Fors calmed her feelings of anxiousness and picked up her suitcase again and opened the door.

She observed the corridor and saw no one walking through it. She hurriedly walked out and headed for Room 2016 and rapped on the wooden door.

Her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, was living in the same room he previously used.

After sensing someone sizing her up through the peephole, Fors heard the doorknob twist as the gears unlocked.

Dorian Gray was dressed in a black suit with very broad shoulders. He looked to the left and right warily before making way, allowing his student to enter.

"No one noticed you, right?" Following that, he closed the door and asked cautiously.

Fors put down the suitcase and removed the colored glasses that hid half her face.

"No, I used a fake identity."

As a Beyonder in Backlund with rather rich experience as a Low-Sequence Beyonder, having a few fake identification documents was necessary.

Furthermore, she had Xio's expert help in such matters.

The only problem was that it was ultimately a fake identity that couldn't stand up to police scrutiny.

However, Fors had heard that there were places where real identity documentation could be obtained. Furthermore, they were documents which the police department had a record of, with the pictures swapped. Of course, the price was much more expensive.

Dorian nodded gently and silently exhaled. As he got Fors to sit, he brought a chair over and said, "You mentioned that someone is paying to find the direct descendants of the Abraham family at a Beyonder gathering in Backlund? And the goal is to find information on Mr. Door?"

"Yes, Teacher," Fors said nothing but the truth. "I don't know much about the family, so I thought of asking you to see if you knew anything."

She hid two points, namely the Beyonder gathering being called the Tarot Gathering, and that she long knew that her teacher was a member of the Abraham family.

Dorian sat down and drank a sip from a white porcelain teacup. He asked with a calm expression, "Who was the one asking?"

"I'm not sure. I can only confirm that it was a woman. She had concealed her appearance. Uh, she seemed very powerful and must have quite a strong backing." Fors described her impression of Ma'am Hermit.

What she didn't say was that this woman had close ties with Queen Mystic Bernadette.

Dorian Gray pondered for a few seconds before saying, "I don't know much either. All I know is that Mr. Door is the ancestor of the Abraham family. He vanished during the War of the Four Emperors. You can try using this piece of information to get some of the bounty."

Mr. Door is the Abraham family's ancestor? Mr. Door, who made the Abraham family suffer the curse of the full moon, causing many members to lose control, is actually the Abraham family's ancestor? Fors was alarmed.

Having already learned some of the problems of the Abraham family from Mr. Fool, she couldn't believe that the cause of all of this was the source of the bloodline!

Does Mr. Door not know the consequences of his actions? Fors muttered silently as she couldn't help but frown.

Dorian Gray noticed his student's abnormal reaction as he asked, somewhat puzzled, "Is there a problem?"

Oh no, I didn't manage to hide my expression… Fors deliberated and said, "I just don't understand. It's been more than a thousand years, so apart from the Abraham family's direct descendants, who would wish to gather information on Mr. Door and why?"

Perhaps they're trying to find Mr. Door? Ah right, Queen Mystic is Emperor Roselle's daughter, and Mr. Door has appeared in Emperor Roselle's diary. Therefore, the queen is trying to find Mr. Door to figure out the truth of the past. That's normal… However, Mr. Door vanished in the War of the Four Emperors, more than a thousand years before Emperor Roselle's era. How did they manage to contact each other… Could it be that Emperor Roselle could also hear the full moon ravings… Hmm, I remember Mr. Door making a remark that Mr. Door might be calling for help… If that's the case, it's really… it's really… As an author, Fors was momentarily at a loss for words to describe her feelings.

Dorian revealed a wry smile and said, "Certainly, I'm also puzzled about this problem. Remember to tell me if you find the answer."

Fors didn't harp on this matter, afraid that Dorian Gray would notice anything amiss. She then said, "Teacher, why did you suddenly come to Backlund?"

Dorian smiled and picked up a cigarette as he raised it to his nose to give it a whiff. Without lighting it, he said, "I happen to have some matters that need me to be in Backlund. I also decided to check on your digestion progress."

In fact, he had been alarmed by Fors's letter. He couldn't believe that anyone in the world would still be asking about Mr. Door. One had to know that even the Abraham family had given up such attempts. He was the only one who kept at it, teaching students on his own accord.

This also made him recall a prophecy that was passed around within the family—the Abrahams were increasingly approaching their destruction.

When he connected the two matters together, he rushed over to Backlund to confirm his student's situation. He wished that she could advance as soon as possible, leaving some hope for the Abraham family.

"I just grasped the various astrological knowledge," Fors replied, feeling a little guilty.

Due to her lack of money, she hadn't bought the high-quality crystal ball needed by an Astrologer.

To not continue on this topic, Fors began asking Dorian Gray about the acting principles needed for Astrologer, obtaining advice such as "astrology isn't all-powerful."

Towards the end, Fors glanced at the dark brown suitcase beside her and said, "Teacher, there's one more matter."

"What is it?" Dorian leaned back into his chair as he leisurely drank a mouthful of black tea.

Fors followed the script she had prepared and said, "After knowing that Lewis Wien betrayed the organization, inflicting a great deal of harm upon all of you, I've always had the thought of finding him and exacting revenge for all of you."

"Give up that thought!" Dorian sat up straight. "Even if you have Leymano's Travels, you are no match for him, much less able to kill him! I'm very glad that you have such thoughts, but there's no need to take unnecessary risks."

I'm definitely not able to do it alone… Fors mumbled silently before saying, "I got to know a very powerful bounty hunter. I spent about 10,000 pounds to seek his help."

She wasn't able to estimate the cost of the job, so she had used the price that Miss Audrey paid when previously entrusting them to kill the Intis

ambassador.

That might be a cheat… Lewis Wien is likely a Traveler, and he has the support of the Aurora Order… Dorian didn't hold any hopes of any bounty hunter being Lewis Wien's match when he heard his student say, "He has already succeeded."

_Cough! Cough! Cough! _Dorian choked on his saliva as he broke out into a fit of coughs.

He dropped the teacup to the ground, but it bounced up like magic, firmly landing on the coffee table.

"He has given me Lewis Wien's head." Fors held up the dark brown suitcase and opened it, taking out the spherical object which was wrapped in newspapers.

With the newspapers unfolded bit by bit, Dorian saw that face he would never forget. The smug smile on Lewis Wien's face back when he attacked the Abraham family's headquarters was gone. His head was covered in cracks, as though it had been glued together piece by piece. It was gruesome, filled with pain and despair.

As an Astrologer, Dorian Gray's spiritual intuition told him that it was undoubtedly Lewis Wien's head.

"Good, very good…" Dorian muttered in excitement before looking up at his student. "Who was the bounty hunter? I can't imagine Backlund having such a powerful bounty hunter."

Fors hesitated for a moment before saying, "Gehrman Sparrow."

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CHAPTER 787
DORIAN'S WARNING

Gehrman Sparrow… Dorian felt the vessels on his forehead pulse when he heard that as he held his hands together, tensing up without realizing it.

Situated in Pritz Harbor, he inevitably learned of the various news at sea, both actively and passively, knowing far more than the residents in Backlund who relied on the newspapers.

In recent months, he often heard from different channels of information about Gehrman Sparrow. From killing Steel Maveti to severely injuring Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, to successfully hunting Admiral of Blood Senor, all these stories were colored with mania.

He left the sea and came to Backlund? He hasn't changed his trait of craziness! Dorian held back the horror and wariness that subconsciously rose in his heart as he looked at his student and said in a deep voice, "It's best that you minimize your communication with that bounty hunter.

"He's bound to get into big trouble one day, and it wouldn't take long for that to happen."

Teacher is indeed experienced and has great acumen. He instantly saw through Mr. World's intrinsic nature… Unfortunately, I'm already a member of the Tarot Club, so it's impossible not to communicate with him… Fors adjusted her state of mind and sincerely nodded.

"Yes, Teacher."

Dorian composed himself and once again looked at his former student and current enemy, Lewis Wien.

However, this Traveler could no longer speak. He didn't even have an iota of spirituality left.

After a few seconds of silence, Dorian leaned back slightly and looked at Fors.

"You mentioned paying 10,000 pounds for the job?"

He wasn't aware of Fors's financial situation, other than knowing that his student was a best-selling author who likely earned quite a bit from her royalties. Furthermore, she seemed to be doing quite well in the few Beyonder circles with transactions that rewarded handsomely. Therefore, it wasn't too surprising or unacceptable that she could save up 10,000 pounds.

Fors fidgeted, feeling a slight guilty-conscience as she said, "Is it too expensive?"

She deliberately asked a question in order to hide the fact that she had mentioned a fake number, so as to show that she didn't have much experience in such matters.

Dorian shook his head.

"No, it's too cheap.

"It's so cheap that I suspect whether Gehrman Sparrow has other motives."

As a member of the Abraham family which had suffered numerous setbacks, he often maintained a relatively high level of wariness.

*In the professional terminology of various clubs and gatherings, that's called a membership fee… *Fors lampooned as she "frankly" said, "There were other conditions, including everything on Lewis Wien's person

belonging to him, as well as the requirement of me providing him help. Also, I promised that if he's in need of cash in the future, I will compensate him an additional 3,000 pounds."

"That's reasonable, but just barely." Dorian nodded gently and said, "Usually, assassinating Lewis Wien who had the Aurora Order backing him would cost at least 30,000 pounds. Hmm, and if there are other situations, the price will be higher."

Back then, Mr. World had used demigod powers recorded in Leymano's Travels… He probably encountered something else… An Aurora Order Saint? Having had an edifying experience exerted on her by the Tarot Club, Fors wasn't unfamiliar with the Aurora Order's structure. She didn't hide her frown as she said, "From the looks of it, it's indeed a little abnormal. Perhaps he's in desperate need of cash?"

Dorian thought and said, "Perhaps he cares more about Lewis Wien's Beyonder characteristic. To the Beyonders of other pathways, it can be forged into a rather useful mystical item as long as he finds a suitable Artisan…"

Dorian paused for two seconds before adding, "There's no need to worry about that. Just stay away from him in the future.

"Perhaps he had long targeted Lewis Wien, and he was just using the information you provided to carry out the assassination while still getting an additional bonus."

Dorian didn't continue on the topic as he took out a fist-sized pure crystal ball from his pocket.

"It's made of Star Crystal, and it can effectively raise your astromancy."

The light shone in from outside the window as resplendent "waves" surfaced within the crystal ball.

Without waiting for Fors to reject, Dorian chuckled.

"Lewis Wien is my enemy. The payment used to get rid of him should be paid by me. I don't have that much cash at the moment, and I can only use some items to deduct from the payment."

"No, there's no need…" Fors shook her head, partially genuine, but partially in contradiction to her will.

It was genuine because she only wanted to seek revenge for her teacher back when she thought of getting rid of Lewis Wien without considering the possible rewards she could later receive. It was in contradiction to her will because she couldn't reject the reward.

Dorian said with a stern expression, "Do you wish for me to be ashamed and uneasy?

"Don't worry. I still have quite a bit of wealth."

Fors nodded in response.

"Alright then…"

Dorian smiled once again.

"Also, I've brought you the Scribe potion formula. You can gather the corresponding ingredients as you digest the Astrologer potion. Heh heh, I'll prepare one of the main ingredients for you—the brain of an Asmann. You'll have to rely on yourself for the rest."

An Asmann was said to be a monster that existed in ancient times. It looked like an unprotected human brain that could fill a room. Not only could it create terrifying illusions, but it could also make its attackers die from their own attacks.

As he spoke, Dorian took out a yellowish-brown goatskin and passed it to Fors.

Fors received it in gratitude and quickly scanned the list of main ingredients:

"One complete brain of an Asmann, cursed artifact of an ancient wraith…”

*I hope I can gather the remaining ingredients before I finish digesting the Astrologer potion… *Just as Fors rolled up the goatskin, she saw Dorian take out a pure golden box from his suitcase.

After removing the wall of spirituality, Dorian opened the box as he said, "Without the gold enclosing it, the brain of an Asmann will constantly affect you, causing you to hallucinate until you lose your mental facilities."

Inside the squarish box was a blob of grayish-white, translucent, and wrinkled object. It was about a fifth the size of Lewis Wien's head.

*As expected of a family with a long history… *Fors sincerely thanked him once again and received the golden box and skilfully closed it and used a wall of spirituality to seal it.

Dorian didn't stop and instead gave an excuse for Fors to stay back. He set up a ritual and summoned the void creature Malmouth who enjoyed music. He then took out two documents from the creature's spherical body.

He had prepared the three items for Fors when he received the shocking news regarding Mr. Door; therefore, he had it on him.

"These are two pieces of property in Backlund. One of them is in Hillston Borough, and the other is in Cherwood Borough. They're in excellent locations and should have a total valuation of about 6,500 pounds. The amount you can sell them for will be yours," Dorian said with a smile.

Although the Abraham family was in a state of decline, as a former angel family with a long history, it still had quite a bit of resources, including land, tree farms, property, manors, and mines. However, Dorian only had control over a few, with most of the remainder belonging to the various smaller families.

The place I'm renting costs 2,500 pounds and s in an okay district but an average location… What Teacher gave me today does add up to about 10,000 pounds… Fors couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

…

In the Holy Wind Cathedral, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus looked at the Mandated Punisher deacon and said, "Any findings?"

The new Backlund archbishop was a middle-aged man with a domineering demeanor. His dark blue hair was thick, and he had large earlobes. His eyes seemed to constantly hide lightning and storms within them.

The Mandated Punisher deacon standing before his desk was a thin middle-aged man wearing a modified captain's hat. His looks didn't stand out, but there was an anchor tattoo on his neck.

The man answered reverently, "Your Eminence, we've already caught some of the members who participated in the gathering.

"However, they have no idea who the rest are, much less know of the person who assassinated Mr. X.

"According to their description, the assailant was about 1.6 meters tall and likely female. We can't rule out the possibility that it's a short man."

Randall held back his anger and asked, "What do you plan on doing next?"

"As we are temporarily unable to know who Mr. X invited to the gathering, and 1.6-meter-tall women are common, our plan is to relax our stance on

the surface as we target a few suspicious targets and convert those we've caught into informants. Without us exerting any danger, those bunch of lunatics from the Aurora Order will definitely seek out the murderer themselves in order to avenge Mr. X. They'll likely do a carpet search, and this way, not only will we find the assassin, but we can also discover more clues to the Aurora Order," the thin middle-aged man explained in detail.

Randall nodded in thought and said, "Roy, when taking action, remember to apply for a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact.

"The situation is clear that the Aurora Order has at least a Saint in Backlund. And the assassin's strength is greater than the typical Sequence 5 Beyonder, and they similarly have a demigod backing them."

"Yes, Your Eminence." Roy Wellesley struck the left side of his chest with his right fist.

…

"Dwayne, you often exceed my expectations. It hasn't taken you long to finish studying The Revelation of Evernight's Book of Wisdom." Inside Saint Samuel Cathedral, Bishop Elektra closed the bible in his hands and smiled at the pious tycoon with gray sideburns and deep blue eyes.

Klein laughed and replied, "This is expected of a believer.

"Next up is the study of the Letters of the Saints?"

"Yes, which saint do you wish to begin with?" Elektra asked.

Klein looked to his sides and chuckled.

"Let's do Saint Samuel then."

Elektra wasn't surprised at that as he seriously introduced, "Saint Samuel was a Backlund archbishop during the Fourth Epoch of the Trunsoest

Empire. He contributed greatly to the spreading of the Goddess's faith and entered 'Her' divine kingdom before dying, becoming an angel…”

As he spoke, he flipped to the corresponding Letters of the Saints.

At this moment, Klein's spiritual perception was triggered. He felt a deep sense of evil and diabolical will spread above him.

Following that, a cold and quiet feeling extended from underground, leveling everything and restoring the cathedral to its former tranquility.

Bishop Elektra snapped out of his daze and said to Dwayne Dantès who didn't seem to detect anything, "Sorry, I just recalled something."

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CHAPTER 788
HIDDEN PASSAGE

"It's fine," Klein replied with a warm smile.

Although he didn't seem to notice anything, thoughts were flying through his mind. He began considering what the anomaly that happened during that instant meant.

Previously, the Keepers would head upstairs along the nearby staircase. It can be preliminary determined that they live there, coinciding with the area where the anomaly happened… The Keepers aren't in the best of conditions, so the chances of them losing control are greater than ordinary Beyonders, causing them to suddenly release a sense of an evil and diabolical will?

And this was suppressed and quelled by the core seal deep behind Chanis Gate?

If that's the case, there are two possibilities. One, the core seal behind Chanis Gate can sense all the anomalies in Saint Samuel Cathedral, and then react instinctively. Second, during the Keeper's watch over the years, they are constantly corroded by the core seal's powers. In a certain sense, they are a part of it, or they bear the weight of the corresponding traits. Once any abnormalities happen, their bodies will immediately intervene.

If it's the former, that means that when I knock a Keeper unconscious and replace him, it will easily be detected by the core seal behind Chanis Gate. It will produce an anomaly like before, causing my plan to fail right at the beginning. If it's the latter, I'll definitely be repelled when entering Chanis Gate, even when disguised as a Keeper…

I need to figure out the problem before coming up with a direct countermeasure…

It's really difficult to steal Sealed Artifacts from the various Churches. It's no wonder almost no one is willing to do so…

As Klein's thoughts wandered, he superficially paid attention to Bishop Elektra's explanation of Saint Samuel's experiences and letters that he left behind. When it was almost time, he politely bade him farewell.

After returning to 160 Böklund Street, he saw his butler approach just as he handed his hat and cane to Richardson.

"Sir, do you plan on holding a ball or banquet next weekend and invite the neighbors?" Walter wasn't using a suggestive tone, but a tone of inquiry.

However, Klein knew very well that since his butler had raised the matter, it meant that it was almost time.

He nodded gently and said, "Saturday night then. A ball.

"I'll have to trouble you and Taneja to make the preparations.

"Is there enough money?"

When saying the last statement, Klein looked to his housekeeper.

Taneja sternly nodded and said, "There's enough.

"The various alcoholic beverages in your wine cellar is enough to handle several banquets."

When moving into 160 Böklund Street, Klein had handed her 1,000 pounds in cash for the household expenses. From the looks of it, even with the need to replenish fine wine, tea leaves, and coffee beans, it wasn't something that could be spent in a month.

The gold pound is rather strong after all… Klein nodded and smiled.

"Let's not use wine that's too expensive for our first ball. It's common to be reserved in Loen."

"Yes, sir." Although Walter was very aware of how to run a ball, he still paid serious attention to his employer's instructions.

He paused and said, "There are only two things you need to do. First, it's to settle the guest list with our help, thinking up some small talk for each guest, matching the person's corresponding status and experience. Second, it's to order a suit for the ball."

How troublesome… When greeting Hazel, can I say that the sewers here are cleaner than the squares in the Southern Continent? As Klein sighed and lampooned, he nodded slightly.

"No problem."

…

Deep into the night, the crimson moon hung high in the sky. The smog which had significantly thinned made Backlund have an additional sense of tranquility.

In Dwayne Dantès's master bedroom, Klein set up a ritual to summon himself.

He planned on entering the sewers tonight to confirm that Trissy had left. He then planned on heading for the fork she had described, to explore the so-called hidden passageway to see if he could discover anything.

Klein didn't have extravagant hopes of gaining anything. He was only worried that the secret hidden in the sewers would pose a hidden risk that would one day explode. This could easily involve Dwayne Dantès who lived nearby, spoiling his plans in stealing the Antigonus family's notebook.

On this matter, I can't be an ostrich that buries its head in the sand and pretend not to know anything… I should discover the problem early and destroy what needs destroying or report what needs reporting before it completely erupts. That's the most effective solution… Of course, I also need to be sufficiently careful. I mustn't let my exploration end up lighting a fuse… Klein's Spirit Body tore out of the candlelight, and with Azik's copper whistle augmenting him, he possessed the physical body of Dwayne Dantès, controlling him to walk to the boundary of the wall of spirituality and sit in the reclining chair.

To the external world, it looked as though the tycoon had dozed off reading the papers.

Summoning my soul to possess my own body feels different from returning to my body. There's an obvious barrier in between… Klein did a comparison of the experience and floated to his desk, cleaning up most of the items on the altar and leaving behind the candle that maintained his summoning to burn silently.

After doing all of this, Klein wore Creeping Hunger, and with Azik's copper whistle, Death Knell, and the Senor gold coin in possession, he flew out of the master bedroom and left 160 Böklund Street, drilling into the sewers.

Just as Klein found himself in the moist and dirty environment, he immediately released Wraith Senor and made his marionette open up a distance from him, turning into the hidden fork where Trissy was previously recuperating.

This time, he saw that the clean region in the sewers was already stained with dirt containing signs of rats.

From the looks of it, Trissy has really left… Klein, who was following far behind, heaved a sigh of relief.

As a Spirit Body, he didn't need to breathe, nor did he need to walk on the ground. Therefore, he didn't mind how disgusting the sewers were.

Senor walked out of the area and continued walking ahead and turned on the sixth left turn. Klein constantly maintained a distance of fifty meters, perfectly acting the role of the person behind the scenes.

At the end of the fork was a corroded wall covered in moss. At a glance, there weren't any abnormalities to it. If Trissy hadn't mentioned it, Klein wouldn't have gotten his marionette to observe every inch of the area in detail.

A few minutes later, Senor suddenly straightened his back and walked forward, entering the wall.

Passing through the rather thick obstacle, Klein's eyes opened up. With the marionette's vision, he saw a half-natural, half-artificial cave. It wasn't more than 1.8 meters high and was about 3 meters wide. The ground was littered with tools like shovels which were wrapped in oilskin and large piles of mud and rubble. Right up ahead were two hidden passageways that extended downwards.

The left one was about five to six meters deep, while the one on the right was nearly ten meters deep. However, nothing seemed to have existed in them, as though they were still being excavated.

This was dug up by Hazel? In the day, she's an arrogant lady of high society, and at night, she's an excavator in the sewers? Furthermore, she's moving the dirt and rubble one pail at a time? She was loitering around to find the exact spot, and digging was the subsequent step? That wall must've been a secret door… Klein hid himself at the fork's entrance as he made Senor scrutinize the area.

Following that, he made the Wraith enter the left passage until he reached a completely sealed off area.

Senor's figure slowly turned faint as it turned incorporeal. In this state, he passed through the soil and explored deeper.

But even when reaching the hundred-meter limit, he didn't discover anything of use. All he saw were ordinary insects and worms.

Klein made the marionette switch directions, "swimming" in the sea of soil without finding anything.

Senor soon returned to the cave from before and entered the right passageway without being affected by any obstacles.

There's still nothing… It's not without reason that Trissy determined that it will only work for a particular pathway or being in possession of a certain item… Hmm… She must've probed the area with the invisible threads of a Demoness of Pleasure… Unfortunately, I've already lost Tinder… I wonder if the gray fog's aura on me would work. It seems to strongly attract Beyonders from the Marauder pathway… Klein silently commented and, using his Spirit Body state, planned on personally visiting the two hidden passageways that Hazel had dug up.

However, he curbed his desire because he was now a Marionettist. Doing it personally in situations that didn't require it was in violation of the acting principles.

*It's fine even if I don't use the gray fog's aura. I'll just request to purchase a mystical item from the Marauder pathway during tomorrow afternoon's Tarot Gathering. It doesn't need to be too expensive. It can just correspond to Sequence 8 or 9… Hmm, that badge from Lanevus is only a signal receiver, not an item of this pathway… While not aware of the exact situation of what's hiding inside, rashly using my Spirit Body to explore it might result in me attracting a High-Sequence monster… Being careful and cautious will forever be a condition for myself… *Klein slowly heaved a sigh of relief and retrieved Wraith Senor.

He wasn't worried that Hazel would continue coming in the near future. Any person with normal intelligence wouldn't continue coming unless they had the means to deal with the situation from before!

Ignoring how Hazel hasn't had any contact with Beyonder circles, even if she has, getting an item from the Sun domain isn't simple. After all, Backlund is the territory of the Church of Storms… I do have something that I don't use often. Heh heh, can I find an opportunity to sell it to her and then let her use it to harm my marionette? Klein jeered at himself before shaking his head with a laugh.

He ended the summoning and returned above the gray fog, vanishing from the sewers.

…

On Monday morning, the bright sunlight tore through the thin clouds, shining onto every corner of Backlund.

Emlyn White pulled down on his silk top hat. As he left the carriage and walked to the Harvest Church, he squinted his eyes and mumbled, "What terrible weather…

"Backlund's worst season is coming soon…”

He was just about to step onto the stairs when he saw a paperboy approach him, handing him a copy of the Tussock Times.

"Sir, today's morning papers!"

Emlyn wanted to reject it when he discovered a small slip clasped in the middle of the boy's fingers.

"…”

Emlyn maintained his countenance as he took out a penny and passed it to the boy, receiving the copy of the Tussock Times and the slip.

Before entering the Harvest Church, he quickly spread it open and scanned it.

"There are clues to the people you are looking for. Please come to the Bravehearts Bar."

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CHAPTER 789
EACH PERSON'S MONDAY

9:30 a.m., Backlund Bridge area, Iron Gate Street, Bravehearts Bar.

Emlyn White stood rooted to his spot after he got down from the carriage. He stared ahead in a daze, nearly forgetting to avoid the sunlight.

At that moment, the bar's main door was shut with no signs of it opening.

As a Sanguine who seldom left his home and only went to places like bars at night, Emlyn never expected the bar to be closed in the morning. He had left the Harvest Church in a rush via the transportation system after seeing the paper slip, hoping to obtain any first-hand intelligence.

To save time, he even tolerated the cramped environment and stench of the metro.

At that moment, Emlyn was somewhat peeved, but he knew that he had made the mistake. All he could do was pull a face and circle around Iron Gate Street to not waste his trip.

Just as he was about to approach a rental carriage that stood along the street, he caught sight of a familiar figure from the corner of his eye.

The person was wearing a brown rounded top hat and an old coat while carrying a ragged haversack. He was none other than Ian, the underground arms dealer and intelligence merchant.

Hehe, I have quite good intuition. I knew he would appear early! Emlyn was delighted as he stuffed his hands into his pockets and leisurely walked

over, blocking Ian's way as he chuckled.

"Good morning."

Ian looked up and glanced at the handsome man before him, replying in puzzlement, "Good morning, Mr. White. You should've come in the evening."

"It seems to be a suitable time now," Emlyn said with a smile, clearly in a good mood. "Ian, why do you always wear the same clothes and outfit every time I see you?"

Ian answered without minding the question, "This can make me appear more mature while allowing me to keep a low profile.

"Of course, the main reason is that I lack money."

The final sentence was added with a joking tone.

"I look forward to your attire in summer," Emlyn said with a scoff.

"I'll take off my coat," As Ian spoke, he took out two pieces of paper from his ragged haversack. They were the bounty notices that Emlyn had previously given him. "Someone in East Borough saw this person."

He handed over one of the papers to Emlyn, and on it was the name, Argos.

Realizing that there really were clues to the Primordial Moon believers, Emlyn asked in delight, "Where is he?"

Ian didn't reply as he looked at him with a silent smile.

Experienced, Emlyn immediately took out his wallet and gave 150 pounds to Ian.

"That's your reward."

Ian smiled and said, "There's still another half to go."

Another half? Emlyn nearly wanted to let this merchant in front of him know the prowess of a Sanguine. This was because an effective clue cost 20 pounds, while an exact location cost 150 pounds.

However, he quickly read between the lines as he asked in pleasant surprise, "Another one was found?"

"Yes." Ian handed him the remaining piece of paper in his hand. "While my friend observed Argos and confirmed his residence, it was discovered that he had met with this person named Galis Kevin. Therefore, I've obtained the residence of the two targets at the same time."

“…Very good." Emlyn emptied his wallet and gave another 150 pounds to Ian.

He was abnormally delighted; he felt that the Ancestor and Mr. Fool were blessing him. This was because there were only five targets, and he had successfully hunted one. Now, with two additional clues, all he needed to do was succeed in order to declare himself victor regardless of what the other Sanguine did.

Ian seriously counted and checked the notes before saying with a suppressed voice, "Argos is on the third story of the apartment block at East Borough's 6 Limestone Street, opposite the public washroom.

"Galis Kevin is similarly in East Borough. He stays in the room beside the staircase on the first floor at 19 Beluga Whale Street."

"I will confirm your intelligence. I believe you wouldn't wish to abandon your business for a mere 300 pounds." Emlyn nodded gently as he gave a warning. Following that, he chuckled and said, "They were found so easily?"

Ian's red eyes darted around slightly as he said, "First, many bounty hunters are my friends. They have many informants in East Borough.

"Second, those two gentlemen didn't have great disguises. Despite being in East Borough, they wore very different attire from the people around them. If they were willing to wear more ragged clothes and did more than twelve hours of labor work, I believe they would be hard to find in the messy East Borough."

Is that so… One needs to take note of the difference in environment when hiding oneself… Emlyn muttered silently to himself, feeling as though he had learned a new trick.

He didn't plan on heading to East Borough immediately. This was because even if he took action in the day, it would be very difficult to escape without causing a commotion. It was a rather dangerous act in Backlund, as it meant that the Mandated Punishers or Nighthawks might come knocking at the door just after he sneaked back home.

Emlyn planned on verifying the situation and taking action between eight to nine in the evening after the Tarot Gathering.

The Primordial Moon believer from before was quite strong. These two likely aren't weaker. Although I have confidence, it feels unsafe only relying on myself… As Emlyn considered the problem, he waved his hand and bade Ian farewell. He rode on a rental carriage, heading back for the south side of the Bridge.

…

East Chester County, Stoen City.

Audrey stood behind a railing, watching the servants placing the items that had been brought from the family castle in suitable spots. The scene was bustling but orderly.

I'll send someone to Associate Professor Michele later and tell him that I'll be paying a visit to the Relic Search and Preservation Foundation… I hope that they've obtained some items that have been tainted with Beyonder effects… As Audrey's mind wandered, she couldn't help but smile. She was proud of her decision of donating the funds to establish the foundation.

When her eyes that were as beautiful as emeralds saw the time on the wall clock, she hurriedly reined in her thoughts and turned to return to her bedroom.

Susie was slumped in a corner of the bedroom. Its front paws were crossed, giving it a sense of elegance.

In front of it was an opened book. There were dense lines of text written on it.

Susie would raise one of her front paws from time to time to flip the page as she read with great seriousness.

Every time I see Susie like that, I feel a little ashamed… Audrey, you mustn't slack off on your education! Audrey encouraged herself in silence as she approached, planning to get Susie to head outside to guard the door.

Susie looked up and glanced at Audrey before standing straight up, saying, "I got it!"

After saying that, it briskly ran out the bedroom without closing the door.

"…I haven't said anything." Audrey blinked as she softly muttered to herself.

She had given such instructions many times. To prevent Susie from detecting that she wanted to be alone in the room from 3 to 3:30 p.m. on Mondays, forbidding humans and dogs from coming close, she had also done similar matters at other times, pretending that there was a gathering, wanting alone time while maintaining an irregular pattern.

I have to say that Susie's existence has effectively raised my motivation to learn, as well as how strictly I handle matters… I can't be inferior to a dog! But, being better than this dog doesn't seem to be something worthy of praise… Audrey puffed her cheeks with a self-deprecating comment as she sat by her bed, awaiting the beginning of the Tarot Gathering.

…

3 p.m. above the gray fog.

Dark red figures shot up along the two sides of the long bronze table, materializing into different blurry figures.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~" Audrey's greeted with a cheery voice as she bowed.

The other members greeted one after another until the existence at the seat of honor nodded in response.

While sitting down, Fors couldn't help but look at Mr. World, wondering what she should use as an opening.

Apart from passing on her teacher's reply to Ma'am Hermit, she planned on doing a few matters. One, she wanted to tell Mr. World that due to the difficulty of the mission, she would pay him more, but it required him to wait. This was because the sale of the houses took time. Second, after brainstorming, she thought of a good way that could earn money and raise her strength. She had gained inspiration from The World's actions: Rent out Leymano's Travels!

When a member needed an item to temporarily raise their combat strength to deal with certain situations, they could rent Leymano's Travels from her. The rent could be paid in two forms—cash which wasn't too expensive or to record Beyonder powers instead. This also meant that the renter had to guarantee that the spellbook was returned with more filled pages.

Of course, as the provider, Fors would record useful Apprentice powers like Door Opening, providing the renter with relevant help.

A problem that could easily happen in this transaction was that the renter might not return it, but with Mr. Fool witnessing these exchanges in the Tarot Club, Fors believed that no one would be blinded by greed.

And the death of the renter was a low probability event for losing Leymano's Travels. But with everyone knowing that they could pray to Mr. Fool in times of danger, death was an even smaller probability!

How can there not be any risks when doing business… I will talk to Mr. World about when he will use it so that there won't be any conflicts… Fors retracted her gaze and heard Ma'am Hermit speak.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, I have two pages of Roselle's diary this time."

Ever since contact was made with Queen Mystic, the receiving of diary pages has stabilized in a rather terrifying manner… Klein nodded slightly and chuckled.

"Very good."

After a brief silence, Cattleya conjured two yellowish-brown pieces of paper. They leaped into Mr. Fool's palms as if they had tunneled through the spirit world.

Klein slowly lowered his gaze at the diary in his hands.

"29th December. It's almost a new year again.

"All the mausoleums have been built. What's done cannot be undone."

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CHAPTER 790
THE END OF THE DIARY

All the mausoleums have been built… What's done cannot be undone… Klein looked at the diary page in his hand as his thoughts boiled over as ideas kept emerging and shattering.

From his point of view, this diary page of Emperor Roselle nearly proved his previous conjectures. He had chosen to forcefully switch to the Black Emperor pathway in his later years, doing so at the cost of going mad to become a Sequence 0 true god!

What drove the emperor to make such a decision? What did "He" discover that resulted in "His" agitation, rashness, and loss of composure in the previous diary entry? And compared to back then, "His" emotions in this diary entry appear calm and composed, but it feels like "He" is even more extreme… It's hard to imagine what the emperor experienced or encountered in "His" later years that resulted in "Him" having such an abnormal situation… The madness that Angels are embroiled with to begin with, or is it something that had happened to the faith of the believers that kept him anchored "His" rationality? Hmm, if "He" was normal, shouldn't "He" hold back a little and strive for certain outcomes before finding an opportunity to devour the Hidden Sage? Klein instantly thought of many things, but he was unable to find any evidence.

And on this page of goatskin, there were only two short lines of text, as though it indicated the final diary page of Emperor Roselle's life. The end of the year or the beginning of the new year was the day "He" was suspected to have perished in the White Maple Palace.

An emperor of an era, a transmigrator's last words? Klein sighed silently as he flipped to the goatskin beneath.

The diary page didn't have a date, but at the top of the page was a line in Feysac:

"Immediately follows the previous page."

The words were written neatly and elegantly, very different from Emperor Roselle's handwriting. It was obvious that it was added by someone else.

It's probably a note by Queen Mystic… To indicate that this is the last part of the diary, written after the emperor said that what's done cannot be undone? But why isn't there a date? Klein was deeply puzzled as he read the corresponding content, his gaze freezing up.

"I believe I'm not the only transmigrator in this world.

"If there's anyone else who can read my diary, remember to carefully select your Beyonder pathway.

"Once you choose this, it pretty much confirms your allies and your enemies.

"I'm unable to give any actual suggestions because I myself can't see the true faces of the seven deities or those evil gods. This might be partially related to the second Blasphemy Slate that the ancient organization hides. Unfortunately, I only have a rough idea of the hidden parts, and I'm unable to verify them.

"Similarly, I don't know what's written on the first Blasphemy Slate either.

"A useful warning is to not choose pathways with Sequence 0s that are occupied, and also be careful of neighboring Sequence 0s and Sequence 1s. I've suffered tremendously on this aspect.

"As for what Sequence 0 represents, search for my other diary pages if you aren't aware.

"Heh heh, this page is equivalent to the afterword of my life. If I succeed, I'll be a god, and it will be another story. If I were to fail, there wouldn't be a future. Perhaps, well—you know.

"Go, my friend who understands my diary, go seek out the secret of transmigration and the truth hidden within. I'll be watching you, if I'm still alive.

"Finally, let me warn you that you have to remember:

"Be careful of the moon!"

Klein wasn't surprised about there being more than one transmigrator. After all, he had long known of a "senior" in the form of Emperor Roselle.

He was puzzled about the details that the emperor had used to determine that there wasn't only one transmigrator.

This was a very important point, as it held great meaning as to whether there were incomparable problems in his bid to return home.

This was like an unknown equation. Without enough examples and conditions, there was no way to obtain the correct answer no matter how he tried to solve it. Only with enough equations could he find the correct answer.

Hmm… The emperor should've written his discoveries on this matter in the previous diary entries. Unfortunately, I have no way of knowing where it is in order to do a targeted search and recovery… Klein silently sighed before considering the other contents in the "afterword."

The hidden contents in the second Blasphemy Slate which the Twilight Hermit Order showed?

Did they deliberately hide the contents, or did they not actually obtain it… The second Blasphemy Slate was actually split into two parts, with the other half landing in the hands of other factions?

My pathway has already been determined. It was selected based on the exclamation found in Emperor Roselle's diary… From the emperor's afterword, I can be a bit assured. The Seer pathway doesn't have a Sequence 0 because the mad Sequence 1 Zaratul is still alive. And according to the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Conservation, heh heh—this subdivision part can probably be called the Law of Incompatibility. If there's a Sequence 1, there's no Sequence 0.

I need to be careful of Zaratul, Mr. Door, Blasphemer Amon, and Pallez Zoroast, as well as the other Sequence 1s who exist in these three pathways.

What does being careful of the moon mean?

Be careful of the Primordial Moon?

That could be said directly…

Wait, the emperor apparently had thoughts of exploring the crimson moon before. Could it be that he finally committed himself to do it and discovered something on the moon, which is why he warned other transmigrators to be careful of the moon?

The moon has something to do with transmigration?

Yes… the emperor's tone indicates that "He" still has some contingency plans, and he might not completely perish. He might be watching me… There should also be clues to such matters, and they should also be written in the earlier diary entries…

As conclusions and puzzlements flashed through Klein's mind, he finally turned solemn.

He made the diary in his hand vanish and looked towards Cattleya.

"Do you have anything you want to ask?"

Cattleya nudged the heavy glasses on her nose and politely bowed her head.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, I wish to know if Emperor Roselle is still alive."

This question snapped the other members of the Tarot Club out of their own thoughts as they looked towards the end of the bronze table in agitation.

Although Emperor Roselle being alive wasn't directly related to them, nor would it bring any obvious influence, this topic was enough to stir the thirst hidden deep in the hearts of people regarding rumors and gossip!

I thought I would be immune to such matters after advancing to a Psychiatrist… Sigh, I'm really curious! Audrey looked at Mr. Fool with bright eyes as she waited for "Him" to give the answer.

Only Derrick was uninterested in the matter. The reason why he looked at Mr. Fool was solely because everyone else had done so.

Indeed, Queen Mystic's questions are basically targeted at the diary pages she provides… Klein didn't feel stumped as he skillfully chuckled.

"Perhaps."

By using the answer "perhaps," he was expressing that Emperor Roselle had the hope of saving himself. As for whether he eventually succeeded or whether there was an accident, it wasn't in the scope of the question that might not have an answer.

Perhaps… Mr. Fool is implying that Emperor Roselle might still be alive? Cattleya and company felt as though they had heard the greatest secret in the world as they felt a little agitated and excited.

However, they could also sense the underlying tone in Mr. Fool's words. Due to the lack of diary entries and with him having just awoken recently, "He" was unable to determine if Emperor Roselle had seized an opportunity. To determine that would require more clues and evidence in the future.

Regardless, Emperor Roselle was likely mentally prepared for the assassination.

Without giving Justice, The Hanged Man, and company to think of the related problems, Klein leaned back and said with a calm tone, "That's all from me."

Fors hurriedly snapped out of her fantasizing of Roselle's late years as she looked to the end of the bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, I wish to communicate privately with The World. It will end quickly."

What does she want to communicate with Gehrman Sparrow about? Isn't Mr. X's matter over? Klein thought in puzzlement as he nodded gently.

"Yes."

Following that, he blocked the senses of the other members and controlled The World to chuckle hoarsely.

"Is there anything else?"

Fors deliberated for two seconds and said, "This is the matter. Mr. X's head allowed me to receive a handsome reward. I believe that I didn't pay enough on this matter to match the difficulty of the mission. Therefore, I wish to compensate you.

"How much do you wish to receive."

Not bad. You actually want to compensate me without any prompting… Although Miss Magician is a little greedy on gaining petty advantages, she's still an honest person. Hmm, it's very normal to earn some profit while making a transaction. It's not considered greedy… The pleasantly surprised Klein sighed inwardly in praise as he made The World chuckle.

"How much can you pay?"

Fors hesitated for a moment and said, "5,000 pounds."

She had used the 10,000-pound price she had informed her teacher, and planned to split it evenly with Mr. World. Furthermore, she needed the recipe, crystal ball, and Beyonder ingredient; thus, she planned on selling the two properties and give him money directly.

And as for the reason why Fors was this generous, it had to do with the mission being harder than she had expected while also paying too low a price. In addition, she was increasingly fearful of The World Gehrman Sparrow. She didn't dare to offend the crazy adventurer and terrifying bounty hunter.

The Abraham family gave quite a huge reward… Klein controlled The World to say with a laugh, "If you can use large amounts of gold coins in place of notes, you can pay less. It will just depend on how much you can gather."

"I'll try my best." Although Fors was very puzzled over why Mr. World valued gold coins that much, she didn't dare to ask. He had done the same with Ma'am Hermit's transaction previously.

She paused before asking, "Mr. World, when would you need to use Leymano's Travels? I plan on renting it out before and after that period in order to earn some money and Beyonder powers."

Rent it out? Rent out a mystical item? Klein was taken aback upon hearing that. He never expected Miss Magician to have such business-oriented

mind!

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CHAPTER 791
NEW MODEL

As a youth that came from the Internet age on Earth, Klein quickly understood Miss Magician's idea, how she prepared to do it, and what she was relying on.

Isn't this sharing economy? With the Tarot Club and The Fool, there's no technological limitation… Miss Magician is usually lazy and doesn't have a strong presence, but I never expected her to have sharp acumen on such matters Hmm, it also stems from me requesting to borrow the spellbook… Regardless, to be able to quickly be inspired and set up a business model is pretty good… Klein deliberately made The World Gehrman Sparrow hesitate for a few seconds before saying, "I might need it this weekend and next week."

He was estimating this based on the time it took Mr. Hanged Man to return from the Abyss Maelstrom to the Rorsted Sea, while also allocating time for him to stabilize his spirituality and replenish his supplies.

When the time came, they would join forces to explore the primitive island with many Beyonder creatures.

Fors hurriedly nodded.

"Alright, I will make the arrangements to prevent others from using it."

As she heaved a sigh of relief, she requested Mr. Fool that he bear witness for the subsequent rental agreements. After obtaining a confirmation from "Him," she indicated that she was done with the private communication.

Following that, she conjured Leymano's Travels and surveyed the table.

"Everyone, I have here a mystical item.

"It has a total of 38 pages. Each page can help the user record Beyonder powers they encounter. They will then be able to release it when needed, but it will be slightly weaker than the original power…

"Each page can be repeatedly recorded. Each record can only be used once… Amongst them, three pages can be used to record demigod level Beyonder powers, but the chances of success are very low. It might not succeed one in ten times…"

Fors simply explained the traits of Leymano's Travels and its negative effects. It lit up the eyes of Audrey and company.

With them no longer being novices in the domain of mysticism or the Beyonder world, it wasn't difficult for them to tell the value of Miss Magician's notebook without her making it explicit to them. At the same time, they viewed it as a demigod-level artifact.

It resembles a Shepherd and the Creeping Hunger. They allow the use of the Beyonder powers from other pathways, but there aren't as many negative effects. There's also a chance to record a demigod power… Draw my own blood… Audrey suddenly shrank her hand back in fear as she thought over the matter.

As a powerful noble's daughter, she had almost never been injured from a young age. Therefore, she had an extreme fear of pain that remained an unknown to her.

Taking the opportunity when Fors paused, she raised her hand slightly and asked, "Miss Magician, how much do you wish to sell it for?"

Audrey believed that her father, Earl Hall, would also be able to recognize the value of Leymano's Travels, so it was certain that she could be

reimbursed by him. Therefore, she planned on fully satisfying Fors's requirements.

She must be lacking money recently, or else she wouldn't be selling such an important and useful mystical item… While Audrey thought in pity, she considered whether she should offer to buy it at a premium.

Damn it… Why can't it be put on sale after I return from the primitive island… Alger had a strong interest in Leymano's Travels, but he wasn't able to produce the money or materials needed to purchase this mystical item.

1,300 pounds was money that an ordinary person might not be able to save up even in ten to twenty years, but compared to an item at the level of Leymano's Travels, it was nothing!

It's worth at least 10,000 pounds. If I encounter Beyonders that are backed by powerful factions, it wouldn't be a problem selling it for more than 30,000 pounds… Alger swept his glance at Justice, who was inquiring about the price, as well as Cattleya, who had nudged her glasses, looking as though she was planning to join the bid. He couldn't help but sigh. He didn't believe that the transaction would fail according to his wishes, having it left unsold before he returned from the primitive island.

Miss Justice has money, and The Hermit has Queen Mystic and the Moses Ascetic Order. They don't lack money or resources. Sigh… Alger adjusted his seating posture as he looked across the table with a heavy look.

Emlyn and Derrick were similarly interested in Leymano's Travels, but it was simply interest. They knew that they lacked the ability to provide anything in a fair exchange.

When she heard Miss Justice's question, Fors realized that she had forgotten to mention the most crucial point. She hurriedly added, "No, it's not for purchase. I'm only renting it."

"When you need it, you can rent it for a short period which will be witnessed by Mr. Fool."

Rent? You can do that? At that moment, everyone except Klein and Derrick were surprised.

Without a doubt, they knew what a rental transaction was, but they never expected it to be applied to a mystical item, much less have it appear in the Tarot Club!

This was apparently very doable. It was relatively useful for every member of the Tarot Club, and it wouldn't cost them much while remaining affordable. Furthermore, Miss Magician could slowly build up quite a sizable fortune by doing so, but in fact, the best result was to record Beyonder powers. She could gather different kinds of Beyonder powers from various pathways in this way, making it far more efficient than seeking the chance to record it on her own! Alger quickly realized the key to the rental transaction as he was delighted. He asked, "How much is the rental fee?"

Leymano's Travels corresponds to a Sequence 6. It's usually about 5,000 pounds, but due to its uniqueness, it costs at least 10,000 pounds… Fors had built up quite a bit of experience during her time in the Tarot Club, so after some consideration, she said, "Each rental basically starts at 300 pounds. Every additional day is an additional 50 pounds. And when returning it, the notebook needs to have two additional pages of Beyonder powers than when it was rented out. If there's only one blank page or no blank pages when it's rented, one just needs to fill up the full book."

Having two additional pages didn't mean two additional powers. That also meant that they could use any of the Beyonder powers in Leymano's Travels. One just needed to make up for it later. There was no need for it to be of the same type, as pages were all that mattered.

50 pounds a day, 1,500 pounds a month… if it's possible, I can keep renting it… Audrey did a simple count of the costs.

Alger was thrilled when he heard that as he said with an unperturbed look, "I plan on renting it for two days, but the exact price needs negotiation. It will be adjusted based on what Beyonder powers are recorded in the notebook."

He felt more confident towards his exploration of the primitive island!

"When do you plan to rent it?" Fors asked, delighted that she had business right away.

"I'll be renting it for two days sometime between this weekend to next weekend. The exact time hasn't been determined," Alger replied without any hesitation.

Fors immediately frowned as she said apprehensively, "This period of time has already been reserved for Mr. World."

Reserved for The World? When did this happen? Alger was surprised as he looked at the other end of the long bronze tale.

He soon came to a realization that it had been agreed upon during their private communication.

Why would they come to such an agreement? Miss Magician doesn't need to have informed him ahead of time… They had other transactions during the private communication? What kind of communications and transactions would they have… Hmm, Miss Magician had commissioned the assassination of an Aurora Order Oracle. The World had accepted the mission, and one of the traits of the Oracle is the ability to record and use the Beyonder powers of others once. Heh heh, this is identical to Leymano's Travels… Does this mean that The World has already succeeded? As such, Miss Magician is indebted to him, and she hadn't fully resolved it. Now, she came up with this method to pay off the rest? Alger eliminated the possibilities and finally felt that he had found the truth.

Without anyone catching wind of it, The World Gehrman Sparrow had already hunted an Aurora Order Oracle, an Oracle suspected to be a Sequence 5!

This secretly made Alger feel alarmed because he was about to cooperate with The World soon.

Thankfully, there's Mr. Fool bearing witness… As a Blessed, Gehrman Sparrow wouldn't violate the agreement he makes in front of a god… Alger consoled himself and retracted his gaze from The World.

Meanwhile, Audrey and Cattleya had recalled the matter of the Aurora Order Oracle from the transactions involving both Miss Magician and Mr. World, as well as how the Oracle's powers were similar to Leymano's Travels; hence, they believed that The World might've already completed the mission. Renting the spellbook was one of the parts to completing the transaction.

Emlyn didn't think about such matters, putting his focus on the unavailability of Leymano's Travels this weekend and the following week.

In other words, I can borrow it for the next few days? If I have help from this notebook, those two primitive believers wouldn't be able to pose a threat… Emlyn looked around and turned anxious as he leisurely said, "Can I rent it for today and tomorrow?"

"400 pounds plus two pages of Beyonder powers," Fors directly announced the price.

Emlyn nodded gently.

"Introduce what Beyonder powers are recorded first. If they aren't very useful to me, I wish that the price can be lowered because I'll need to waste time recording powers."

Fors flipped through Leymano's Travels and began to give a vague introduction.

Door Opening… Black Screen… Tumble… Teleport… Lightning Strike… Float… Flight… Windblades… Eh, why are there so many Beyonder powers in the Storm domain? The World has used it before? He recorded the Beyonder powers corresponding to Sea God from Mr. Fool? When I return to the cathedral, I should find out what recently happened in Backlund. That Oracle couldn't have died without a trace… As Alger listened, he began thinking of investigating the matter.

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CHAPTER 792
THE FOOL'S AUTHORITY

The Hermit similarly thought of The World Gehrman Sparrow from hearing the Beyonder powers which were recorded in Leymano's Travels.

I wonder if I can pay a certain price to get The Fool to showcase demigod powers of the Storm pathway as well as "His" domain… This will be better than seeking the help of the Moses Ascetic Order. That will make them know of my possession of Leymano's Travels… Hmm, I should first write to Her Majesty. Perhaps, she will come to the Future to showcase her powers… Cattleya was increasingly convinced that the spellbook had a value that exceeded its level and was very regretful that Miss Magician was only renting it.

After hearing the description, Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief. This was because the Beyonder powers like Lightning were very lethal against artificial vampires.

Of course, it was the same for Sanguine.

Very good. I was still worried about needing to seek The Sun's help and passing Leymano's Travels to him to get him to showcase purification powers to be recorded… Emlyn instantly became relaxed as he glanced at Derrick beside him while saying to Fors, "Deal."

400 pounds with the recording of a few Beyonder powers was nothing compared to the completion of his mission.

I can earn money quickly and also obtain Beyonder powers this way… Fors suddenly felt that her future was bright as she hurriedly smiled.

"Alright, I'll get Mr. Fool to transfer it to you after the gathering."

Right on the heels of that, she turned to say to Cattleya, "Ma'am, the Abraham family's direct descendant has given a reply. Do you wish to communicate privately or have me directly say it out loud?"

Cattleya thought and said, "Let's do it privately."

Soon, the others had their senses blocked as Fors recounted what her teacher said:

"They don't know much about Mr. Door either. They only know two things, no—three."

"First, among their ancestors, there is an existence known as Mr. Door.

"Second, this ancestor vanished in the War of the Four Emperors. They've been struggling to find him.

"Third, they will hear ravings that can cause a loss of control during the full moon and Blood Moon.

"In addition, they temporarily do not wish to make any direct contact."

The third point was added by Fors by herself. She wished that Ma'am Hermit and the Queen Mystic behind her could use this to further understand Mr. Door's matters. This was beneficial in helping the Abraham escape the fate of being cursed.

Mr. Door is the Abraham family's ancestor and "He" vanished in the War of the Four Emperors. "He" would create ravings during full moons? Hmm, the latter was confirmed by Mr. Fool, so there's nothing suspicious… That is to say that although Mr. Door has vanished, "He" still can affect Beyonders of the same bloodline, as well as living beings that used certain items during the full moon and Blood Moon. This means that "He" hasn't completely lost his connection with the real world… This is how the

emperor was able to interact with "Him"? Her Majesty once said that there were members of the Abraham family who worked for the emperor back then… Cattleya had some theories as she gently nodded.

"If there are any questions, I'll get you to pass them on.

"I'll pay the remaining 650 pounds today."

With 650 pounds, along with Mr. Moon's 400 pounds, I've made a profit of 1,050 pounds today. Together with the 730 pounds from before, as well as the sale of the two properties to pay Mr. World, I might still have a thousand left. My savings are about to exceed 3,000 pounds! This way, I'll have the money needed to purchase the other main ingredient for Scribe. I might still have some leftover… At that moment, Fors suddenly found herself a little wealthy.

This made her consider helping purchase the Interrogator Beyonder characteristic for Xio to make up for the risk she had to endure over Mr. X's assassination.

After the blocking of senses was lifted, Fors heard The World Gehrman Sparrow speak before she could say a word.

"I need a mystical item from the Marauder pathway. It can be at Sequence 9 or 8."

Cattleya considered for a moment and said, "I can ask around for you. However, items of the Marauder pathway aren't common. There might be a premium involved."

"No problem." Klein controlled The World to provide the response.

He then made his marionette look at the now wealthy Miss Magician.

"I want to sell an Interrogator Beyonder characteristic for only 1,000 pounds."

Typically, this Sequence 7 Beyonder characteristic which could be used as a main ingredient should've been priced around 1,200 pounds, but Klein had two sets at the moment. Furthermore, considering how he had used Miss Xio's identity to participate in Mr. X's gathering, there was a certain degree of danger he was bringing to her; therefore, he gave a slight discount.

It's only 1,000 pounds. That's like a sale at a department store! But why does Mr. World know that I want it? He is Mr. Fool's Blessed. The Interrogator Beyonder characteristic was in his hands, and he is also aware that I can now afford it… Fors was stunned for two seconds as she nearly forgot to reply.

During this process, Audrey held back the urge to engage in shopping, because she knew that Xio needed the item.

1,000 pounds? An Interrogator's Beyonder characteristic? Cattleya seriously thought over the hidden intent behind The World when she heard Miss Magician say, "Deal!"

…I haven't even made my offer… Cattleya mumbled inwardly as she maintained her silence.

She could tell that The World and The Magician had reached a strange level of understanding on this matter, so she didn't interject.

Similarly, she also sensed that something good had happened to The Hanged Man this week. He appeared more spirited than before, appearing more confident.

He previously purchased the potion formula and main ingredients to Ocean Songster… He had also asked me where Obninsks that do not belong to the Church of Storms can be found… This is likely related to the ritual… He has already advanced? Cattleya suddenly felt a sense of danger.

As the Admiral of Stars who was famous throughout the Five Seas, she always felt a sense of superiority in the Tarot Club. But in recent times, with

The World Gehrman Sparrow showing his ability at hunting pirate admirals, followed by The Hanged Man reaching Sequence 5, a Sequence 5 that made him adept at sea battles, she felt that she no longer had the right to belittle others. She felt a sense of urgency that hadn't existed in her for a long time.

However, I have Sequence 4 ahead of me. It's the boundary between spirituality and godhood. It's not that easy to advance… I still don't see any hope despite preparing for years… Cattleya sighed inwardly as she looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow and asked, "Any chances for the blood of a Mythical Creature?"

I've been waiting for you to ask this! The Fool Klein smiled while watching the transactions as he controlled The World to hoarsely laugh.

"That angel got me to ask you what you can give 'Him' in exchange for a drop of blood.

"'He' emphasizes that it needs to satisfy him."

Angel? Mr. World directly contacted an angel? Furthermore, he has convinced the angel to provide a drop of blood!? Audrey was first alarmed before her thoughts raced as she turned to look at the seat of honor.

She suspected that The World, Mr. Fool's Blessed, had contacted an angel that was in service to Mr. Fool!

She was like The Magician, believing that The World only knew of clues to the location of an angel or its remains. They never expected him to directly converse with an angel!

One had to know that the Grounded Angels were equivalent to the leaders of the seven Churches!

Indeed… Alger sighed silently, believing that his guess has been verified.

As expected of Mr. Fool's Blessed… Cattleya held back her surprise and shock as she pondered.

"May I know what pathway this angel is from?"

The World surveyed the area and said, "Monster."

Monster, which means it's an angel from the Fate pathway? It's no wonder Mr. Fool's honorific name has the words King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck… Audrey, Derrick, and company were enlightened, believing that their inferences matched the actual situation and the inherent logic.

Their gazes and guesses stirred Klein. He realized a corresponding problem. In the honorific name he fabricated, the description of wielding good luck had successfully been directed towards the mysterious space above the gray fog!

Is this related to why the people from the Fate pathway can see my uniqueness? Could this be related to why the Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin, took the initiative to establish friendly ties with me? In my honorific name's three lines, the first line is a description of my inherent self, and the second is about the corresponding divine domain. Only the third line involves the authority. Wields good luck… Of course, The Fool itself can also contain a certain amount of authority… Klein suddenly felt that he needed to find an opportunity to communicate with the unborn fetus.

However, he suspected that the paper crane would tear at any moment. This was because just erasing the original content was already a rather precarious process.

At this moment, Cattleya said, "Thanks for your help. I will seriously consider it and give you a response as soon as possible."

She planned on consulting Queen Mystic to see if there were any conditions that would entice an angel from the Fate pathway.

With the conversation between The World and The Hermit ending, the transactions came to a formal end. The Tarot Gathering then proceeded into a period for free communication.

Fors thought for a moment and looked at Emlyn.

"I'd like to remind you of two things. First, be familiar with the powers on each corresponding page. It will be very dangerous if you were to flip to the wrong page and use the wrong power in combat."

Emlyn scoffed immediately as he said, "I'm very confident in my intelligence."

Fors didn't speak further and switched to mentioning:

"A serious case involving Beyonders happened in East Borough. The surrounding region is on high alert. If you plan on carrying out any operations, take note of that."

Emlyn viewed this piece of information with great importance as he asked, "Are you aware of what happened?"

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CHAPTER 793
SURPRISE VISITOR

Upon hearing Mr. Moon's question, Fors nearly blurted out, *"Of course! Better than anyone else! I'm just not too aware of the details."*

However, she controlled her mouth in time as she apprehensively looked at Mr. World.

At the same time, Alger, Audrey, and Cattleya vaguely guessed that the serious matter that had happened in Backlund's East Borough was the assassination of the Aurora Order's Oracle. Based on the inferences they had before, it was done by The World!

And as Emlyn wasn't a Spectator, he wasn't able to tell from her eyes. All Fors could do was force a smile at Emlyn.

"I'm unable to tell you the specifics.

"I only know that demigod-level Beyonder powers of the Storm domain appeared back then. The Church of Storms places a great deal of attention over the matter."

She didn't dare divulge the reasons on behalf of Mr. World, simply describing what she had seen.

She believed that if Mr. World was willing to reveal more, he definitely would've added on to her answer.

Demigod-level Beyonder powers of the Storm domain? Audrey and company were taken aback as they instinctively doubted the accuracy of

their theories.

They had previously imagined that Leymano's Travels had been created after the death of the Aurora Order Oracle; therefore, The World had no way of borrowing Mr. Fool's demigod-level powers to record them before the assassination!

The serious case involving Beyonders in East Borough has nothing to do with Mr. World? No, Fors's glance is enough proof that it was caused by Mr. World! But why would a demigod-level Beyonder power of the Storm domain appear? One possibility is that Leymano's Travels isn't a result of this assassination but that it originally belonged to Fors. Another possibility is that a Cardinal of the Church of Storms or a Beyonder with the corresponding Sealed Artifact had delivered an attack…

If it were the former, needing Mr. World to use the Beyonder powers at the demigod level implies that the Oracle was relatively powerful with the possible existence of a Saint backing him. If it were the latter, to have Mr. World still be able to leave safely after such an assault implies his formidableness…

Of course, the possibility can't be eliminated that he deliberately lured the Church of Storms to encounter the Aurora Order's Oracle, and while a battle broke out between demigods, he efficiently carried out an assassination during the chaos… Audrey made some guesses based on the details she had observed, and each guess implied one thing:

The World had the strength, intelligence, support, and ability, making him one of the top Sequence 5 Beyonders below that of demigods!

How terrifying. As expected of Mr. Fool's Blessed… When I arrive at a cathedral, I should be able to figure out what happened… Alger also made a basic judgment of the situation as he sighed. All he could do was console himself. With such a helper, the exploration of the primitive island would only be easier.

As for Cattleya, she shared similar thoughts with Audrey. She planned on asking Queen Mystic about the situation. This owner of the Dawn had previously revealed in her letter that she would be in Backlund for the time being.

Demigod-level Beyonder powers of the Storm domain… Emlyn repeated Miss Magician's words as his head ached.

Although he enjoyed staying at home and not heading out, he still needed to head out to get some blood to drink from the hospitals. Being in a big city, he was equipped with common knowledge. Together with his elders warnings and guidance, he knew a lot about the official organizations like the Machinery Hivemind, Mandated Punishers, and Nighthawks. He knew the influence that a serious case would bring to the area.

If I don't have a good disguise while infiltrating East Borough, I might be caught by the Mandated Punishers before I even approach my targets… Although I have the identity of being part of the Church of Mother Earth and wouldn't be impounded underground or made into a test subject of Sealed Artifacts, this also means that my operation has failed. I might even have Leymano's Travels taken away… During such times, taking the sewers would be even more dangerous. Who knows how many official Beyonders are lying in ambush over there… Emlyn suddenly felt that what seemed like a simple mission had turned difficult.

He quickly came to a decision that he would take action in the latter half of the night. During this time, the low-class residents of East Borough would begin returning home from work. Although it was dark, the streets would be bustling. Even if the Mandated Punishers had ten times more manpower, it was impossible to carry out any strict surveillance and single out every possible suspect.

The next important step is to plan the operation to finish off the two artificial vampires without causing much of a stir… Hmm, I'll have to consider a situation of an intense battle that's impossible to hide… Wait, Miss Magician had just mentioned that Leymano's Travels has a Beyonder

power known as Teleport… The problem is resolved! Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief and chuckled.

"I will keep that in mind."

He had said that sentence very calmly and with great confidence, as though everything was in control.

Heh, this fellow Emlyn was first stumped before feeling relieved. There's a 90% chance he recalled the Traveler's Door in Leymano's Travels… If I hadn't obtained Traveling, I definitely would've added the condition that no one is to touch that spellbook's page before The World Gehrman Sparrow… Klein scoffed silently without a word.

To him, as there was only one Traveler's Door in Leymano's Travels, he definitely needed to use Creeping Hunger for his return trip to the primitive island. In that case, he might as well exploit the glove as he needed to feed a death row convict to it. He didn't want to waste it.

"Anyways, I've warned you." Fors didn't speak further, wishing that everything would go smoothly for Mr. Moon.

At that moment, Alger turned to look at Little Sun.

"Are you still in the City of Silver?"

"Yes, my recent mission is to acquaint myself with my powers and patrol the surrounding area," Derrick replied honestly.

Alger thought for a moment before saying, "Has that Shepherd Elder not looked for you recently?"

"No." Derrick paused. "The six-member council seems to be busy with the former Chief's mausoleum. As for what it is, I'm not privy to the information."

Klein had heard Little Sun mention of the former Chief of the City of Silver. It was said that he had built a mausoleum that reached deep underground before moving into it, and he hadn't appeared again. It was suspected that his attempt to switch to Sequence 3 of the Death pathway had failed.

I wonder what happened inside the mausoleum. My spiritual intuition tells me that there's danger involved… Before Klein spoke, he heard Alger say, "Take note of this matter. To investigate the former Chief's mausoleum at such a critical moment means that it's something important. It might bring you danger."

"Okay!" Derrick nodded strongly. "I'll do my best to figure out the specifics."

The exchange continued. As the members didn't encounter much this week, this segment quickly came to an end. The Tarot Club members began teaching The Sun mysticism languages of the outside world as they learned about ancient myths from him.

During this process, Audrey was a little disappointed and depressed. She had failed to buy anything or share anything this week, and her participation appeared lacking.

Sigh… My life has been too quiet and stable. I have nothing to share… However, this is normal. As the daughter of one of the top three bankers in the kingdom, a daughter of East Chester's earl, if I were to frequently encounter Beyonder matters, experiencing alarming and exciting matters every week, that means that the present society and government structure is unable to maintain the order of the Beyonder world. It would definitely result in a fundamental change to everything… Hmm, when I return to Backlund, my contact with the Psychology Alchemists will increase. I'll be able to change this situation… Audrey rapidly became optimistic, and she stood up and bade Mr. Fool farewell.

Over the past half a year, she had read quite a number of useful books thanks to Susie. In terms of profundity and maturity, she was a lot better than before.

…

Böklund Street North Borough, 160 Böklund Street.

After ending the Tarot Club, Klein walked to the attached balcony to his bedroom, and he looked at the surrounding environment which was filled with vegetation.

With Miss Magician's attempt to rent out Leymano's Travels, there will be more of such Tarot Club transactions in the future. Heh heh, they might not have realized that their own Beyonder powers can be sold! Once the rentals happen more frequently, someone will ultimately request someone to help record a particular power… When the time comes, I'll be able to supply Beyonder powers of various domains thanks to the numerous mystical items I have…

It won't be too expensive, but it's long-lasting, and it will often be in demand.

Heh, I wonder who will be the first to muster their courage to seek The Fool for help, hoping that a demigod power can be recorded… This needs to be a fair exchange, and a sufficient price needs to be paid… If no one dares take that step, afraid that it's blasphemous, I can let The World be an example. After all, Mr. Fool has shown his friendliness and casualness from the beginning. As long as no mistakes are made, similar transactions can be made…

Having the precedent of punishing Ma'am Hermit, I don't believe anyone will belittle The Fool as a result. They would be honored, delighted, and fearful… Klein thought about the Tarot Club as his thoughts wandered, filled with anticipation towards the trade of Beyonder powers in the future.

At this moment, he heard knocking at the door.

"Please enter," Dwayne Dantès with his gray sideburns turned around and said.

The doorknob turned and the door opened. Butler Walter in his white gloves walked in and said respectfully, "Sir, Ma'am Mary from the National Atmospheric Pollution Council is here to visit you.

"Do you wish to meet her?"

Mary Schott? The major shareholder of the Coim Company, the lady who got me to investigate her former husband's adultery? Why is she here? Don't tell me that Dwayne Dantès has caught her fancy… Klein was slightly puzzled as he nodded with a smile.

"It's almost tea time. Let's have it a little earlier."

"Alright, I will invite Ma'am Mary to the activity room on the second story." Walter easily understood his employer's intentions.

Klein nodded slightly without saying anything else. With the help of his valet, Richardson, he wore his coat and went down to the second story.

Soon, he saw Ma'am Mary with her tall cheekbones in the activity room.

This lady was dressed in a dark blue dress with elegant accessories in an ostentatious but restrained manner. Compared to last year, she appeared more classy and with a higher temperament.

"Good afternoon, Ma'am. I've always been considering finding a time to visit you. I would wish to hear about your investigations on Backlund's atmospheric pollution." Klein took the initiative to speak politely.

Mary replied with a smile, "Unfortunately, I didn't manage to wait for it."

After exchanging a few words of pleasantries as they talked about the recent weather, Klein sat on a single-seater as he raised his porcelain teacup.

"Ma'am, you seem to have something troubling you?"

He could tell that Mary was hesitant and deliberating.

Mary laughed as she sighed.

"I've heard about your experience and wisdom. I believe that you're a gentleman with excellent foresight.

"This is the thing: Are you interested in purchasing some of the Coim Company's shares?"

"Why? Ma'am, are you in trouble?" Klein asked in a staid manner

Mary shook her head.

"Someone else is selling them."

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CHAPTER 794
SHORT-TERM INVESTMENT

Someone else is selling? Klein ruminated over those words without immediately asking. After the servant placed the silver three-layered tray down for high tea and left, he said with a smile, "Ma'am, why don't you purchase it yourself?

"Even a blind person knows that Loen will place more attention on environmental pollution in the future. Therefore, the Coim Company, that deal with anthracite and high-quality charcoal, definitely has a promising future. It being worth half a million or even a million pounds wouldn't be a fantasy. Of course, the premise is that the company's management can keep up with the corresponding expansion.

"In such a situation, the acquisition of shares in the Coim Company is definitely a profitable business. If I were you, I'd take it for myself, no matter how much debt I get myself into."

Mary used two fingers to pick a cucumber sandwich from the bottom silver tray, took a tiny nimble, and slowly chewed before swallowing it down.

With this as a buffer, she finally organized her words.

"Ever since the law to fix atmospheric pollution was passed, the Coim Company has been rapidly developing. The faces of the shareholders have begun changing. As you know, people who have their sights on money will often have good business sense. And behind them, there are usually some powerful figures at play.

"If I weren't a member of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council, and had used this to get to know quite a number of nobles and high-ranking government officials, I believe I wouldn't be able to withstand the pressure, and I would end up selling my shares at a relatively good price. I would then leave the stage with a considerably good profit.

"But even so, most of the shares will quickly concentrate, and I'll quickly lose my status as the highest shareholder, losing control over the company's direction.

"This is something I inherited from my father. I don't want it to become somebody else's toy. I wish for it to slowly develop into the biggest anthracite and high-quality supplier to Backlund, or even all of the Loen Kingdom. Heh heh, it's not that I haven't tried other solutions. I've pledged my shares and sold my property, investing a large sum of my liquidity into it, absorbing 15% of the shares in secret, as well as requesting friends that I can trust to help. I've obtained a total of 10% of the shares, and together with the 20% I originally had, I hold 45% in total.

"The current situation is that a minor shareholder suddenly decided to liquidate his 3%, and my friends and I temporarily do not have the money to acquire it."

This is a commercial war… This was a first for Klein, who was accustomed to dealing with Beyonders; he found it fresh but also unfamiliar.

He similarly reached out his hand and selected a sandwich which had high-quality turkey at the bottom of the three-layered tray. As he ate, he contemplated for about ten seconds and said, "The shares that you acquire later can also be pledged, right?"

"There won't be enough time. The other party has already provided an offer, and the transaction can be closed at any time," Mary said as she finished the food in her hand.

Klein leaned back into his sofa in a relaxed manner.

"Why did you come to me?"

Upon hearing the question, Mary heaved a slight sigh of relief.

"First, you must've brought quite a sizable amount of money to Backlund. You wouldn't need to raise funds through different means. Second, you just came to Backlund, so you aren't deeply involved with the other party or in other aspects. This also means that I'm not afraid that you would violate the terms of the agreement. Even if you choose to align with them, you'll have to consider if it's worth violating the law. Third, although we've only met once, I believe you are a very dignified and knowledgeable gentleman."

Your praise is leaving me a little embarrassed… However, it also means that my acting performance as Dwayne Dantès is effective. At the very least, everyone knows that he's a middle-aged gentleman with foresight and competence, with plenty of money that he has nowhere to invest… Hmm, considering the original 16,493 pounds and Miss Magician's 5,000, no—6,000 pounds, as well as the 48 pounds provided by Mr. X, I have a total of 22,991 pounds and 5 gold coins. Even if I deduct the 5,987 pounds I owe Miss Messenger, I'll be considered a true tycoon… Many people with assets worth a hundred thousand pounds might not have that much liquidity… Klein couldn't help but do a count of his wealth as he asked with a smile, "Ma'am, what do you wish for me to do?"

Mary sipped some tea and said eloquently, "Acquire the 3% shares. But before that, I'll sign two contracts with you. The first contract stipulates that I'll forcefully purchase the shares from you in three months and buy it at the highest price over this period of time. The corresponding tax will be shouldered by me. The second contract stipulates that we act in concert…

"In addition, I will make you a member of the board of directors for the Coim Company. You will enjoy the corresponding perks as you monitor the company's development. This will help you be integrated even better into high society."

Sounds like a sure-win. It's equivalent to me providing a loan, and Ma'am Mary will repay me with a certain amount of interest and social resources… And compared to a debt agreement, I'll be holding onto the shares of an excellent company. It's more secure; after all, we are considered strangers… Of course, that's under the premise that the Coim Company itself is alright. Hmm, this is also why she's making me a director… Klein analyzed the conditions proposed by Ma'am Mary and slowly felt enticed by them.

From his point of view, Dwayne Dantès needed some investments. Otherwise, he would appear suspicious. Then, selecting the kind of investment was a rather important problem since it had to be considered that Dwayne Dantès might have to give up everything and leave Backlund because of his operation's failure or success.

When the time comes, there's a chance to take away the money, but I can forget about the shares… This kind of investment, one that allows me to quickly recoup my investment, meets my requirements… I might even earn quite a bit… Klein contemplated for a moment before warmly smiling.

"Helping a lady resolve problems is something that I need to do."

Ma'am Mary immediately felt relieved. Just as she was about to say something, she heard Dwayne Dantès's attractive voice continue:

"However, I'm rather cautious in regards to any investments I make.

"I will hire a lawyer and an accounting team to investigate the Coim Company's situation. I'll try to reach a conclusion as quickly as possible, and if there aren't any problems, we can begin our cooperation."

Aside from that, I will also do a divination… Klein silently added inwardly.

"Definitely." Ma'am Mary smiled and added, "I'll bear the costs for such expenses."

Klein didn't reject the offer as he nodded and said, "How much would the 3% shares cost?"

"The current valuation is 9,600 pounds, but the shareholder believes that the Coim Company has a promising future, so it can't be lower than 12,000 pounds." Mary gave him the exact details.

Phew… Klein used a calm and relaxed manner to smile.

"That's still alright."

Dwayne Dantès is indeed rich… Mary thought as she said, "Dwayne, can I invite you to visit the Coim Company tomorrow?"

"That's exactly what I wish for," Klein replied with a smile.

At the same time, he couldn't help but think of something. His former landlord, Stelyn Sammer's husband, was likely still a manager at Coim Company.

Yet another familiar face, but it's not one for Dwayne Dantès… Klein felt wistful for some baffling reason.

…

At 8 p.m. there were still crowds of people entering East Borough from the other streets. Fatigue obviously colored their faces.

And this continued almost until ten.

Emlyn White had changed into a grayish-blue worker's attire, wore a cap, and hid himself in the alley of the Backlund Bridge area while observing the poor that sauntered back and forth.

Although he didn't have any experience in disguising himself, he had eyes and brains. Just a short observation was enough for him to discover the

problems with his attire.

The most important point was that, compared to the poor who had dirty and ragged clothes, the work attire he had bought in the afternoon was too new and clean, easily attracting the attention of others.

Emlyn thought for a moment, returned to the dark alley, and reached out his fingers. Using what he had seen, he began tearing open the areas that were easily damaged.

Then, he observed his surroundings as his facial muscles gradually distorted into a grimace.

With a look of contempt, Emlyn came to the wall, closed his eyes, and began dabbing the dirt onto his clothes and pants.

*The smell of coal… the smell of rotting mud… the smell of p-p*ss… *Emlyn subconsciously extended his palm away from himself as he covered his mouth with his other hand. He nearly vomited.

At this moment, he realized that having an extraordinary sense of smell wasn't necessarily a good thing.

After a few minutes of excruciating torture, Emlyn finally finished his disguise. Even his handsome face was stained with coal.

With this disguise, he hunched his back, and slipped into the crowd, quickly entering East Borough without garnering any attention.

As he walked, Emlyn realized a problem.

He wasn't familiar with the roads at all!

He had no idea where Limestone Street or Beluga Whale Street was in East Borough, while most of the street signs had already been damaged.

An assassination attempt really is a troublesome matter… Emlyn mumbled as he began asking around for directions.

After nearly an hour of hard work, he finally arrived at Limestone Street. The streets were narrow, with the buildings on both sides leaning close to each other. Even in the day, it appeared dark. At night, it gave off a terrifying sense of creepiness and darkness. But to the Sanguine, such an environment wasn't bad. The only problem was the dirt and messiness.

After spraying a medicine that eliminated his scent, Emlyn walked into the condominium at Unit 6, went to the third story, and approached the public washroom with his nose pinched before standing outside the room of Primordial Moon believer, Argos.

Emlyn cocked his ears to listen for a while before he stopped pinching his nose in puzzlement.

He nearly fainted from the stench wafting over from the washroom. It took him a great bit of effort to focus his gaze on the room.

His sense of smell told him that there wasn't anyone inside, nor were there any corpses.

He moved away? Or he isn't back? Emlyn muttered silently in a daze.

He never expected his hunt to be so unsuccessful.

After reining in his emotions, Emlyn left the condominium and rushed to 19 Beluga Whale Street.

This time, he was delighted to discover that someone was home. Galis Kevin was home.

At that moment, Emlyn caught the scent of another person. It was very identical to Argos's apartment at Limestone Street.

Two people… There are two people in the room! Argos isn't home because he came to Galis Kevin… Two… Emlyn's expression suddenly froze.

He wasn't worried if it was one-on-one. But if it was one against two, he was still a little fearful with Leymano's Travels. After all, the two of them were artificial vampires with rather significant strength!

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CHAPTER 795
PATIENCE

As a Sanguine who liked to stay home, the number of battles Emlyn had involved himself in could be counted on one hand. Furthermore, he had never attempted fighting in the state of a numbers disadvantage.

Be it his attack on the previous Primordial Moon believer, or resisting Bishop Utravsky from the Harvest Church, he basically had the numerical advantage in being the worst at one-on-one fights.

Thinking back to the failure of his family of three attempting to defeat the half-giant bishop, Emlyn's expression turned livid as though he had recalled the torture he suffered back at the Harvest Church.

As there weren't many residents living here, and with Galis Kevin having sharp senses as an artificial vampire, he didn't dare stay outside the door for too long. He quickly walked past the area and walked to the end of the corridor and hid in the shadows.

What should I do next… Emlyn leaned against random objects that blocked the crimson sunlight as his thoughts rapidly whirled in an attempt to find a solution with his pitiful amounts of experience.

Gradually, the words which The Hanged Man had taught The Sun surfaced in his mind:

"Patience is an important premise when dealing with many situations…

"Only by being able to curb your urges and irascibility will you be able to avoid danger to the greatest extent…

"At times, tolerance is very important…"

Tolerance… Emlyn nodded indiscernibly and knew what he needed to do.

He planned on laying in ambush until Argos left!

As this wasn't the artificial vampire's residence, it was certain that he would leave. When the time came, Emlyn could deal with a one-on-one situation.

Patience, tolerance, waiting… Emlyn repeated these words inwardly so as to resist the damage the surroundings were dealing to him.

The air wafting through the first floor of the condominium was filled with the stench of piss, rotting moisture, the unflushed smell of feces, the odor of some of its residents, as well as all kinds of nauseating, unpleasant, and disgusting smells. Mixed together, they were like a poison that ate at Emlyn's senses.

For the first time in his life, Emlyn wished that he could slice off his nose. He had the feeling as though he was stuck in an abyss or was in hell suffering torture.

Patience… Tolerance… Waiting… he mechanically chanted the principles, finding each second that passed excruciatingly long.

Finally, he saw Galis Kevin's door open. A thin dark-brown figure walked out. His cheekbones protruded, and he had a high, sharp, and crooked nose. He was none other than the Primordial Moon believer, Argos.

At that moment, his face had patches of swollen festering that looked disgusting.

Indeed, as that young boss, Ian, said, these fellows wear clothes that are clean and tidy, completely unlike the residents of East Borough… Emlyn became spirited as he watched Argos leave the condominium.

After patiently waiting for nearly five minutes, he stood up and decided to take action.

As his target, Galis Kevin, was an artificial vampire, Emlyn was rather aware of his opponent's strengths and traits. Hence, he had made preparations in a targeted manner.

Galis Kevin's sense of smell isn't weaker than mine when I just came of age. Heh, this actually cannot be confirmed. For him to stay in such an environment, he might've already lost his nose and brains… Besides, his spirituality can't be weak, and he has an innate instinct that's geared towards danger… His vision and hearing can't be too bad either… As Emlyn viewed his opponent with scorn, he consumed a potion and sprayed out a liquid to cover his body's scent again.

Right on the heels of that, by consuming the potion and spraying it on like last time, he hid his body and attire, disappearing as though he had been wiped away by an eraser.

In a dark, uninhabited corner, a palm-sized notebook which was bronze-green in color had suddenly appeared out of thin air, as though it had passed through a transparent screen.

It began flipping itself almost silently before fixing onto a white page that was filled with astromancy symbols.

As these symbols vanished, the surroundings brightened up a little.

This was the disruption ability of an Astrologer!

Then, Leymano's Travels was retracted, disappearing inch by inch as it was completely concealed by the invisible screen.

Prepared, Emlyn recalled his plans. He lightened his footsteps and silently arrived outside Galis Kevin's apartment without approaching the door.

The notebook appeared out of thin air once again before being flipped to the Door Opening page.

An illusory sound immediately resounded in Emlyn's mind as it "prompted" him to reach out a hand towards the wall.

At the same time, Emlyn cautiously pulled back Leymano's Travels into his clothes, using his invisible coat to hide it.

When Emlyn's palm finally pressed the wall, he saw a ghostly-blue, incorporeal, blurry door appear before his eyes. It was embedded in the wall, but it also showed signs of masonry at the bottom.

Cocking his ear to hear the goings-on inside the house, he took a sniff of the air before taking a step forward. He then passed through the ghostly-blue door as if he was passing a screen of water.

The scene before him changed immediately. It was filled with walls covered in stains and three wooden beds on the side, a worn-out cupboard, and all kinds of miscellaneous items.

This was the inside of Galis Kevin's apartment!

As for the ghostly-blue door behind Emlyn, it had long vanished as if it had never existed before.

Cautiously surveying the area, Emlyn caught sight of his target, Galis Kevin.

This Primordial Moon believer was a good-looking mixed-blood. He had long hair that reached his shoulders, and his eyes were a little red, as though he didn't fully acquire the eyes of a Sanguine.

At that moment, he was sitting by the side of the bed, staring at the door; his thoughts a mystery.

Emlyn circled to his side without causing a commotion. He took out Leymano's Travels which he ensured was in a blind spot, and he flipped to a page that left his fingers slightly numb.

It was a yellowish-brown goatskin page. The surface was filled with all kinds of ancient and distorted symbols and patterns. Together, they constructed a figure that looked like a thin tree with outstretched branches.

After adjusting his angle, Emlyn slid his finger across the page.

Suddenly, silver lightning illuminated the room as if it was daytime.

A sizzling sound was heard as the lightning smote Galis Kevin on the head, charring the Primordial Moon believer instantly. His body convulsed as his eyes lost focus.

The silver bolts of lightning continued snaking around while Emlyn's figure surfaced behind the frozen target's back. He reached out his right palm and clenched his opponent's neck.

Kacha!

He calmly snapped Galis Kevin's neck and yanked off his head and tossed the body away, eliminating the possibility of letting his opponent heal himself with his strong restorative powers.

Pa!

Galis Kevin's headless corpse collapsed to the ground as blood sprayed everywhere.

An artificial vampire lost its life just like that.

Emlyn's calm expression was quickly replaced with surprise. He looked at the head in his hand with disbelief. He realized that Galis Kevin didn't

realize what was happening even upon death. Fixed in his eyes were pain and puzzlement.

*It's that easy? It happened like a breeze? *Although Emlyn was proud, he didn't believe that he could finish off an artificial vampire that easily. However, reality told him that it was as easy as a breeze.

A Lightning Strike that can cause paralysis, together with my high movement speed, had allowed me to instantly kill my target… Heh, the premise is that he's weak to lightning, allowing him to be easily paralyzed… Also, I had interfered with his spiritual intuition ahead of time and avoided attacking him head-on by passing through the wall. Those were key to my success… After a few seconds of surprise, Emlyn recalled the details and concluded plenty of useful experience.

This made him truly realize the potency of matching Beyonder powers, as well as the value of Leymano's Travels.

It's no wonder Mr. Hanged Man was the first one to have thoughts of renting it… Emlyn reined in his thoughts and looked at the blood that gushed out of Galis Kevin. His throat couldn't help but move.

He hadn't had that much fresh blood in a while.

However, he didn't dare drink it. This was because the deceased Beyonder characteristic had yet to appear. The blood would still contain parts of it, and drinking it would easily result in excessive Beyonder characteristics, adding the risk of losing control. This wasn't conducive to his subsequent operations.

Emlyn retracted his gaze and surveyed the surroundings. He found a stack of old newspapers and a tiny wooden chest. He planned on using that to store Galis Kevin's head in.

And before that, he sat down and waited for the Beyonder characteristic to appear.

Two minutes later, Emlyn suddenly looked up at the door.

He heard footsteps!

Immediately after that, he caught the scent of Argos!

Why is this artificial vampire back? He returned midway? Emlyn White instantly became a little nervous, unsure how he was going to handle the issue.

Thump!

Argos knocked on the door from the outside without making a sound. This resulted in an abnormal silence.

Emlyn was stunned. He immediately understood that Argos had caught scent of the blood and knew that something had happened inside.

What should I do… Rush out and finish him? No, others will see me if I do so. I would then be caught by the official Beyonders… Emlyn instinctively took out a potion ad planned on hiding himself again.

Suddenly, he had an idea.

Exhaling silently, Emlyn placed Galis Kevin on the bed as he drank an invisibility potion and spewed out the corresponding amount of liquid. Slowly and very gently, he moved to a corner of the room and hid there.

This way, it made it seem like the assassination was completed and that the murderer had long fled the scene.

As time passed, aside from the occasional passing by of the residents, there was silence both inside and outside.

Suddenly, Galis Kevin's window creaked open as a pair of eyes shot its gaze inside.

After careful inspection, Argos, with a festering face, leaped into the room and slowly walked to the corpse which was still indistinctly expelling the Beyonder characteristic.

In the corner, Emlyn White secretly took out Leymano's Travels while Argos wasn't looking in his direction. He flipped to another page of Lightning Strike.

At this moment, Argos's sight landed on the bed and on his companion's head, as well as the stack of old newspapers and the tiny wooden chest.

His pupils suddenly constricted.

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CHAPTER 796
SLOWLY BECOMING PROFICIENT

Not good! Emlyn White traced Argos's gaze and realized that he had forgotten to deal with the old newspapers and the tiny wooden chest.

Although they were part of the room, they were placed in different parts of the room. Now, they were put together, making it appear rather odd. It was as though someone had wanted to do something with them before having to give up for the time being.

Then, why would there be a need to give up? Was the person alarmed by the knocking of the door? That means that the murderer hadn't left and is hiding in a particular corner of the room? Similar thoughts flashed in Argos's and Emlyn's mind at the same time. However, one of them was feeling perplexed, while the other was reverse-inferring the other party's thoughts.

No good!

The two vampires reacted at the same time as Argos lunged to the side as he emitted thick black gases that resembled a bat's wing. As for Emlyn White, his finger quickly swiped across the opened Leymano's Travels.

Suddenly, a silver hue appeared, illuminating the room again.

The Lightning that branched out didn't hit Argos and ended up hitting the ground beside the bed. It broke up into countless thin bolts that snaked towards conductive materials.

Here, the wing which Argos used thick black gases to create seemed to attract the lightning. It was pursued by the snaking lightning as they struck him, spreading across his body.

Argos became numb for a second and crashed down to the ground before he could leap up.

Emlyn hurriedly flipped through Leymano's Travels and once against slid his finger across a Lightning Strike page.

Although he didn't know why there were so many pages of Lightning Strike, with them taking up nearly half of the yellowish-brown goatskin, he was overjoyed that he could keep using them.

The silver bolts of lightning crashed down, smiting Argos, causing his body to emit black smoke despite having just recovered from his numbed state. Failing to leap away, his body began to convulse uncontrollably.

Seizing this opportunity, Emlyn White bent his knee and leaped forward with his feet, approaching Argos with afterimages trailing behind him. Then, he wrapped his right arm around target's head, easily flashing behind him.

Kacha!

Argos directly saw his back.

His eyes filled with blood as the few festering parts on his face burst open as deep and illusory darkness poured out from inside.

Emlyn had no idea what had happened. He slid backward instinctively as he kept changing his positioning.

Argos didn't pursue him as his eyes lost their rationality. All that was left was pure malicious intent, madness, and clear blankness.

He raised his hands and pressed them against his head before forcefully twisting it, allowing it to return to its normal orientation with a crisp crack.

And around this artificial vampire, the darkness surged as though it wanted to devour everything.

Then, Argos stretched his neck from side to side as his body swelled and oozed out disgusting pus.

He had come to Galis Kevin tonight because his body had shown signs of losing control. There was a need to discuss a solution. He returned midway because he suddenly came to a realization that perhaps the harsh environment had caused intense negative effects to him due to his extraordinary sense of smell and sensitivity; thus, resulting in him having signs of losing control.

And at that moment, he completely broke down with the shadow of death hanging over him. He had lost control.

Emlyn White's heart palpitated when Argos swept his gaze across him. He felt that he had encountered trouble again as he couldn't help but curse the Primordial Moon's believers for often making themselves into monsters.

He didn't immediately pray to Mr. Fool for two reasons. First, there wasn't any time as his opponent was about to launch an attack. Second, in a one-on-one situation, Emlyn believed that it wasn't too dangerous dealing with a Sequence 7 Rampager.

He made every second count by flipping through Leymano's Travels quickly, letting it land on the page with Lightning Strike again.

Pa!

Thick, distorted bolts of silver lightning smote down heavily as it flailed its claws, striking the mutated Argos.

At that moment, the lightning seemed to shatter the surging darkness, but it also seemed to be devoured by it. The two vanished at the same time, leaving behind Argos who had finally locked his sights onto Emlyn.

This artificial vampire who had lost control produced afterimages as he pounced towards his target.

Emlyn crouched down and rolled, dodging the lethal strike.

At the same time, he reached his free right hand into his pocket and took out a metal bottle.

Bam!

As Argos quickly turned around, he instantly appeared near his enemy.

Pa! Without any time to remove the cover, Emlyn clenched his fingers, pinching open a crack in the metal bottle.

Then, he threw the bottle ahead, letting the pure and radiant liquid inside splatter towards the approaching Argos.

This was Sun Water which he had concocted with his spirituality. It was extremely strong against vampires.

This was the preparation that a Potions Professor had to do in advance!

"Ah!"

Being splashed by the liquid, Argos let out a blood-curdling scream. Wisps of black smoke billowed from his body as he lost his strength in midair.

Bang! Although he collided with Emlyn, he failed to make him lose his balance. Emlyn tumbled twice but didn't suffer any actual damage.

While tumbling, Emlyn ignored managing his injuries. He swatted his right hand which had made contact with a few drops of Sun Water and quickly flipped Leymano's Travels.

Pa!

Another bolt of silver lightning smote down, causing Argos's tragic cries to come to an end.

This vampire who had lost control had appeared to be suffering the radiance of the sun from a close distance as he fell into a state of intense paralysis.

Emlyn seized this opportunity and took out another bottle of Sun Water. He unscrewed the cap and poured it towards his opponent.

This time, Argos didn't even manage to let out a cry. His body began to melt like wax.

It was only then that Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief. He then conjured a thick black fog behind him, turning it into illusory bats the size of a palm as they swarmed towards his target.

The black bats landed on Argos, enveloping him completely. Following that, they separated and flew back to Emlyn before vanishing.

Argos's body had shrunk quite noticeably, and he finally couldn't hold out any longer. In his half-melted state, he slowly collapsed.

Only then did Emlyn raise his right hand to check on the remnant pain. He saw that his palm and a few fingers had wounds that were corroding.

However, the flesh inside was rapidly squirming as they healed themselves.

It's over… I actually finished him… Emlyn retracted his gaze and looked at Argos's corpse in slight disbelief.

Although this hunt had quite a few ups and downs, he hadn't encountered any real danger the entire time. This made him realize that the existence of the Tarot Club made him far stronger than he imagined.

If Argos had checked Galis Kevin's corpse first and not notice the newspapers and wooden chest, he definitely would've figured out that I possess Beyonder powers like Lightning Strike. He wouldn't have used Wings of Darkness while dodging and end up being hit by the lightning.

But this way, he wouldn't have discovered any abnormalities and wouldn't have made any evasive maneuvers ahead of time. My Lightning Strike would've struck him directly and things would've been easier.

Viewing it from this angle, no matter what happened, I would be able to kill him as long as I didn't make a mistake in my handling of matters… They're really weak… So I'm already this powerful…

It's no wonder the Ancestor made me join the Tarot Club… This is a gathering that prepares the various races for the impending apocalypse. It's of a much higher level than the other secret organizations! Emlyn tipped his chin up a little as he couldn't help but curl his lips.

Following that, he heard footsteps outside, but no one dared to approach.

Argos's scream must've alarmed the surrounding residents, but they wouldn't dare enter because they're afraid of trouble… However, someone will definitely report it to the police… I need to clear the scene as quickly as possible and leave… Emlyn retracted his gaze from the door and walked to Galis Kevin's corpse. From the pooling blood, he picked up an item the size of a fist.

It was completely red in color and resembled a heart. It was expanding and contracting slightly, and its surface was translucent. He could vaguely see a liquid flowing inside, and it was none other than the Beyonder characteristic of a Sequence 7 Vampire of the Apothecary pathway.

This is my trophy… Emlyn momentarily felt unaccustomed to it. After calming himself, he wrapped the Beyonder characteristic and Galis Kevin's head with the old newspapers and stuffed it into the wooden chest.

After placing the wooden chest to the side, he yanked Argos's head whose form looked nothing like before. He then took out another bottle of medicine and scattered in every corner of the room.

During this process, Emlyn wasn't flustered at all. It was as though he wasn't worried that the official Beyonders in East Borough would rush over.

A few minutes later, he picked up Argos's mutated Beyonder characteristic, glancing at its surface, which was nearly black in color, and the indistinct human-faced patterns. Behind him, a black gas was emanated.

The black gas transformed into countless tiny bats again as they flew within the room. They combined with the potion liquid that had been sprayed earlier, forming a silent black flame that spread outwards.

The black flames burned away the blood and corpse, as well as the traces of the Lightning Strikes. All that was left was a layer of sticky liquid that resembled asphalt covering the different objects in the room.

Then, these liquid bodies turned into heavy black bats as they spiraled around Emlyn's body.

Emlyn didn't have extravagant hopes that his actions could completely interfere in subsequent investigations. He only had one goal—to make the situation look okay. This made the police or official Beyonders who took on the case write off the matter as something of little value. After a simple investigation, they would file it away and not pay any further attention to it.

After doing all of this, Emlyn, with his cap and blackened face, surveyed the room.

Following that, he bowed slightly at the crimson moon.

Meanwhile, he flipped the pages of Leymano's Travels and had it stop at Teleportation.

Emlyn's figure, along with the heavy bats, immediately turned transparent and formless as he vanished from the spot.

After nearly fifteen minutes, a few policemen from East Borough rushed in. They crashed through the door but didn't discover any residents or corpses.

They yawned languidly and forced the onlooking residents to admit that they had been hallucinating; thus, ending the investigation.

This was the efficiency and style of the East Borough police.

…

After leaving East Borough, Emlyn first headed home and hid Leymano's Travels. Then, with his spoils, he headed straight for Odora's house in West Borough.

He wanted to declare his victory and claim his reward!

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CHAPTER 797
REWARD

Inside Odora's villa, Emlyn saw Cosmi, who was also a Baron like he was.

This Sanguine who seemed like a man in his prime was Nibbs Odora's spokesperson.

I'm also a Baron, and one that recently achieved adulthood at that… Emlyn mumbled inwardly. He got up from the sofa in the activity room and bowed.

"Good evening, My Lord."

Cosmi was just about to say something when his nose twitched. He then cast his gaze towards the wooden chest beside Emlyn's feet.

"The smell of fresh blood?"

As he asked in puzzlement, he seemed to connect the dots and added after a second of thought, "You killed another target?"

Emlyn curled his lips and shook his head.

"No."

Then, before Cosmi could ask further, his smile turned profound.

"Not one, but two."

Two? The middle-aged gentleman was taken aback as he watched Emlyn bend down to open the lid.

During this process, Emlyn's facial muscles winced a little as this series of actions had touched the wound on his right hand.

Holding back the change in his expression, Emlyn allowed his arm to hang down slightly, allowing the chest to tilt and reveal its contents to the Sanguine Baron opposite him.

Two charred, bloody heads were stuffed inside a pile of old newspapers. By the side were two transparent objects which resembled hearts—one red with vitality, and the other nearly black.

This impactful scene was reflected in Cosmi's eyes as he looked up in surprise, staring at Emlyn blankly as he blurted, "You did this?"

Although he had only managed to recognize one head being Galis Kevin's, but the two Vampire Beyonder characteristics couldn't be faked!

Emlyn put down the wooden chest and allowed his right hand to hang down naturally. Surreptitiously, he flicked his right hand very slightly along the corners of his trousers as he replied with a smile, "Of course.

"This is the thing: After receiving the 7,000-pound reward back then, I bought a particular Baron's legacy at a particular Beyonder gathering. With it, I advanced.

"I don't wish to use money to satisfy the murderers who hunt us Sanguine, but I didn't wish for this legacy to land in the hands of others; besides, the seller wasn't necessarily the hunter."

Taking this opportunity, Emlyn revealed the fact that he had already become a Baron. Furthermore, every word he said was the truth.

This was a technique he had learned from the Tarot Club.

I long knew that you were a Baron. Do you think your frequent purchases of all kinds of items with spirituality and the borrowing of books that explain

potions would go unnoticed? If it weren't because of certain factors, we would've questioned you long ago… What I'm surprised about is your combat ability. You don't even have a single mystical item, and with you only wishing to buy dolls, it's not easy to hunt two artificial vampires without causing a commotion, even for a Baron… Even I would need to make plenty of preparations and acquire detailed intelligence before it's possible… Without anyone noticing it, Emlyn is already this strong? Cosmi Odora couldn't help but lampoon as he revealed a fake smile.

"So that's the reason…

"Emlyn, why did you hide it from us? Don't you wish to be addressed as 'Lord' by the other Sanguine?"

Emlyn glanced at the Sanguine's expression and tilted his chin.

"I was planning on telling everyone, but since there was the hunting competition, I decided to give everyone a surprise.

"Cosmi, I've already hunted three of the Primordial Moon believers, and you gave five targets. Does this mean that I've won?"

He couldn't wait to change his form of address from 'Lord' to 'Cosmi.'

Cosmi's eyelids twitched as he chuckled.

"Yes, that's right. You can ignore the two other targets. Leave it to Rus Báthory and the rest. This way, they might still be eligible for a consolation prize."

Having said that, Cosmi found his attitude a little too cold, so he hurriedly asked in concern, "Were you injured?"

"A little." Emlyn raised his right arm and stretched his fingers.

To be frank, on his hunt that night, the worst injury he suffered was after he teleported out of East Borough. He had ripped apart his skin to wipe his blood across the cover of Leymano's Travels.

Cosmi didn't develop the topic as he said after a few seconds of silence,

"Congratulations on being the victor of this hunting competition. You will receive two prizes.

"First, if there's a chance to become a Viscount in the future, you will enter the final list of candidates, receiving free help for the ritual.

"Second, you will obtain a mystical item. It's a ring personally created by the Ancestor. Although it doesn't contain any godhood, it possesses potent and very mystical powers. As the Ancestor didn't name it, we all call it 'Lilith's Ring.'

"Also, according to convention, these two Beyonder characteristics will belong to the entire Sanguine race. This way, we might be able to have two more newborns, and you would receive 3,000 pounds in cash in return."

A ring personally created made by the Ancestor… Although Emlyn was somewhat disappointed that the reward wasn't a Viscount's Beyonder characteristic, with it only being candidature and a free ritual, the ring made by Sanguine Ancestor Lilith herself was enough to put things right.

To a proud Sanguine with a sense of racial superiority, this was the highest form of honor!

As his joy was quelled, Emlyn, who had participated in several Tarot Gatherings and had completed two hunts, felt that things weren't that simple.

I was sent by the Ancestor to Mr. Fool, and now, I'm receiving a ring from the Ancestor? Isn't that too much of a coincidence? Emlyn thought for a moment and couldn't figure out the answer. He finally decided to pray to

Mr. Fool later, describe the entire situation, and see what advice "He" could give him.

Noticing that Emlyn's joy had subsided and that he had remained silent for more than ten seconds, Cosmi cleared his throat.

"That ring and the cash will be given to you tomorrow.

"When the time comes, I'll summon Rus Báthory and company, officially announcing your victory in this hunting competition. Then, the ring will be given to you."

"No problem." Although Emlyn lacked the experience in such matters, he knew that "rewards" couldn't be given in private. It needed to be given in front of all the participants.

Without staying any longer, he bade farewell and left Odora's villa in a rental carriage.

As the carriage slowly drove off, Emlyn took a look at the crimson moon which was hanging silently in the sky. His mind gradually calmed as he couldn't help but recall everything that happened that very day. From that, he concluded lessons and gained experience.

Finally, he began counting how many Beyonder powers he needed to record onto Leymano's Travels.

I used all of the five Lightning Strikes… One Teleportation, one Door Opening, one Astromancy… A total of eight times. In addition to that, I need to pay two additional powers, making it ten.

This will be a little difficult. There are some Beyonder powers that probably can't be recorded; for example, my self-recovery powers… I can only repeat them… Heh, after I obtain the Ancestor's ring, I can try recording the Beyonder powers it possesses…

…

Lilith's Ring? Above the gray fog in the palace that looked like a giant's residence, Klein sat in the high-back chair belonging to The Fool as he quietly pondered over Emlyn White's prayer.

He had originally imagined that he would be woken up in the middle of the night, having to provide a particular inexperienced vampire help, but to his surprise, Emlyn had finished everything by eleven and had even "submitted" the mission in.

Back then, Emlyn prayed to The Fool because of a revelation from the ancient god, Lilith… Now, he has received "Her" ring… Regardless of who Lilith is, I need to be wary and observe… Klein seriously contemplated for a few seconds before replying to Emlyn's prayer in a staid manner, "When praying to me or participating in the Gathering in the future, take off that ring."

After giving his instructions, Klein returned to the real world. Without worrying about being woken up in the middle of the night, he slept till daybreak.

After breakfast and taking a rest, it was time for his etiquette lessons with Wahana. It was a special lesson for the ball he was hosting at his residence on the weekend.

Wahana's soft black hair flowed as the ends of her dress twirled while she led Dwayne Dantès into familiarizing himself with the opening dance.

In the brisk and comforting music, this etiquette teacher suddenly said, "I heard Ma'am Mary visited you yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes." As Klein poignantly reflected on how there weren't any secrets in the world of social networks, he nodded frankly.

Wahana nodded gently and said after two seconds of silence, "I heard that Ma'am Mary has pledged all her shares to the bank to borrow a large sum of money."

This is a warning for me to be careful, so that I wouldn't fall into a scam… The help I previously provided had not only allowed me to quickly enter the social circles in Böklund Street, but it has also continuously brought me benefits… However, Ma'am Mary's pledging of shares was to secretly acquire more shares… Klein listened in silence before revealing a warm smile.

"Thank you."

He paused and added, "I believe in the character of every friend, but in the field of business, caution is forever the first principle.

"I've already gotten Walter to hire an independent lawyer and accounting team to perform the due diligence, and come up with a proposal that can protect my interests and avoid taxes in the best way possible.

"Before that, I won't make any decisions."

Wahana raised her head a little and looked into Dwayne Dantès's deep blue eyes before suddenly sighing with a laugh.

"You truly are a wise person."

Klein originally wanted to attribute it to maturity, but thinking back to how Wahana's husband had previously been in a scam over his cloth, and he had only managed to reduce his losses thanks to him, such an answer easily made her imagine things and make comparisons. Since it would appear like a mockery, he changed his excuse and said with a chuckle, "My wisdom comes from the lessons I've received in the past."

"It's hard to imagine you being duped." Wahana chuckled as she lowered her head. "Is it due to all your experiences that you can appreciate the

different kinds of charms for all kinds of ladies?"

When is this rumor ever going to end… Klein said with a helpless smile, "Every flower has something beautiful about it."

After familiarizing himself with the entire process and the corresponding dance, Klein walked Wahana out. Together with his valet, Richardson, he took up Ma'am Mary's invitation and headed for the Coim Company in Cherwood Borough.

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CHAPTER 798
REVISITING AN OLD HAUNT

Cherwood Borough, outside the Coim Company.

When Klein alighted from the carriage, he looked around as if he had never been here before, as though everything had a strong sense of novelty.

In fact, he wasn't a stranger to the area. He knew that opposite the street was the Gardeley department store where the middle-class enjoyed patronizing, and that there was a shop not far away that was famous for its specialty Desi pies.

He had once spent a considerable amount of time here waiting for Doragu Gale, to tail him so as to obtain evidence to his acts of adultery!

Retracting his gaze, Klein walked towards the Coim Company with Richardson. Ma'am Mary and her lady's maid were already waiting there.

In the relatively conservative Loen Kingdom, a lady's servant had to be of the same sex; otherwise, it would result in nasty gossip, affecting her social relationships and marriage. Therefore, even though Ma'am Mary's lady's maid needed to play the role of her secretary to a certain extent, with her understanding societal etiquette, commercial knowledge, and having a certain level of negotiation skill, all she could do was select from women with good education or with relevant working experience without considering any men.

Similarly, gentlemen needed to have valets and commercial secretaries of the same sex.

Of course, even so, there were always people who couldn't rein themselves in and engaged in immoral acts. Every year, there were cases of servants and their employers having relations. Amongst them, the maids were mostly the victims. They were either cheated, forced, or enticed to become the male employer's lover. When they were eventually discovered, they would be fired, losing their jobs. Then, their reputation would be destroyed, making them ineligible options for servants again. Many a time, they had to become prostitutes.

"Good afternoon, Dwayne." Ma'am Mary welcomed him with a smile.

Klein bowed and said, "Good afternoon, Ma'am. It really is a flourishing area."

Such a topic was roughly equivalent to talking about the weather.

After Mary exchanged pleasantries with him, she led Dwayne Dantès through the Coim Company's entrance and said with a smile, "Later, there will be professionals giving you an explanation as they show you around.

"After about half an hour, head on up. I've prepared a buffet and invited a few friends in different circles."

Friends in different circles… This is her trying to expand my social circle… Very sincere! Klein nodded slightly and said, "As someone not from the area, I always look forward to knowing more friends, having just come to Backlund."

"No, you're nothing like that. If I had the liberty of saying it, you're a true Backlund gentleman who has received excellent education," Ma'am Mary replied politely.

As they conversed, they passed through the door and entered the reception area which had excellent lighting. A stocky man in a suit with a beautiful mustache stood there waiting.

"This is Luke Sammer. He is our Coim Company's first manager," Mary introduced him to Dwayne Dantès.

Actually, I know him… Klein looked at Luke and nodded with a smile.

To him, Luke Sammer was a rather staid, professional gentleman. He enjoyed machinery and was a very gentlemanly person at banquets. He didn't belittle the poor detective who had yet to make a name for himself, not did he deliberately curry favor with the few mid-ranking civil servants of the Backlund municipal department that lived on Minsk Street.

"This is my friend, Dwayne Dantès. He's interested in anthracite and high-quality charcoal. Help me give him a detailed explanation," Mary said to Luke.

Luke, who had been informed ahead of time, took a step forward and looked at the tycoon from Desi Bay. He gave a warm smile and said respectfully, "Mr. Dantès, this is the Coim Company's headquarters… We have long-term agreements with several anthracite mines… We supply Cherwood, Hillston, North, and West Borough with anthracite and high-quality charcoal, satisfying 30% of their overall demand. We also have the chance of clinching a huge contract with the navy…”

I've never seen Luke with such an expression… Klein followed him around Coim Company with an unperturbed expression as he listened to Luke introduce the various areas. From time to time, he would inquire without expressing his attitude.

Half an hour later, they went up to the second floor and entered a huge meeting room.

The place was already set up with tables clinging close to the walls. Plates of food were randomly placed on them, with mainly ham, smoked meat, sausages, bread, salad, cakes, pudding, and other cold dishes. However, there were a few hot dishes.

Just as he stepped in, Dwayne Dantès was introduced to two men who were talking close to Mary.

"This is Reporter Mike Joseph from the Daily Observer. This is an excellent surgeon, Dr. Aaron Ceres. In Backlund, you will often need them."

As Klein listened to Mary, he smiled at the two gentlemen, the corners of his lips nearly twitching.

These are all friends I'm very familiar with! Well, I'm even more familiar with the fetus in the womb of Aaron's wife. Hmm, why does that sound wrong… As Klein lampooned, he patiently waited for Mary to introduce Dwayne Dantès to the two men before politely greeting Mike and Aaron.

Mike Joseph didn't look much different from last year. He had thin brows, rough skin, and charming blue eyes. As for Aaron Ceres, although he was intrinsically a cold and reserved person, he didn't make it obvious. Everything that happened in the recent half-year had been smooth for him. In terms of mood and confidence, he was riding a high.

Upon hearing that Dantès was a tycoon from Desi, Mike took out his name card and handed it over with a smile.

"You don't mind me advertising, right?

"If you wish to publish an advertisement, find me. Be it the Daily Observer or the Tussock Times, I can provide you with a discounted price."

As he spoke, Mike winked, indicating that he was joking.

You are nothing but a reporter with all these fake identification documents… Why didn't you mention the discount price advertisements to Sherlock Moriarty in the past? You were looking down on the detective, were you? Klein lampooned and exchanged name cards with him.

"I've always had such needs."

Following that, he turned to Aaron and handed another name card to him.

"I was recently ill and recovered only recently. I'm very aware of how important a doctor is."

"I'm a surgeon, so I believe you wouldn't wish to meet me that much." Despite saying so, Aaron still received the name card.

No, I'd love to meet you. I even wish to join the party of your child's birth… Klein mumbled, deliberately leading the conversation to the field of medicine and having a good conversation with Mike and Aaron.

He had previously been stressing over how to close ties with Aaron to reestablish connections with a particular unborn fetus. After all, the paper crane was about to tear at any moment, making it unusable for even one more attempt. As for Sherlock Moriarty, it was difficult for him to openly appear in Backlund to pay Aaron a visit, much less participate in the birth party.

There aren't any problems now. With Ma'am Mary's introduction, I can very naturally get close to Aaron. When the time comes, I'll definitely be invited. Hehe, I might even be made the godfather of a particular Snake of Mercury; after all, we are all believers of the Goddess… Will this make a particular fetus angry?… I'd better be careful. I definitely wouldn't mention this unless Aaron mentions it… Klein thought in delight.

He skillfully held himself back without appearing overly passionate on their first meeting. After a simple chat, he was introduced to the other guests by Mary.

During this process, Klein didn't forget to get some food and water, making him appear to easily adapt himself to the environment.

After completing a round, Mary stopped and said after some deliberation, "Everyone here is my friend."

This means that you didn't invite anyone from the other camp, and you are also including me as your friend? Klein nodded gently.

"I probably shouldn't ask as a gentleman, but as a businessman, I need to know who is the person, or who are the people, vying for the Coim Company's controlling share rights?"

Mary fell silent for two seconds.

"Baron Syndras and his friends. They wish to publicly list the Coim Company and earn the sky-high evaluation that will eventually happen. They're completely unconcerned with the company's future development."

Baron Syndras, one of the richest men in Loen. By donating to the Conservative Party, he became an aristocrat and is a banker, factory owner, and a powerful businessman… It's hard to tell where he stands, so even though he relied on the Conservative Party to obtain his aristocratic title, he's more aligned with the New Party while being biased towards merchants… Klein thought and asked with a smile, "Why didn't you get that Mr. Hall to help? His father is a powerful noble and banker. He should be able to provide you with the necessary help."

Mary said with a wry smile, "Mr. Hall doesn't wish to involve himself in this matter. He claims to be the chief secretary of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council, so he can't be involved in commercial activities that deal with anthracite or charcoal."

A man whose true ambitions lie in politics… However, he probably doesn't wish to be at odds with Baron Syndras… Heh heh, if I were to choose another butler back then, I'd likely have established ties with Baron Syndras… He's so rich, so if he really wants to raise the price, I wouldn't be able to beat him… Heh, will a trope of him using money to crush me appear… Klein didn't ask further as he said, "I will wait for the investigation report."

Realizing that Dwayne Dantès wasn't directly backing out, Mary said with slight gratitude, "In this age, chivalrous people are already few and far between. You are one of them."

Klein smiled without promising anything. After the buffet was over, he began returning to North Borough on his high-end four-wheeled carriage.

As he daydreamed while looking out the window, Klein suddenly said to Richardson, "Turn towards Saint Samuel Cathedral."

He had failed to figure out the exact answer to the reason for the anomaly in the cathedral which was later quelled. This made him wonder if he should find a chance to make contact with the Keepers.

He also remembered that every afternoon, there would at least be a Keeper who prayed to the Goddess in the prayer hall.

How should I make contact? In that environment, even a conversation will appear noisy… And this will easily incur the suspicion of others… Klein frowned slightly as he decided to observe before coming up with a solution.

The carriage didn't change direction as it continued driving towards Böklund Street, but it didn't stop and instead continued past it.

Inside the carriage, Klein closed his eyes to calm his slightly anxious feelings.

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CHAPTER 799
SPYING

North Borough, Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Just as Klein entered the main prayer hall, he used the points of light that shone from the back of the altar to survey his surroundings, taking in all the believers inside.

In one glance, Klein rapidly locked onto a target. He followed the aisle and walked forward without showing any abnormal signs.

In the first row was an elder wearing a black clergyman's robe, but he exuded a cold aura. His face was pale, and his hair was withered and yellow. He had his eyes closed tightly as he prayed with great focus. He was one of the Keepers that Klein had previously sensed.

His shift is usually on Friday… Klein didn't approach him and instead sat two pews away from him. After finding a spot to sit down, he handed over his hat and cane to Richardson.

Then, while sitting down, he tapped his left thumb on the first segment of his index finger twice, silently activating his Spirit Body Threads vision.

Suddenly, black illusory threads appeared in front of Klein as they densely extended out of different Spirit Bodies endlessly.

Having just taken his seat, Klein shifted his gaze, casting it onto the Keeper.

He nearly exclaimed from what he saw, but thanks to his self-control as a Clown, and his ability to expect abnormal situations, he managed to relax

and maintain his staid attitude.

In his vision, although the yellow-haired elder had Spirit Body Threads extending out, his body was entirely black in color on the inside as the darkness swallowed the origins of the illusory threads in a way that was completely different from ordinary Beyonders!

Indeed, they have already been eroded by the core seal, causing a mutation at the level of the soul… From the looks of it, the problem is closer to my second guess. They are, in a sense, part of the core seal. Once they show signs of losing control, they will immediately trigger the item's instinctive reaction that forcefully quells them… It's no wonder the Keepers need to be a voluntary role and be advanced in their years. They probably understand the outcome… Klein sighed as he prepared to deactivate his Spirit Body Threads senses and retract his gaze.

At this moment, he saw a pair of eyes. They were black without any emotions within.

Beside the eyes, there were pronounced wrinkles that extended bit by bit, as though they were distorted, strange mysterious symbols.

They were the Keeper's eyes!

At some point in time, he had straightened his body, turned around, and looked blankly at Dwayne Dantès!

Klein's scalp instantly went numb as he forced a smile and nodded at him as though it was a normal meeting of eyes.

The Keeper slowly moved his head as a response.

Then, Klein felt as though he was extracted from his surroundings as things turned blurry before turning clear.

At that instant, he knew that he had been pulled into a dream.

Hence, as he maintained his image as Dwayne Dantès, he sized up his surroundings, only to realize that he was still inside Saint Samuel Cathedral. However, all the pews were either damaged or overturned and strewn everywhere. It looked as though it had met with a raid.

The altar up ahead was filled with cracks and weeds. The thick layer of dust made it seem like it had been in such desolate conditions since a long time ago.

The Keeper with yellow, withered hair was in front of the collapsed donation box, coldly staring at Dwayne Dantès who was suited in black.

Upon seeing Klein look over, he widened his mouth to reveal white, sharp, irregular teeth.

And these teeth were embedded with blurry, indistinct, and tiny figures. They had complete facial features and limbs, and their expressions were different but were colored with the same pain as though they were imprisoned there and unable to escape.

"Grunt…" The Keeper's throat let out a growl that sounded like a beast as his back hunched over.

By his spine and waist, his clothes swelled as four blood-vessel-covered arms without any skin grew out.

Right on the heels of that, they grew fine black hair as the tips of his fingers grew sharp nails with a smacking sound.

In just three short seconds, the Keeper who looked normal had turned into an eight-legged monster that sprawled on the ground. It looked like a spider that had silently woven its web in the night while awaiting its prey, and also like a deformed black wolf that struck intense fear into one's heart.

Meanwhile, two gigantic palms filled with black hair extended out of the desolate altar without any warning. They pressed onto the sides as black gas

condensed into slippery tentacles that extended in every direction. Soon, they filled the entire prayer hall.

The aura that left him trembling, the extreme sense of fear, and the huge, illusory figure were penetrating an invisible barrier as they manifested more clearly.

He lost control? That Keeper lost control? Klein stood there, subconsciously wishing to react and use his uniqueness to forcibly escape the dream, but suddenly, he figured out the series of events that had happened. His expression changed as he wore a terrified expression as he ran to the door, trembling. It looked like he was struggling in a dream.

In the time it took to take a breath, a dark chill spread out from the outside world like a tidal wave, inundating the entire dream and quelling everything.

Klein snapped his eyes open and realized that he had fallen asleep at some point in time. As for the yellow-haired Keeper, he had long turned his head to continue praying.

Dwayne Dantès's eyes darted around as he looked around in horror as though he was still immersed in the dream and unable to escape the horror that had gripped him.

After nearly a minute, he took two deep breaths and looked at the Sacred Emblem again, drawing a sign of the crimson moon on his chest.

Only then did Klein have the time to recall the experience he had and began speculating as to what had happened.

As I had spied on his Spirit Body Threads, it caused him to show signs of losing control; thus, causing an excessive reaction by pulling me into a dream and attempting to deal with me?

Later, the core seal behind Chanis Gate sensed the anomaly and quelled the problem…

Now, the crux of the matter is if the Keeper still remembers the source of his near-mutation… If he's already used to it, he should find the cause of the problem very vague considering his present state… Of course, it might not be my problem. Perhaps he was already on the brink of losing control… Klein looked at the elder once again to observe what he would do next to determine how he should react.

If all else fails, I'll directly use Creeping Hunger and escape with Traveling… Klein rapidly made up his mind as he patiently waited for the possible repercussions.

A few minutes later, he saw Bishop Elektra walk in from the side door towards him.

Klein's heart tightened as he spread open his left fingers in preparation to activate Creeping Hunger.

At that moment, he suddenly had an idea and stopped his actions.

If the Keeper has already informed the bishops about my problematic situation via a dream, I would be the victim of a collective assault by the Church's Beyonders. After all, pulling me into a dream can avoid harming the other believers. Therefore, they have no need to find a bishop I'm familiar with to come over… It's likely more to extend their regards and to placate me… Klein retracted his gaze and continued a praying pose.

In less than a minute, he finally sensed someone approach as he looked up and saw Bishop Elektra softly say, "You don't look too well?"

"I fell asleep without realizing it and had a nightmare. I still feel a little afraid," Klein said with a self-deprecating smile.

Bishop Elektra sat beside him and said in a staid manner, "Dreams are sometimes the manifestation of the fear within you.

"You will feel better as long as you sincerely pray to the Goddess and consume holy water.

"Of course, the most important thing is to not suppress yourself usually. Learn to confess to the Goddess. At times, wailing in secret can reduce a lot of your stress."

Klein secretly observed the bishop's attitude and read his tone before heaving a sigh of relief.

"I understand."

He cast his gaze forward again, bowed his head, and clasped his hands to begin praying silently.

While doing so, he saw the Keeper in front of him stand up and walk to the side door where a bishop was waiting.

Phew… Klein silently exhaled as he truly became one with the serene environment.

Suddenly, he heard a voice that was his, but it wasn't something that he could control.

"Did you think what you did was well-hidden?

"No! Not at all! Have you forgotten that you've touched the Evernight Goddess's Holy Artifact?"

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CHAPTER 800 PSYCHOLOGICALLY BECOMING "BETTER"

Who is it? Who is the one speaking? Klein's muscles tensed up as he nearly opened his eyes.

At that moment, his back oozed with sweat that soaked his shirt.

What he was most alarmed of wasn't the words said, but that it directly sounded in his heart and had modulated the voice to sound exactly like his.

Although I maintained my lucidity in that dream, I still had my Spirit Body tainted by his psyche that was on the verge of losing control? Or is someone using that Keeper to pass me a message? Countless guesses ran through Klein's mind. Finally, combining the contents of what was said and his own situation, he came up with a preliminary judgment.

The number of people who knows about my identity as Klein Moretti is few to begin with. Likewise for those who know that Klein Moretti had once sworn an oath while touching a Holy Artifact. Furthermore, there's almost no intersection between the two.

Mr. Azik had heard me mention the former matter before, but if he wants to give me any reminders, he can directly do it through a messenger. There's no need to use such a frightening method… Will Auceptin might know; after all, he's a Snake of Mercury who represents fate. But by the same logic, "He" can directly contact me… Of course, I can eliminate the possibility that he suddenly had the thought of frightening me. I just thought in the afternoon about having a chance of becoming his godfather…

The Antigonus family's notebook had corrupted the Keeper, just like how it used the Misfortune Cloth Puppet to deliver the symbol? But if it really is the Antigonus family's notebook, why didn't it just give me the potion formula directly? Or try negotiating with me to help in a Notebook Jailbreak… Saint Samuel Cathedral is the headquarters of the Backlund diocese, making it at a higher level than Saint Selena Cathedral. That notebook shouldn't have the ability to do anything further. It should be securely sealed…

Apart from them, there is only one entity who is aware of both matters—the Evernight Goddess. However, with a deity's pride, "She" has no need to pretend to act as a passerby to call me out with a polite and estranged tone… I'm in Saint Samuel Cathedral, so all "She" needs to do is produce a revelation, and dozens of Beyonders will appear to mow me down. And as a diocese headquarters, with sufficient preparation, they can probably disrupt Traveling; therefore, there's no need to go through so much trouble…

Hmm, there's still one more person who's aware of both matters…

That's myself!

*Before planning my operation, I've actually considered the corresponding problem. Back then, my conclusion was that I didn't need to worry too much about it because only after advancing to Faceless will some of the gray fog's powers enter the real world, allowing certain demigods to sense my uniqueness. Before this, only Beyonders from the Monster pathway could discover a tiny bit of my uniqueness, and back when I touched the holy sword and made that oath, I had yet to become a Clown… *

Just because of the secret connection established from the oath, it made the Goddess slowly sense something about me. It's been so long, and I haven't seen "Her" take any action… That female Angel, hmm… she should be an angel. She had even smiled at me when she wiped away Mr. A… Therefore, the Goddess might be happy to see me take away the Antigonus family's notebook. Although I'm not sure of "Her" motives, I can only accept it and subsequently think of ways to deal with it at my current level. This is ultimately safer than climbing the main peak of the Hornacis mountain

range… Of course, that's built on the premise that the lady which wiped away Mr. A is an angel of the Church…

Hmm… Although I had undergone all kinds of acting during the Faceless stage and got to know myself well, I've consumed additional potions without completely digesting them. And Marionettist requires every marionette to adhere to a specific persona. This also easily causes a personality dissociation… Also, to steal the Antigonus family's notebook and to act as Dwayne Dantès, I'm under immense stress. I am subconsciously wavering and am suspicious… In this state, the Keeper's corrupted psyche of nearly losing control had agitated my Spirit Body, causing me to have a split personality?

Just as Klein thought of this, the familiar yet unfamiliar voice resounded in his mind again.

"Heh, your considerations are too idealized. All of your actions are fundamentally all thanks to luck. If that high-ranking deacon, Crestet Cesimir, with the holy sword was here in Backlund to handle Beyonder cases, can you guarantee that the holy sword wouldn't sense you when you are in the same cathedral? Both of you are linked by an oath!"

If Deacon Cesimir were to come, I'll abandon this plan… Besides, it's also not possible to avoid it ahead of time. I'll find an excuse or reason to be out of town for some time… Klein mumbled inwardly.

Then, he heard the voice belonging to himself sound in his mind:

"This makes it a situation prone to too many accidents and unpredictable developments.

"Before coming to the cathedral, didn't you also not consider that the mere observation of Spirit Body Threads would result in a mutation?"

My nervousness back then was the anxiety that something happened beyond my expectations. However, as it's a mere observation without me making any

direct contact, I didn't believe that there would be too great a problem. I should be more cautious in the future… Also, accidents and developments exist for everything… Who exactly are you? Klein closed his eyes as he pretended to focus on praying.

The voice hesitated and said, *"I'm Klein. You are Zhou Mingrui.*

"No, I'm Zhou Mingrui. You are Klein…"

Indeed… Klein felt his hair stand on end once again. He decided to leave Saint Samuel Cathedral immediately, return home, and resolve the problem of his character dissociation.

When the symptoms first appear, the situation is easier to resolve. Once the other personality stabilizes and becomes stronger, it will begin to snatch control of the body. I might even need external help when that happens!

He opened his eyes and looked at Elektra with a tranquil expression.

"I feel like I've calmed down."

Ever since I got a mental illness, my mind is a lot better… As he spoke, Klein inwardly gave a self-deprecating comment.

He enjoyed lampooning, partially because it was in his character to do so, and partially to enforce his personality. It was ultimately to remind himself who he was, so as not to lose himself to his acting.

Bishop Elektra smiled.

"May the Goddess bless you."

As he spoke, he took a cup of water from a priest's hand and passed it to Dwayne Dantès.

Without any explanation needed, Klein knew that it was holy water. He often drank it in the past; hence, hiding his anxiety, he received it in a composed manner and downed it.

A refreshing feeling slushed down his throat, jolting his mind as he became a lot more awake. Even the voice in his mind weakened.

This has the effect of placating the Spirit Body… The Church does view Dwayne Dantès with great importance. Of course, this is created by their Beyonders… As Klein nodded at Bishop Elektra, he drew the sign of the crimson moon and staidly walked to the altar and donated fifty pounds into the donation box.

After doing everything, he led Richardson and left the cathedral, riding the carriage back to Böklund Street.

On his trip back, he didn't feed the pigeons, because an ordinary person who had just encountered something would hardly have the peace of mind to do so.

After returning home, the silent Klein used the excuse of an afternoon nap to dismiss his servants. In his master bedroom's bathroom, he took four steps counterclockwise and headed above the gray fog.

Passing through the roars and ravings, he didn't feel his body be purified. He was increasingly certain that the voice in his mind originated from himself. It was a result of being corrupted and agitated, causing a character dissociation.

Sitting in the high-back chair of The Fool, Klein immediately studied his Spirit Body's situation. He discovered that there were some signs of chaos without it being pure. The corresponding aura colors were somewhat spotted.

After seriously contemplating for two minutes and ignoring the echoing noise in his head, Klein conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made

him devoutly pray:

"Honorable Mr. Fool… Please inform The Moon that I wish to rent the Mental Terror Candle for half a day. I know he has the means of obtaining it…”

Very early on, his identity as The World had been prepared for Sherlock Moriarty, so Klein wasn't worried about it.

…

South of the Bridge, Harvest Church.

Emlyn White, who was anticipating his obtaining of Lilith's Ring in the evening, suddenly saw the endless gray fog and heard The World.

Alarmed, he muttered in silence, *How does he know that I can get the Mental Terror Candle?*

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